B. S. EDWARDS.

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THE

WORKS

OF

ROBERT BURNS;

WITH

HIS LIFE,

BY

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

"High Chief of Scottish song!
That could'st alternately impart
Wisdom and rapture in thy page;
And brand each vice with satire strong,
Whose lines are mottoes of the heart,
Whose truths electrify the sage."
Campbell.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

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NOTICE.

To arrange the Poems according to the order in which they were composed, and supply the places and names hitherto left blank, was the aim of the Editor. In this he has been assisted by some of the early friends of Burns, and aided by a copy of his Poems, in which, for the information of Dr. Geddes, he had filled up all deficiencies with his own hand. Though correct, perhaps, in general, he fears that he may have erred in particular instances. "The Kirk's Alarm," he was told, was partly, if not wholly, written during the Old and New Light discussions: but that, to suit the controversy in which Dr. M'Gill was engaged, the Poet modified and augmented it. The Editor has ventured to print one copy of the poem along with the controversial satires of the year 1785, *reserving a later version—differing from the other both in manner and matter—to accompany the Poems of the year* 1789. *He has availed himself of variations in the Poet's manuscripts—particularly in poems printed after his death. He has followed, in general, the text of the first Edinburgh edition, and added such notes, biographical, historical, or critical, as he thought would be acceptable to the reader.*

February, 1834.

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POEMS.

ADDRESS

TO

EDINBURGH.

I.

EDINA! Scotia's darling seat!
All hail thy palaces and tow'rs,
Where once beneath a monarch's feet
Sat Legislation's sov'reign pow'rs!
From marking wildly-scatter'd flow'rs,
As on the banks of Ayr I stray'd,
And singing, lone, the ling'ring hours,
I shelter in thy honor'd shade.

II.

Here wealth still swells the golden tide,
As busy Trade his labor plies;
There Architecture's noble pride
Bids elegance and splendor rise;
Here Justice, from her native skies,
High wields her balance and her rod;
There Learning, with his eagle eyes,
Seeks Science in her coy abode.

III.

Thy sons, Edina! social, kind,
With open arms the stranger hail;
Their views enlarg'd, their lib'ral mind,
Above the narrow, rural vale;

Attentive still to sorrow's wail,
Or modest merit's silent claim;
And never may their sources fail!
And never envy blot their name!

IV.

Thy daughters bright thy walks adorn,
Gay as the gilded summer sky,
Sweet as the dewy milk-white thorn,
Dear as the raptur'd thrill of joy!
Fair Burnet strikes th' adoring eye,
Heav'n's beauties on my fancy shine;
I see the Sire of Love on high,
And own his work indeed divine!

V.

There, watching high the least alarms,
Thy rough, rude fortress gleams afar;
Like some bold vet'ran, gray in arms,
And mark'd with many a seamy scar:
The pond'rous wall and massy bar,
Grim-rising o'er the rugged rock;
Have oft withstood assailing war,
And oft repell'd th' invader's shock.

VI.

With awe-struck thought, and pitying tears,
I view that noble, stately dome,
Where Scotia's kings of other years,
Fam'd heroes! had their royal home:
Alas, how chang'd the times to come!
Their royal name low in the dust!
Their hapless race wild-wand'ring roam,
Tho' rigid law cries out, 'Twas just!

VII.

Wild beats my heart to trace your steps,
Whose ancestors, in days of yore,
Thro' hostile ranks and ruin'd gaps
Old Scotia's bloody lion bore:

Ev'n I who sing in rustic lore,
Haply, my sires have left their shed,
And fac'd grim danger's loudest roar,
Bold-following where your fathers led!

VIII.

Edina! Scotia's darling seat!
All hail thy palaces and tow'rs,
Where once beneath a monarch's feet
Sat Legislation's sov'reign pow'rs!
From marking wildly-scatter'd flow'rs,
As on the banks of Ayr I stray'd,
And singing, lone, the ling'ring hours,
I shelter in thy honor'd shade.

"I enclose you two poems," says Burns to Chalmers, "I have carded and spun since I past Glenbuck. One blank in the Address to Edinburgh, 'Fair B—,' is the heavenly Miss Burnet, daughter to Lord Monboddo, at whose house I have had the honor to be more than once. There has not been any thing nearly like her in all the combinations of beauty, grace, and goodness, the great Creator has formed since Milton's Eve on the first day of her existence." His admiration both of the young lady's loveliness and the grandeur of Edinburgh in verse is as elegant as it is vigorous.

I have heard the second verse quoted as a noble one by an eminent English poet, and the fifth verse repeated with a glowing brow by Sir Walter Scott, who added, "The description is vivid and happy." His own striking lines on the same splendid scene in Marmion came to my mind as he spoke:—

"When sated with the martial show
That peopled all the plain below,
The wandering eye could o'er it go
And mark the distant city glow
With gloomy splendor red:
For on the smoke-wreaths huge and slow,
That round her sable turrets flow,
The morning beams were shed,
And tinged them with a lustre proud
Like that which streaks a thunder cloud.
Such dusky grandeur clothed the height
Where the huge castle holds its state,
And all the steep slope down,

Whose ridgy back heaves to the sky,
Piled deep and massy, close and high—
Mine own romantic town!
Yonder the shores of Fife you saw,
Here Preston bay and Berwick law,
And broad between them rolled
The gallant Firth the eye might note,
Whose islands on its bosom float
Like emeralds chased in gold."

Burns loved to wander on the hills of Braid, and it was frequently his pleasure to climb Arthur's Seat, and throwing himself down on the green sward on its summit, give way to such rapturous expressions as those which Scott gives to Fitz-Eustace:—

"Fitz Eustace' heart felt closely pent;
As if to give his rapture vent
The spur he to his charger lent,
And raised his bridle-hand;
And making demi-volte in air,
Cried, 'Where's the coward that would not dare
To fight for such a land!'"

Other points of the landscape attracted the Poet's notice.—"He was passionately fond," says Dugald Stewart, "of the beauties of nature; and I recollect once he told me, when I was admiring a distant prospect in one of our morning walks, that the sight of so many smoking cottages gave a pleasure to his mind which none could understand who had not witnessed, like himself, the happiness and the worth which they contained."

LINES

ON

MEETING WITH LORD DAER.

This wot ye all whom it concerns,
I, Rhymer Robin, alias Burns,
October twenty-third,
A ne'er-to-be-forgotten day,
Sae far I sprachled up the brae,
I dinner'd wi' a Lord.

I've been at drunken writers' feasts,
Nay, been bitch-fou 'mang godly priests,
Wi' rev'rence be it spoken;
I've even join'd the honor'd jorum,
When mighty Squireships of the quorum,
Their hydra drouth did sloken.

But wi' a Lord—stand out my shin,
A Lord—a Peer—an Earl's son,
Up higher yet my bonnet!
And sic a Lord!—lang Scotch ells twa,
Our peerage he o'erlooks them a',
As I look o'er my sonnet.

But, oh! for Hogarth's magic pow'r!
To show Sir Bardie's willyart glow'r,
And how he star'd and stammer'd,
When goavan, as if led wi' branks,
An' stumpan on his ploughman shanks,
He in the parlor hammer'd.

I sidling shelter'd in a nook,
An' at his Lordship steal't a look,
Like some portentous omen;
Except good sense and social glee,
An' (what surpris'd me) modesty,
I marked nought uncommon.

I watch'd the symptoms o' the great,
The gentle pride, the lordly state,
The arrogant assuming;
The feint a pride, nae pride had he,
Nor sauce, nor state, that I could see,
Mair than an honest ploughman.

Then from his Lordship I shall learn,
Henceforth to meet with unconcern
One rank as weel's another;
Nae honest worthy man need care
To meet with noble youthful Daer,
For he but meets a brother.

Basil, Lord Daer, uncle to the present Earl of Selkirk, died too soon for his country. He had enterprise, talents, and taste, and those winning manners which make their way to all hearts. His name was always pronounced by Dugald Stewart with affection. Late in life he speaks in his letters of his "young friend Basil" with much warmth.—"The first time I saw Robert Burns," said the Professor, "was on the 23rd of October, 1786, when he dined at my house in Ayrshire, together with our common friend, John Mackenzie, surgeon, in Mauchline, to whom I am indebted for the pleasure of his acquaintance. My excellent and much-lamented friend, the late Basil Lord Daer, happened to arrive at Catrine the same day, and, by the kindness and frankness of his manners, left an impression on the mind of the Poet, which never was effaced. The verses which the Poet wrote on the occasion are among the most imperfect of his pieces; but a few stanzas may, perhaps, be an object of curiosity, both on account of the character to which they relate, and of the light which they throw on the situation and feelings of the writer before his name was known to the public."

In a letter to Dr. Mackenzie, the Poet says of the verses on meeting with Lord Daer, "They were really extempore, but a little corrected since. They may entertain you a little with the help of that partiality with which you are so good as to favor my performances." Burns has described, in language which almost defies translation, the emotions which he felt on finding himself for the first time in the presence of a living lord. His account of his jovial experiences among the writers, the priests, and the squireships of the west, is very humorous, and, perhaps, very true; and his "watching the symptoms of the great," is one of his sharp touches.

EPISTLE

TO MAJOR LOGAN.

HAIL, thairm-inspirin', rattlin' Willie!
Though fortune's road be rough an' hilly
To every fiddling, rhyming billie,
We never heed,
But take it like the unbacked filly,
Proud o' her speed.

When idly goavan whyles we saunter
Yirr, fancy barks, awa we canter,
Uphill, down brae, till some mishanter,
Some black bog-hole,
Arrests us, then the scathe an' banter
We're forced to thole.

Hale be your heart! Hale be your fiddle!
Lang may your elbuck jink and diddle,
To cheer you through the weary widdle
O' this wild warl',
Until you on a crummock driddle
A gray-hair'd carl.

Come wealth, come poortith, late or soon
Heaven send your heart-strings ay in tune,
And screw your temper pins aboon
A fifth or mair,
The melancholious, lazie croon
O' cankrie care.

May still your life from day to day
Nae "lente largo" in the play,
But "allegretto forte" gay
Harmonious flow
A sweeping, kindling, bauld strathspey—
Encore! Bravo!

A blessing on the cherry gang
Wha dearly like a jig or sang,
An' never think o' right an' wrang
By square an' rule,
But as the clegs o' feeling stang
Are wise or fool.

My hand-waled curse keep hard in chase
The harpy, hoodock, purse-proud race,
Wha count on poortith as disgrace—
Their tuneless hearts!
May fireside discords jar a base
To a' their parts!

But come, your hand, my careless brither,
I'th' ither warl' if there's anither,
An' that there is I've little swither
About the matter;
We cheek for chow shall jog thegither,
I'se ne'er bid better.

We've faults and failings—granted clearly,
We're frail backsliding mortals merely,
Eve's bonnie squad priests wyte them sheerly
For our grand fa';
But still, but still, I like them dearly—
God bless them a'!

Ochon for poor Castalian drinkers,
When they fa' foul o' earthly jinkers,
The witching curs'd delicious blinkers
Hae put me hyte,
And gart me weet my waukrife winkers,
Wi' girnan spite.

But by yon moon!—and that's high swearin'—
An' every star within my hearin'!
An' by her een wha was a dear ane!
I'll ne'er forget;
I hope to gie the jads a clearin'
In fair play yet.

My loss I mourn, but not repent it,
I'll seek my pursie whare I tint it,
Ance to the Indies I were wonted,
Some cantraip hour,
By some sweet elf I'll yet be dinted,
Then, *vive l'amour!*

Faites mes baissemains respectueuse,
To sentimental sister Susie,
An' honest Lucky; no to roose you,
Ye may be proud,
That sic a couple fate allows ye
To grace your blood

Nae mair at present can I measure,
An' trowth my rhymin' ware's nae treasure;
But when in Ayr, some half-hour's leisure,
Be't light, be't dark,
Sir Bard will do himself the pleasure
To call at Park.

ROBERT BURNS.

Mossgiel, 30th October, 1786.

Several of the stanzas of this epistle, which is now published for the first time, resemble passages in other productions of the poet; yet it has a spirit all its own. Major Logan lived at Parkhouse, near Ayr, with his mother and sister, and was not only a first-rate performer on the violin but a pleasant man, and not a little of a wit. The Bard refers happily to his musical skill:—

"Come wealth, come poortith, late or soon,
Heaven send your heart-strings ay in tune,
An' screw your temper-pins aboon
A fifth or mair,
The melancholious lazie croon
O' cankrie care."

The unfortunate termination of his courtship with Jean Armour was often present to his mind; he alludes to it in the verse beginning with

"But by yon moon!—and that's high swearin,'

and contemplated his voyage to the West in the succeeding stanza. Some of the lines as well as the sentiments will remind the reader of the verses "On a Scotch Bard gone to the West Indies."

To David Auld of Ayr, I am indebted for a copy of this poem from the original in his possession. To him, as well as to the talents of my friend Thom, the admirers of Burns owe much. From the chisel of the latter came those clever personations of Tam O'Shanter and Souter Johnny, which attracted so much notice wherever they were exhibited—and to the love of the former for his native district, the little world of Ayrshire owes the continuance of those rustic statues on the banks of the Doon. They have found a not unsuitable sanctuary, and that, too, in the midst of the scene made immortal by the Bard.

THE BRIGS OF AYR,

A POEM,

INSCRIBED TO J. BALLANTYNE, ESQ., AYR.

The simple Bard, rough at the rustic plough,
Learning his tuneful trade from ev'ry bough;
The chaunting linnet, or the mellow thrush,
Hailing the setting sun, sweet, in the green thorn bush;
The soaring lark, the perching red-breast shrill,
Or deep-ton'd plovers, gray, wild-whistling o'er the hill;
Shall he, nurst in the peasant's lowly shed,
To hardy independence bravely bred,
By early poverty to hardship steel'd,
And train'd to arms in stern misfortune's field—
Shall he be guilty of their hireling crimes,
The servile, mercenary Swiss of rhymes?
Or labor hard the panegyric close,
With all the venal soul of dedicating prose?
No! though his artless strains he rudely sings,
And throws his hand uncouthly o'er the strings,
He glows with all the spirit of the Bard,
Fame, honest fame, his great, his dear reward!
Still, if some patron's gen'rous care he trace,
Skill'd in the secret to bestow with grace;
When Ballantyne befriends his humble name,
And hands the rustic stranger up to fame,
With heartfelt throes his grateful bosom swells,
The godlike bliss, to give, alone excels.

'Twas when the stacks get on their winter-hap,
And thack and rape secure the toil-won crap;
Potatoe-bings are snugged up frae skaith
Of coming Winter's biting, frosty breath;

The bees, rejoicing o'er their summer toils,
Unnumber'd buds an' flow'rs' delicious spoils,
Seal'd up with frugal care in massive waxen piles,
Are doom'd by man, that tyrant o'er the weak,
The death o' devils smoor'd wi' brimstone reek:
The thundering guns are heard on ev'ry side,
The wounded coveys, reeling, scatter wide;
The feather'd field-mates, bound by Nature's tie,
Sires, mothers, children, in one carnage lie:
(What warm, poetic heart, but inly bleeds,
And execrates man's savage, ruthless deeds!)
Nae mair the flow'r in field or meadow springs;
Nae mair the grove with airy concert rings,
Except, perhaps, the robin's whistling glee,
Proud o' the height o' some bit half-lang tree:
The hoary morns precede the sunny days,
Mild, calm, serene, wide-spreads the noon-tide blaze,
While thick the gossamour waves wanton in the rays.
'Twas in that season, when a simple bard,
Unknown and poor, simplicity's reward,
Ae night, within the ancient brugh of Ayr,
By whim inspired, or haply prest wi' care,
He left his bed, and took his wayward rout,
And down by Simpson's* wheel'd the left about:
(Whether impell'd by all-directing Fate,
To witness what I after shall narrate;
Or whether, rapt in meditation high,
He wander'd out he knew not where nor why)
The drowsy Dungeon-clock† had number'd two,
And Wallace Tow'r† had sworn the fact was true:
The tide-swoln Firth, with sullen sounding roar,
Through the still night dash'd hoarse along the shore.
All else was hush'd as Nature's closed e'e:
The silent moon shone high o'er tow'r and tree:
The chilly frost, beneath the silver beam,
Crept, gently-crusting, o'er the glittering stream.—

* A noted tavern at the Auld Brig end.
† The two steeples.

When, lo! on either hand the list'ning Bard,
The clanging sugh of whistling wings is heard;
Two dusky forms dart through the midnight air,
Swift as the gos* drives on the wheeling hare;
Ane on th' Auld Brig his airy shape uprears,
The ither flutters o'er the rising piers:
Our warlock Rhymer instantly descry'd
The Sprites that owre the Brigs of Ayr preside.
(That Bards are second-sighted is nae joke,
And ken the lingo of the sp'ritual folk;
Fays, Spunkies, Kelpies, a', they can explain them,
And ev'n the vera deils they brawly ken them.)
Auld Brig appear'd of ancient Pictish race,
The very wrinkles gothic in his face:
He seem'd as he wi' Time had warstl'd lang,
Yet, teughly doure, he bade un unco bang.
New Brig was buskit in a braw new coat,
That he at Lon'on, frae ane Adams, got;
In's hand five taper staves as smooth's a bead,
Wi' virls and whirlygigums at the head.
The Goth was stalking round with anxious search,
Spying the time-worn flaws in ev'ry arch:—
It chanc'd his new-come neebor took his e'e,
And e'en a vex'd and angry heart had he!
Wi' thieveless sneer to see his modish mien,
He, down the water, gies him this guide'en:—

AULD BRIG.

I doubt na', frien', ye'll think ye're nae sheepshank,
Ance ye were streekit o'er frae bank to bank!
But gin ye be a brig as auld as me,
Tho' faith, that day I doubt ye'll never see;
There'll be, if that date come, I'll wad a boddle,
Some fewer whigmeleeries in your noddle.

NEW BRIG.

Auld Vandal, ye but show your little mense,
Just much about it wi' your scanty sense;

* The gos-hawk, or falcon.

Will your poor, narrow foot-path of a street,
Where twa wheel-barrows tremble when they meet—
Your ruin'd, formless bulk o' stane an' lime,
Compare wi' bonnie Brigs o' modern time?
There's men o' taste wou'd tak the Ducat-stream'*
Tho' they should cast the vera sark and swim,
Ere they would grate their feelings wi' the view
Of sic an ugly, Gothic hulk as you.

AULD BRIG.

Conceited gowk! puff'd up wi' windy pride!—
This mony a year I've stood the flood an' tide;
And tho' wi' crazy eild I'm sair forfairn,
I'll be a Brig, when ye're a shapeless cairn!
As yet ye little ken about the matter,
But twa-three winters will inform ye better.
When heavy, dark, continued a'-day rains,
Wi' deepening deluges o'erflow the plains;
When from the hills where springs the brawling Coil,
Or stately Lugar's mossy fountains boil,
Or where the Greenock winds his moorland course,
Or haunted Garpal† draws his feeble source,
Arous'd by blust'ring winds an' spotting thowes,
In mony a torrent down his snaw-broo rowes;
While crashing ice, borne on the roaring speat,
Sweeps dams an' mills, an' brigs, a' to the gate;
And from Glenbuck,‡down to the Ratton-key,§
Auld Ayr is just one lengthen'd tumbling sea—
Then down ye'll hurl, deil nor ye never rise!
And dash the gumlie jaups up to the pouring skies.
A lesson sadly teaching, to your cost,
That Architecture's noble art is lost!

* A noted ford just above the Auld Brig.

† The banks of Garpal Water is one of the few places in the West of Scotland, where those fancy-scaring beings, known by the name of Ghaists, still continue pertinaciously to inhabit.

‡ The source of the river Ayr.

§ A small landing-place above the large key.

NEW BRIG.

Fine Architecture, trowth, I needs must say't o't!
The L—d be thankit that we've tint the gate o't!
Gaunt, ghastly, ghaist-alluring edifices,
Hanging with threat'ning jut like precipices;
O'er-arching, mouldy, gloom-inspiring coves,
Supporting roofs fantastic, stony groves:
Windows, and doors in nameless sculpture drest,
With order, symmetry, or taste unblest;
Forms like some bedlam Statuary's dream,
The craz'd creation of misguided whim;
Forms might be worshipp'd on the bended knee,
And still the second dread command be free,
Their likeness is not found on earth, in air, or sea.
Mansions that would disgrace the building taste
Of any mason reptile, bird or beast;
Fit only for a doited monkish race,
Or frosty maids forsworn the dear embrace;
Or cuifs of latter times wha held the notion
That sullen gloom was sterling true devotion;
Fancies that our guid Brugh denies protection!
And soon may they expire, unblest with resurrection!

AULD BRIG.

O ye, my dear-remember'd ancient yealings,
Were ye but here to share my wounded feelings!
Ye worthy Proveses, an' monie a Bailie,
Wha in the paths o' righteousness did toil ay;
Ye dainty Deacons, and ye douce Conveeners,
To whom our moderns are but causey-cleaners;
Ye godly Councils wha hae blest this town;
Ye godly brethren o' the sacred gown,
Wha meekly gie your hurdies to the smiters;
And (what would now be strange) ye godly writers;
A' ye douce folk I've born aboon the broo,
Were ye but here, what would ye say or do!
How would your spirits groan in deep vexation,
To see each melancholy alteration;

And agonizing, curse the time and place,
When ye begat the base, degen'rate race!
Nae langer rev'rend men, their country's glory,
In plain braid Scots hold forth a plain braid story!
Nae langer thrifty citizens an' douce,
Meet owre a pint, or in the council-house;
But staumrel, corky-headed, graceless gentry,
The herryment and ruin of the country;
Men, three parts made by tailors and by barbers,
Wha waste your weel-hain'd gear on d—d new Brigs
and Harbours!

NEW BRIG.

Now haud there! for faith ye've said enough,
And muckle mair than ye can mak to through,
As for your Priesthood, I shall say but little,
Corbies and Clergy are a shot right kittle:
But, under favor o' your langer beard,
Abuse o' Magistrates might weel be spar'd:
To liken them to your auld-warld squad,
I must needs say, comparisons are odd.
In Ayr, wag-wits nae mair can have a handle
To mouth "a citizen," a term o' scandal;
Nae mair the Council waddles down the street,
In all the pomp of ignorant conceit;
Men wha grew wise priggin' owre hops an' raisins,
Or gather'd lib'ral views in bonds and seisins,
If haply Knowledge, on a random tramp,
Had shor'd them with a glimmer of his lamp,
And would to Common-sense for once betray'd them,
Plain, dull Stupidity stept kindly in to aid them.

What farther clishmaclaver might been said,
What bloody wars, if Sprites had blood to shed
No man can tell! but all before their sight,
A fairy train appear'd in order bright:

Adown the glitt'ring stream they featly danc'd;
Bright to the moon their various dresses glanc'd;
They footed o'er the wat'ry glass so neat,
The infant ice scarce bent beneath their feet:
While arts of minstrelsy among them rung,
And soul-ennobling bards heroic ditties sung.—
O had M'Lauchlan,* thairm-inspiring Sage
Been there to hear this heavenly band engage,
When thro' his dear strathspeys they bore with Highland rage;
Or when they struck old Scotia's melting airs,
The lover's raptur'd joys or bleeding cares;
How would his Highland lug been nobler fir'd,
And ev'n his matchless hand with finer touch inspir'd!
No guess could tell what instrument appear'd,
But all the soul of Music's self was heard;
Harmonious concert rung in every part,
While simple melody pour'd moving on the heart.

The Genius of the stream in front appears,
A venerable Chief advanc'd in years;
His hoary head with water-lilies crown'd,
His manly leg with garter tangle bound.
Next came the loveliest pair in all the ring,
Sweet Female Beauty hand in hand with spring;
Then, crown'd with flow'ry hay, came Rural Joy,
And Summer, with his fervid-beaming eye:
All-cheering Plenty, with her flowing horn,
Led yellow Autumn, wreath'd with nodding corn;
Then Winter's time-bleach'd locks did hoary show,
By Hospitality with cloudless brow.
Next follow'd Courage, with his martial stride,
From where the Feal wild woody coverts hide;
Benevolence, with mild, benignant air,
A female form, came from the tow'rs of Stair:
Learning and Worth in equal measures trode
From simple Catrine, their long-lov'd abode:

* A well known performer of Scottish music on the violin.

Last, white-rob'd Peace, crown'd with a hazel wreath,
To rustic Agriculture did bequeath
The broken iron instruments of death;
At sight of whom our Sprites forgat their kindling wrath.

Burns wrote this poem in Edinburgh for the second edition of his works, and it is likely he desired to compliment his Ayrshire friends under pretence of drawing a picture of times ancient and modern. That he has done both is quite clear. The courage of the Montgomerys is recorded in a couplet: and learning and worth in equal measures move in Catrine, the residence of Dugald Stewart; nor is Mrs. Stewart of Stair, afterwards of Afton, forgotten:—

> "Benevolence, with mild, benignant air,
> A female form, came from the towers of Stair."

In after-days the beautiful solitude of Catrine was invaded by a cotton-mill, and the Professor carried away his household gods; the lady of Stair also moved: she built a mansion on the banks of Afton-water, and there at present two of her daughters reside. Feal is a small stream in the vicinity of Coilsfield, in those days the seat of Colonel Montgomery, afterwards Earl of Eglinton.

The idea of the poem was taken from Fergusson's "Plane Stanes and Causeway." The Edinburgh bard makes a "cadie" or public messenger overhear the conversation and report it: no attempt is made to personify the speakers—"In the dialogue between the Brigs of Ayr," says Currie, "Burns himself is the auditor; the Poet, pressed by care or inspired by whim, wandered out in the darkness of a winter night to the mouth of the Ayr, where the stillness was interrupted only by the rushing sound of the influx of the tide. The dungeon clock had struck two; the sound had been repeated by Wallace-tower; the moon shone bright, and the infant ice was forming on the stream. The bard heard the 'clanging sugh' of wings, and speedily perceived

> 'The sprites that owre the Brigs of Ayr preside.'

These genii enter into a conversation, and compare ancient times with the present. They differ, as may be expected, and taunt and scold each other in broad Scotch. This conversation, which is certainly humorous, may be considered as the proper business of the poem."

Ayr was one of the military stations of Edward I., and the place where the hero Wallace first displayed his courage and strength. It became a royal burgh as early as 1202, and the "Auld Brig" might well have the "very wrinkles gothic in its face," for it was erected in the reign of Alexander III. The "New Brig" stands a hundred yards or so below the old one, and was chiefly raised by the patriotic exertions of that Ballantyne to whom the poem is inscribed. Ayr gave birth to the accomplished Count Hamilton, author of the "Memoirs of Grammont." It was the residence too, of the heroic Wallaces of Craigie, and, moreover, Cromwell saw it with the eye of Edward I., for he constructed a fort between the town and the sea to keep the West in awe.

Soon after the appearance of "The Brigs of Ayr," other brigs in the north began to speak. A Nithsdale rhymer wrote a volume of verses, and one of the pieces was entitled "A Conversation between the Auld Brig and New Brig of Dumfries." He observed them to be big with coming words, and being a person of patience, as well as discernment, lingered within earshot to hear what passed. The brigs were in no hurry to begin, if I may trust the only lines which remain on my memory:—

"Ance upon a day
Dumfries' twa brigs stood still and nought did say."

WRITTEN

On the Blank Leaf of a Copy of the Poems, presented to an Old Sweetheart, then married.

Once fondly lov'd, and still remember'd dear;
Sweet early object of my youthful vows!
Accept this mark of friendship, warm, sincere,—
Friendship! 'tis all cold duty now allows.

And when you read the simple artless rhymes,
One friendly sigh for him—he asks no more,—
Who distant burns in flaming torrid climes,
Or haply lies beneath th' Atlantic roar.

The name of the lady to whom this double present of praise and poetry was given has not been mentioned. Burns, it is evident, had at that time no better prospect before him than emigration to the West Indies: his prose and verse of the year 1786 are filled with allusions to that reluctant step; he seems to have looked for nothing better than to die soon amid torrid climes, if he escaped drowning in the passage. He, perhaps, did not dread the voyage so much as he felt hurt and humbled to be obliged to go abroad from want of encouragement at home.

ON

THE DEATH OF ROBERT DUNDAS, Esq.,

OF ARNISTON,

LATE LORD PRESIDENT OF THE COURT OF SESSION.

Lone on the bleaky hills the straying flocks
Shun the fierce storms among the sheltering rocks;
Down from the rivulets, red with dashing rains,
The gathering floods burst o'er the distant plains;
Beneath the blasts the leafless forests groan;
The hollow caves return a sullen moan.

Ye hills, ye plains, ye forests, and ye caves,
Ye howling winds, and wintry swelling waves!
Unheard, unseen, by human ear or eye,
Sad to your sympathetic scenes I fly;
Where to the whistling blast and waters' roar,
Pale Scotia's recent wound I may deplore.

O heavy loss, thy country ill could bear!
A loss these evil days can ne'er repair!
Justice, the high vicegerent of her God,
Her doubtful balance ey'd, and sway'd her rod:
Hearing the tidings of the fatal blow
She sunk, abandon'd to the wildest woe.

Wrongs, injuries, from many a darksome den,
Now gay in hope explore the paths of men:
See from his cavern grim Oppression rise,
And throw on poverty his cruel eyes;
Keen on the helpless victim see him fly,
And stifle, dark, the feebly-bursting cry:

Mark ruffian Violence, distained with crimes,
Rousing elate in these degenerate times;
View unsuspecting innocence a prey,
As guileful Fraud points out the erring way:
While subtile Litigation's pliant tongue
The life-blood equal sucks of Right and Wrong:
Hark, injur'd Want recounts th' unlisten'd tale,
And much-wrong'd Mis'ry pours th' unpitied wail!

Ye dark waste hills, and brown unsightly plains,
To you I sing my grief-inspired strains:
Ye tempests, rage! ye turbid torrents, roll!
Ye suit the joyless tenor of my soul.
Life's social haunts and pleasures I resign,
Be nameless wilds and lonely wanderings mine,
To mourn the woes my country must endure,
That wound degenerate ages cannot cure.

These lines were composed, it appears, in compliance with the request of Advocate Hay.—"The enclosed poem," Burns thus writes to that gentleman, "was written in consequence of your suggestion last time I had the pleasure of seeing you. It cost me an hour or two of next morning's sleep, but did not please me, so it laid by, an ill-digested effort, till the other day I gave it a critic-brush. These kinds of subjects are much hackneyed, and, besides, the wailings of the rhyming tribe over the ashes of the great are cursedly suspicious, and out of all character for sincerity. These ideas damped my muse's fire: however I have done the best I could."

How the poem was welcomed, and what the Poet felt, he has written with his own hand under the copy of the poem which he gave to Dr. Geddes. "The foregoing poem," he says, "has some tolerable lines in it, but the incurable wound of my pride

will not suffer me to correct, or even peruse it. I sent a copy of it, with my best prose letter, to the son of the great man, the theme of the piece, by the hands of one of the noblest men in God's world, Alexander Wood, surgeon. When, behold! his solicitorship took no more notice of my poem or me than I had been a strolling fiddler, who had made free with his lady's name over a silly new reel! Did the gentleman imagine that I looked for any dirty gratuity?"

ON READING IN A NEWSPAPER

THE DEATH OF JOHN M'LEOD, Esq.,

BROTHER TO A YOUNG LADY, A PARTICULAR FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR'S.

Sad thy tale, thou idle page,
And rueful thy alarms:
Death tears the brother of her love
From Isabella's arms.

Sweetly deckt with pearly dew
The morning rose may blow;
But cold successive noontide blasts
May lay its beauties low.

Fair on Isabella's morn
The sun propitious smil'd;
But, long ere noon, succeeding clouds
Succeeding hopes beguil'd.

Fate oft tears the bosom cords
That nature finest strung:
So Isabella's heart was form'd,
And so that heart was wrung.

Were it in the poet's power,
Strong as he shares the grief
That pierces Isabella's heart,
To give that heart relief.

Dread Omnipotence, alone,
Can heal the wound he gave;
Can point the brimful grief-worn eyes
To scenes beyond the grave.

Virtue's blossoms there shall blow,
And fear no withering blast;
There Isabella's spotless worth
Shall happy be at least.

The fifth verse has been restored from the Poet's manuscripts, and I am also enabled to add, from the same source, that the family of the M'Leod's having suffered much from misfortune, Burns was deeply impressed with the bereavements they had in a short space of time endured. That he sympathized much in such distresses, his works sufficiently show: some of his noblest poems—such as the Elegy on Matthew Henderson, were composed on occasions of domestic mourning.

TO MISS LOGAN,

WITH BEATTIE'S POEMS AS A NEW YEAR'S GIFT,

Jan. 1, 1787.

Again the silent wheels of time
Their annual round have driv'n,
And you, tho' scarce in maiden prime,
Are so much nearer Heav'n.

No gifts have I from Indian coasts
The infant year to hail;
I send you more than India boasts
In Edwin's simple tale.

Our sex with guile and faithless love
Is charg'd, perhaps, too true;
But may, dear maid, each lover prove
An Edwin still to you!

The lady to whom Burns presented the Minstrel of Beattie, inscribed with these elegant lines, was the "Sentimental Sister Susie" of the Epistle to Major Logan. She lived at Park-house, and sometimes at Camlarg; sung, I have heard, with taste and feeling, and, with her brother, helped to cheer the Bard in many of his desponding hours.

THE AMERICAN WAR.

A FRAGMENT.

I.

When Guildford good our pilot stood,
And did our helm thraw, man,
Ae night, at tea, began a plea,
Within America, man:
Then up they gat the maskin-pat,
And in the sea did jaw, man;
An' did nae less, in full Congress,
Than quite refuse our law, man.

II.

Then thro' the lakes Montgomery takes,
I wat he was na slaw, man;
Down Lowrie's burn he took a turn,
And Carleton did ca', man;
But yet, what-reck, he, at Quebec,
Montgomery-like did fa', man,
Wi' sword in hand, before his band,
Amang his en'mies a', man.

III.

Poor Tammy Gage, within a cage,
Was kept at Boston ha', man;
Till Willie Howe took o'er the knowe
For Philadelphia, man:
Wi' sword an' gun he thought a sin
Guid Christian blood to draw, nan:
But at New York, wi' knife an' fork,
Sir-loin he hacked sma', man.

IV.

Burgoyne gaed up, like spur an' whip,
Till Fraser brave did fa', man;
Then lost his way, ae misty day,
In Saratoga shaw, man.
Cornwallis fought as lang's he dought,
An' did the the buckskins claw, man;
But Clinton's glaive frae rust to save,
He hung it to the wa', man.

V.

Then Montague, an' Guilford, too,
Began to fear a fa', man;
And Sackville dour, wha stood the stoure,
The German Chief to thraw, man;
For Paddy Burke, like ony Turk,
Nae mercy had at a', man;
An' Charlie Fox threw by the box,
An' lows'd his tinkler jaw, man.

VI.

Then Rockingham took up the game,
Till death did on him ca', man;
When Shelburne meek held up his cheek,
Conform to gospel law, man;
Saint Stephen's boys, wi' jarring noise,
They did his measures thraw, man,
For North an' Fox united stocks,
An' bore him to the wa', man.

VII.

Then clubs an' hearts were Charlie's cartes,
He swept the stakes awa', man,
Till the diamond's ace, of Indian race,
Led him a sair *faux pas*, man;
The Saxon lads, wi' loud placads,
On Chatham's boy did ca', man;
An' Scotland drew her pipe, an' blew,
"Up, Willie, waur them a', man!"

VIII.

Behind the throne then Grenville's gone,
A secret word or twa, man ;
While slee Dundas arous'd the class,
Be-north the Roman wa', man :
An' Chatham's wraith, in heavenly graith,
(Inspired Bardies saw, man)
Wi' kindling eyes cry'd "Willie, rise!
Would I hae fear'd them a', man?"

IX.

But, word an' blow, North, Fox, and Co.,
Gowff'd Willie like a ba', man,
Till Suthron raise, and coost their claise
Behind him in a raw, man ;
An' Caledon threw by the drone,
An' did her whittle draw, man ;
An' swoor fu' rude, thro' dirt an' blood
To make it guid in law, man.

* * * * *

"The page of Burns," Campbell observes, "contains a lively image of cotemporary life, and the country from which he sprung." Dr. Blair said something not unlike this when he remarked of this poem "Burns's politics smell of the smithy." To understand the allusion of the critic, the reader would require to be acquainted, as no doubt many are, with the scene which a country smithy presents,

"When ploughmen gather wi' their graith,"

and ale, politics, and parish scandal are all alike carefully discussed. The forge is small, and all within it is black, save the fire, which, awakened by a pair of large bellows, blazes bright, while the blacksmith anxiously heaps the glowing coals over the sock which he wishes to weld, or the coulter he has to sharpen, and drops in a word now and then in the conversation maintained among his customers and auditors. All at once out comes the blazing iron from the fire—flash after flash passes over the faces of the gathered groups—the quick clang of hammers is heard—the smithy darkens down as the iron cools, and when it is restored to the fire for another heat, the controversy

of tongues is renewed, and so the evening passes. Blair intimated by his remark that the opinions of the Poet respecting the American war were unstatesman like, and only worthy of rude, ready-witted ploughmen.

THE DEAN OF FACULTY.

A NEW BALLAD.

I.

Dire was the hate at old Harlaw,
That Scot to Scot did carry;
And dire the discord Langside saw,
For beauteous, hapless Mary:
But Scot with Scot ne'er met so hot,
Or were more in fury seen, Sir,
Than 'twixt Hal and Bob for the famous job—
Who should be Faculty's Dean, Sir.—

II.

This Hal for genius, wit, and lore,
Among the first was number'd;
But pious Bob, 'mid learning's store,
Commandment tenth remember'd.—
Yet simple Bob the victory got,
And won his heart's desire;
Which shows that heaven can boil the pot,
Though the devil p—s in the fire.—

III.

Squire Hal besides had in this case
Pretensions rather brassy,
For talents to deserve a place
Are qualifications saucy;
So, their worships of the Faculty,
Quite sick of merit's rudeness,
Chose one who should owe it all, d'ye see,
To their gratis grace and goodness.—

IV.

As once on Pisgah purg'd was the sight
Of a son of Circumcision,
So may be, on this Pisgah height,
Bob's purblind, mental vision:
Nay, Bobby's mouth may be open'd yet
Till for eloquence you hail him,
And swear he has the Angel met
That met the Ass of Balaam.

No one has equalled Lockhart's account of Burns among the stately literati and lawyers of Edinburgh:—"It needs no effort of imagination to conceive what the sensations of an isolated set of scholars must have been in the presence of this big-boned, black-browed, brawny stranger, with his great flashing eyes, who, having forced his way among them from the plough-tail at a single stride, manifested in the whole train of his hearing and conversation a most thorough conviction that, in the society of the most eminent men of his nation, he was exactly where he was entitled to be, hardly deigned to flatter them by exhibiting even an occasional symptom of being flattered by their notice, by turns calmly measured himself against the most cultivated understandings of his time in discussion—overpowered the bon-mots of the most celebrated convivialists by broad floods of merriment, impregnated with all the burning life of genius—astounded bosoms habitually enveloped in the thrice-piled folds of social reserve by compelling them to tremble beneath the fearless touch of natural pathos—and all this without the smallest willingness to be ranked among those professional ministers of excitement, who are content to be paid in money and smiles for doing what the spectators and auditors would be ashamed of doing in their own persons, even if they had the power of doing it.

"The lawyers of Edinburgh, among whom Burns figured at his outset with at least as much success as among the professional literati, were a very different race of men from these; they would neither, I take it, have pardoned rudeness nor been alarmed by wit. But, being in those days, with scarcely an exception, members of the landed aristocracy of the country, and forming by far the most influential body in the society of Scotland, they were, perhaps, as proud a set of men as ever enjoyed the tranquil pleasures of unquestioned superiority. What their

haughtiness as a body was, may be guessed when we know that inferior birth was reckoned a fair and legitimate ground for excluding any man from the bar. To this body belonged nineteen out of twenty of those 'Patricians,' whose stateliness Burns so long remembered, and so bitterly resented. It might, perhaps, have been well for him had stateliness been the worst fault of their manners."

The poem was first published in the Reliques of Burns. It explains itself. I have heard that it was any thing but graciously received by the two competitors, Hal and Bob.

TO A LADY,

With a present of a Pair of Drinking Glasses.

Fair Empress of the Poet's soul,
And Queen of Poetesses;
Clarinda, take this little boon,
This humble pair of glasses.

And fill them high with generous juice,
As generous as your mind;
And pledge me in the generous toast—
"The whole of human kind!"

"To those who love us!"—second fill;
But not to those whom we love;
Lest we love those who love not us!—
A third—"to thee and me, love!

To the beautiful Clarinda—the Mrs. Mac. whom he loved to toast in company—Burns addressed a number of letters; some are written with tenderness and feeling, others are bold and vehement; and they all show the ardor of an impassioned heart, and sometimes the quickness of a clear understanding. That the lady regarded the whole as a sort of sentimental flirtation on paper, there can be no doubt.—"I can say with truth, madam," he thus opens the correspondence, "that I never met with a person in my life whom I more anxiously wished to meet

again than yourself. You are a stranger to me; but I am an odd being; some yet unnamed feelings, things, not principles, but better than whims, carry me further than boasted reason ever did a philosopher. Our worthy common friend, in her usual pleasant way, rallied me a good deal on my new acquaintance. She tells me you are not only a critic, but a poetess."

Of the powers of Clarinda in rhyme, I shall give a specimen, such as will induce the reader to desire more.—"Your last verses," says Burns, "have so delighted me, that I have got an excellent old Scots air that suits the measure, and you shall see them in print. I want four stanzas—you gave me but three, and one of them alluded to an expression in my former letter; so I have taken your two first verses, with a slight alteration in the second, and have added a third, but you must help me to a fourth. Here they are; the latter half of the first stanza is worthy of Sappho; I am in raptures with it:"—

"Talk not of Love, it gives me pain,
For Love has been my foe;
He bound me with an iron chain,
And plung'd me deep in woe.
But friendship's pure and lasting joys
My heart was formed to prove—
Then welcome win and wear the prize,
But never talk of love.

Your friendship much can make me blest,
Oh! why that bliss destroy?
Why urge the only one request
You know I will deny?
Your thought, if love must harbour there,
Conceal it in that thought;
Nor cause me from that bosom tear
The very friend I sought."

CLARINDA.

Clarinda, mistress of my soul,
The measur'd time is run!
The wretch beneath the dreary pole
So marks his latest sun.

To what dark cave of frozen night
Shall poor Sylvander hie;
Depriv'd of thee, his life and light,
The sun of all his joy.

We part—but, by these precious drops
That fill thy lovely eyes!
No other light shall guide my steps
Till thy bright beams arise.

She, the fair sun of all her sex,
Has blest my glorious day;
And shall a glimmering planet fix
My worship to its ray?

The Bard had recovered from his fall, and was contemplating his departure from Edinburgh, when he wrote these verses to "Clarinda." He sent her, it appears, a copy of the account which he gave of himself to Dr. Moore, and added, "I do not know if you have a just idea of my character; but I wish you to see me, as I am, as most people of my trade are, a strange will-o'-wisp being: the victim, too frequently, of much imprudence and many follies. My too great constituent elements are pride and passion: the first I have endeavoured to harmonize into integrity and honor; the last makes me a devotee to the warmest degree of enthusiasm in love, religion, or friendship—either of them, or altogether, as I happen to be inspired."

Having explained or apologized respecting his feelings and his prejudices, the Poet proceeds:—"What a strange mysterious faculty is that thing called imagination! I have often amused myself with visionary schemes of what happiness in another world might be enjoyed by small alterations—alterations that we can fully enter into in this present state of existence. For instance, suppose you and I, just as we are at present—the same reasoning powers, sentiments, and even desires; the same fond curiosity for knowledge and remarking observation in our minds; and imagine our bodies free from pain, and the necessary supplies for the wants of nature, at all times and easily within our reach: imagine, farther, that we were set free from the laws of gravitation which bind us to this globe, and could at pleasure fly without inconvenience through all the yet unconjectured bounds of creation—what a life of bliss would we

lead in our mutual pursuit of virtue and knowledge, and our mutual enjoyment of friendship and love! I see you laughing at my fairy fancies, but I am certain I would be a happy creature beyond any thing we call bliss here below; nay, it would be a paradise congenial to you, too. Don't you see us hand in hand, making our remarks on Sirius, the nearest of the fixed stars; or surveying a comet flaming innoxious by us, as we just now would mark the passing pomp of a travelling monarch."

VERSES.

Written under the Portrait of Fergusson, the Poet, in a copy of that Author's works presented to a young Lady in Edinburgh, March 19th, 1787.

CURSE on ungrateful man, that can be pleas'd,
And yet can starve the author of the pleasure!
O thou my elder brother in misfortune,
By far my elder brother in the muses,
With tears I pity thy unhappy fate!
Why is the bard unpitied by the world,
Yet has so keen a relish of its pleasures?

This apostrophe to Fergusson, bears a striking affinity to one in the "Epistle to William Simpson:"—

> "O Fergusson! thy glorious parts
> Ill suited law's dry musty arts;
> My curse upon your whunstane hearts,
> Ye E'nbrugh gentry!
> The tythe o' what ye waste at cartes,
> Wad stow'd his pantry!"

This was written before Burns visited the Scottish capital. Even without a poet's susceptibility, we may feel how this prophetic parallel of Fergusson's case with his own must have pressed on the memory of our bard, when he paid this second tribute of affection to his "elder brother" in misfortune.

SKETCH.

A LITTLE, upright, pert, tart, tripping wight,
And still his precious self his dear delight;
Who loves his own smart shadow in the streets
Better than e'er the fairest she he meets:
A man of fashion, too, he made his tour,
Learn'd vive la bagatelle, et vive l'amour;
So travell'd monkeys their grimace improve,
Polish their grin, nay, sigh for ladies' love.
Much specious lore, but little understood;
Veneering oft outshines the solid wood:
His solid sense—by inches you must tell,
But mete his cunning by the old Scots ell;
His meddling vanity, a busy fiend,
Still making work his selfish craft must mend.

The "Sketch" was a portion of a long poem which Burns contemplated, called "The Poet's Progress." He, however, completed no more than the little contained in this page; perhaps the response of Dugald Stewart, to whom he communicated the sketch, damped his ardor.—"The fragment," says Burns, "beginning 'A little, upright, pert, tart,' &c., I have not shown to any man living till I now show it to you. It forms the postulata, the axioms, the definition of a character, which, if it appear at all, shall be placed in a variety of lights. This particular part I send you merely as a sample of my hand at portrait sketching."

TO
MRS. SCOTT,
OF
WAUCHOPE.

I MIND it weel in early date,
When I was beardless, young and blate,
An' first could thresh the barn;
Or haud a yokin at the pleugh;
An' tho' forfoughten sair enough,

Yet unco proud to learn:
When first amang the yellow corn
A man I reckon'd was,
An' wi' the lave ilk merry morn
Could rank my rig and lass,
Still shearing, and clearing,
The tither stooked raw,
Wi' claivers, an' haivers,
Wearing the day awa.

E'en then, a wish, I mind its pow'r,
A wish that to my latest hour
Shall strongly heave my breast,
That I for poor auld Scotland's sake
Some usefu' plan or beuk could make,
Or sing a sang at least.
The rough burr-thistle, spreading wide
Amang the bearded bear,
I turn'd the weeder-clips aside,
An' spar'd the symbol dear:
No nation, no station,
My envy e'er could raise,
A Scot still, but blot still,
I knew nae higher praise.

But still the elements o' sang
In formless jumble, right an' wrang,
Wild floated in my brain;
'Till on that har'st I said before,
My partner in the merry core,
She rous'd the forming strain:
I see her yet, the sonsie quean,
That lighted up her jingle,
Her witching smile, her pauky een
That gart my heart-strings tingle:
I fired, inspired,
At every kindling keek,
But bashing and dashing
I feared aye to speak.

Health to the sex, ilk guid chiel says,
Wi' merry dance in winter days,
An' we to share in common :
The gust o' joy, the balm of woe,
The saul o' life, the heav'n below,
Is rapture-giving woman.
Ye surly sumphs, who hate the name,
Be mindfu' o' your mither :
She, honest woman, may think shame
That ye're connected with her,
Ye're wae men, ye're nae men
That slight the lovely dears ;
To shame ye, disclaim ye,
Ilk honest birkie swears.

For you, no bred to barn and byre,
Wha sweetly tune the Scottish lyre,
Thanks to you for your line :
The marled plaid ye kindly spare,
By me should gratefully be ware ;
'Twad please me to the nine.
I'd be mair vauntie o' my hap,
Douce hingin' owre my curple,
Than ony ermine ever lap,
Or proud imperial purple.
Fareweel then, lang heel then,
An' plenty be your fa',
May losses and crosses
Ne'er at your hallan ca'.

This beautiul little poem is now given entire.—"Oh! that he, the prevailing Poet," says Wilson, speaking of the aspirations of his youth, "could have seen this light breaking in upon the darkness that did too long and too deeply overshadow his living lot! Some glorious glimpses of it his prophetic soul did see—witness 'The Vision,' or that somewhat humbler but yet high strain—in which, bethinking him of the undefined aspirations of his boyish genius that had bestirred itself in the darkness, as if the touch of an angel's hand were to awaken a sleeper in his cell—he said to himself :—

'Even then a wish, I mind its power,
A wish that to my latest hour,
Shall strongly heave my breast,
That I for poor auld Scotland's sake,
Some usefu' plan, or beuk could make,
Or sing a sang at least.'

"Such hopes were in him, in his 'bright and shining youth,' surrounded as it was with toil and trouble, that could not bend down the brow of Burns from its natural upright inclination to the sky: and such hopes, let us doubt it not, were with him in his dark and faded prime, when life's lamp burned low indeed, and he was willing at last, early as it was, to shut his eyes on this dearly beloved, but sorely distracting world."

The lady to whom the Epistle is addressed, was a painter and poetess: her sketches with the pencil were very beautiful; of her skill in verse, the reader may judge from her letter to the Bard:—

"My cantie, witty, rhyming ploughman,
I hafflins doubt it is na' true, man,
That ye between the stilts was bred,
Wi' ploughmen schooled, wi' ploughmen fed;
I doubt it sair, ye've drawn your knowledge
Either frae grammar-school or college,
Guid troth your saul an' body baith
War better fed I'd gie my aith,
Than theirs who sup sour milk an' parritch,
An' bummil through the single Carritch.
Whaever heard the ploughman speak,
Could tell gif Homer was a Greek?
He'd flee as soon upon a cudgel,
As get a single line of Virgil.
And then sae slee ye crack your jokes
O' Willie Pitt and Charlie Fox:
Our great men a' sae weel descrive,
An' how to gar the nation thrive,
Ane maist wad swear ye dwalt amang them,
And as ye saw them sae ye sang them.
But be ye ploughman, be ye peer,
Ye are a funny blade I swear;
An' though the cauld I ill can bide,
Yet twenty miles an' mair I'd ride
O'er moss an' moor, an' never grumble,
Though my auld yad should gie a stumble,
To crack a winter night wi' thee,
An' hear thy sangs an' sonnets slee.
O gif I kenned but where ye baide,
I'd send to you a marled plaid;

'Twad haud your shouthers warm an' braw,
An' douce at kirk or market shaw;
Fra' south as weel as north my lad,
A' honest Scotsmen lo'e the maud."

Mrs. Scott of Wauchope was neice to Mrs. Cockburn, authoress of a beautiful variation of "The Flowers of the Forest:" she has been long dead.

EPISTLE TO WILLIAM CREECH.

WRITTEN AT SELKIRK.

Auld chuckie Reekie's* sair distrest,
Down droops her ance weel-burnisht crest,
Nae joy her bonnie buskit nest
Can yield ava,
Her darling bird that she lo'es best,
Willie's awa!

O Willie was a witty wight,
And had o' things an unco slight;
Auld Reekie aye he keepit tight.
An' trig an' braw:
But now they'll busk her like a fright,
Willie's awa!

The stiffest o' them a' he bow'd;
The bauldest o' them a' he cow'd;
They durst nae mair than he allow'd,
That was a law:
We've lost a birkie weel worth gowd,
Willie's awa!

Now gawkies, tawpies, gowks, and fools,
Frae colleges and boarding-schools,
May sprout like simmer puddock-stools
In glen or shaw;
He wha could brush them down to mools,
Willie's awa!

* Edinburgh.

The brethren o' the Commerce-Chaumer*
May mourn their loss wi' doolfu' clamor;
He was a dictionar and grammar
Amang them a';
I fear they'll now mak mony a stammer,
Willie's awa!

Nae mair we see his levee door
Philosophers and poets pour,†
And toothy critics by the score,
In bloody raw!
The adjutant o' a' the core,
Willie's awa!

Now worthy Gregory's Latin face,
Tytler's and Greenfield's modest grace;
Mackenzie, Stewart, sic a brace
As Rome ne'er saw;
They a' maun meet some ither place,
Willie's awa!

Poor Burns—e'en Scotch drink canna quicken,
He cheeps like some bewilder'd chicken,
Scar'd frae its minnie and the cleckin
By hoodie-craw;
Grief's gien his heart an unco kickin',
Willie's awa!

Now ev'ry sour-mou'd girnin' blellum,
And Calvin's fock, are fit to fell him;
And self-conceited critic skellum
His quill may draw;
He wha could brawlie ward their bellum,
Willie's awa!

Up wimpling stately Tweed I've sped,
And Eden scenes on crystal Jed,

* The Chamber of Commerce at Edinburgh, of which Creech was Secretary.

† Many literary gentlemen were accustomed to meet at Mr. Creech's house at breakfast.

And Ettrick banks now roaring red,
While tempests blaw;
But every joy and pleasure's fled,
Willie's awa!

May I be slander's common speech;
A text for infamy to preach;
And lastly, streekit out to bleach
In winter snaw;
When I forget thee! Willie Creech,
Tho' far awa!

May never wicked fortune touzle him!
May never wicked men bamboozle him!
Until a pow as auld's Methusalem
He canty claw!
Then to the blessed New Jerusalem,
Fleet wing awa!

The "Epistle to William Creech" was the sole poetic fruit of the Border tour of Burns. It was written on the 13th of May, 1787, and forwarded in a letter commencing thus:—"My honored friend—The enclosed I have just wrote, nearly extempore, at a solitary inn at Selkirk, after a miserable wet day's riding. I have been over most of East Lothian, Berwick, Roxburgh, and Selkirkshires; and next week I begin a tour through the north of England."

The eminent bookseller to whom this Epistle is addressed was a very singular person: he was the son of the minister of Newbattle, and by his mother, connected with a noble family in Devonshire. He was a good classical scholar; was educated for the medical profession, but finally resolving to be a bookseller, apprenticed himself to Kincaid of Edinburgh. He forsook however the business for a time, and went on a tour to the Continent, with Lord Kilmaurs, afterwards Earl of Glencairn. On his return, he became partner with Kincaid, who soon retired, leaving Creech in sole possession of the business, which he carried on for forty-four years with great success. He was not only the most popular bookseller in the north, but he published the writings of almost all the distinguished men who adorned Scottish literature towards the close of the eighteenth century.

His shop occupied a conspicuous place in the centre of the Old Town, and it was his pleasure to give breakfasts to his authors: these meetings were called Creech's levees. He not only encouraged authors, but he wrote prose himself; he published a volume of trifles under the name of "Edinburgh Fugitive Pieces," which was reprinted in 1815.

"Mr. Creech's style of composition," says Robert Chambers, in his valuable 'Scottish Biography,' "is only worthy of being spoken of with respect to its ironical humor. In private life he shone conspicuously as a pleasant companion and conversationist, being possessed of an inexhaustible fund of droll anecdote, which he could narrate in a characteristic manner, and with unfailing effect. He thus secured general esteem, in despite, it appeared, of extraordinary fondness for money and penuriousness of habits, which acted to the preclusion, not only of all benevolence of disposition, but even of the common honesty of discharging his obligations when they were due." In these concluding words the secret of the long abode of Burns in Edinburgh is explained, and also some passages in his letters expressing doubt and apprehension. Creech would not part with the money due to the Poet on his works, and the Poet could not enter into farming speculations with an empty pocket.

THE

HUMBLE PETITION

OF

BRUAR WATER*

TO THE

NOBLE DUKE OF ATHOLE.

I.

My Lord, I know your noble ear
Woe ne'er assails in vain;
Embolden'd thus, I beg you'll hear
Your humble slave complain,

* Bruar Falls, in Athole, are exceedingly picturesque and beautiful; but their effect is much impaired by the want of trees and shrubs.

How saucy Phœbus' scorching beams,
In flaming summer-pride,
Dry-withering, waste my foamy streams,
And drink my crystal tide.

II.

The lightly-jumpin' glowrin' trouts,
That thro' my waters play,
If, in their random, wanton spouts,
They near the margin stray;
If, hapless chance! they linger lang,
I'm scorching up so shallow,
They're left the whitening stanes amang,
In gasping death to wallow.

III.

Last day I grat wi' spite an teen,
As Poet Burns came by,
That to a bard I should be seen
Wi' half my channel dry;
A panegyric rhyme, I ween,
Even as I was he shor'd me;
But had I in my glory been,
He, kneeling, wad ador'd me.

IV.

Here, foaming down the shelvy rocks,
In twisting strength I rin;
There, high my boiling torrent smokes,
Wild-roaring o'er a linn:
Enjoying large each spring and well,
As Nature gave them me,
I am, altho' I say't mysel,
Worth gaun a mile to see.

V.

Would then my noble master please
To grant my highest wishes,
He'll shade my banks wi' tow'ring trees,
And bonnie spreading bushes.

Delighted doubly then, my Lord,
You'll wander on my banks,
And listen mony a greatful bird
Return you tuneful thanks.

VI.

The sober laverock, warbling wild,
Shall to the skies aspire;
The gowdspink, music's gayest child,
Shall sweetly join the choir:
The blackbird strong, the lintwhite clear,
The mavis mild and mellow;
The robin pensive autumn cheer,
In all her locks of yellow.

VII.

This, too, a covert shall insure
To shield them from the storm;
And coward maukin sleep secure,
Low in her grassy form:
Here shall the shepherd make his seat,
To weave his crown of flow'rs;
Or find a shelt'ring safe retreat
From prone descending show'rs.

VIII.

And here, by sweet endearing stealth,
Shall meet the loving pair,
Despising worlds with all their wealth
As empty idle care.
The flow'rs shall vie in all their charms
The hour of heav'n to grace,
And birks extend their fragrant arms
To screen the dear embrace.

IX.

Here haply too, at vernal dawn,
Some musing bard may stray,
And eye the smoking, dewy lawn,
And misty mountain gray;

Or, by the reaper's nightly beam,
Mild-chequering thro' the trees,
Rave to my darkly-dashing stream,
Hoarse swelling on the breeze.

X.

Let lofty firs, and ashes cool,
My lowly banks o'erspread,
And view, deep-bending in the pool,
Their shadows' wat'ry bed!
Let fragrant birks in woodbines drest
My craggy cliffs adorn;
And, for the little songster's nest,
The close embow'ring thorn.

XI.

So may old Scotia's darling hope,
Your little angel band,
Spring, like their fathers, up to prop
Their honor'd native land!
So may thro' Albion's farthest ken,
To social-flowing glasses,
The grace be—"Athole's honest men,
And Athole's bonnie lasses!"

"The first object of interest," says Chambers, "that occurs upon the public road after leaving Blair, is a chasm in the hill on the right hand, through which the little river Bruar falls over a series of beautiful cascades. Formerly, the falls of the Bruar were unadorned by wood; but the Poet Burns, being conducted to see them (Sep. 1787,) by his friend the Duke of Athole, recommended that they should be invested with that necessary decoration—a plantation. Trees have been thickly planted along the chasm, and are now far advanced to maturity. Throughout this young forest, a walk has been cut, and a number of fantastic little grottoes erected for the conveniency of those who visit the spot. The river not only makes several distinct falls, but rushes on through a channel, whose roughness and haggard sublimity adds greatly to the merits of the scene, as an object of interest among tourists."

Speaking of this visit of Burns to the Bruar, and of the origin

of the poem, Professor Walker says, "He passed two or three days with the Duke of Athole, and was highly delighted by the attention he received, and the company to whom he was introduced. These, on the other hand, were no less pleased with the correct and manly deportment of the interesting stranger. As the hour of supper was distant, he begged I would guide him through the grounds. It was already growing dark; yet the softened, though faint and uncertain, view of their beauties which the moonlight afforded us, seemed exactly suited to the state of his feelings at the time. When we reached a rustic hut on the river Tilt, where it is overhung by a woody precipice, he threw himself on the heathy seat, and gave himself up to a tender, abstracted, and voluptuous enthusiasm of imagination. By the Duke's advice he visited the Falls of Bruar, and in a few days I received a letter from Inverness, with the verses enclosed."

"I have just time," says the Poet to Walker, "to write the foregoing, and to tell you that it was (at least most part of it) the effusion of an half-hour I spent at Bruar. I do not mean it was *extempore*, for I have endeavoured to brush it up as well as Mr. Nicol's chat and the jogging of the chaise would allow. It eases my heart a good deal, as rhyme is the coin with which a poet pays his debts of honor or gratitude. What I owe to the noble family of Athole, of the first kind, I shall ever proudly boast; what I owe to the last, so help me God in my hour of need! I shall never forget."

ON

SCARING SOME WATER-FOWL

IN LOCH-TURIT,

A WILD SCENE AMONG THE HILLS OF OCHTERTYRE.

Why, ye tenants of the lake,
For me your wat'ry haunt forsake?
Tell me, fellow-creatures, why
At my presence thus you fly?
Why disturb your social joys,
Parent, filial, kindred ties?—

Common friend to you and me,
Nature's gifts to all are free:
Peaceful keep your dimpling wave,
Busy feed, or wanton lave;
Or, beneath the sheltering rock,
Bide the surging billow's shock.

Conscious blushing for our race,
Soon, too soon, your fears I trace.
Man, your proud usurping foe,
Would be lord of all below:
Plumes himself in Freedom's pride,
Tyrant stern to all beside.
The eagle, from the cliffy brow,
Marking you his prey below,
In his breast no pity dwells,
Strong necessity compels:
But man, to whom alone is giv'n
A ray direct from pitying heav'n,
Glories in his heart humane—
And creatures for his pleasure slain.

In these savage, liquid plains,
Only known to wand'ring swains,
Where the mossy riv'let strays,
Far from human haunts and ways;
All on Nature you depend,
And life's poor season peaceful spend.

Or, if man's superior might
Dare invade your native right,
On the lofty ether borne,
Man with all his pow'rs you scorn;
Swiftly seek, on clanging wings,
Other lakes and other springs;
And the foe you cannot brave,
Scorn at least to be his slave.

Burns visited Ochtertyre and Loch-Turit in the company of Nicol, during his third northern tour. The fine humanities which distinguish "The Mouse" and "The Daisy," another of his productions, seem to have been active within him on this last of his Highland excursions :—

"Tell me, fellow-creatures, why
At my presence thus ye fly?
Why disturb your social joys,
Parent, filial, kindred ties?—
Common friend to you and me,
Nature's gifts to all are free."

He was staying, when he wrote these touching lines, with Sir William Murray of Ochtertyre. Other inspirations came upon him. He met Miss Euphemia Murray of Lintrose, commonly called "The Flower of Strathmore," and celebrated her beauty in that fine lyric, beginning—

"Blythe, blythe, an' merry was she,
Blythe was she, but and ben;
Blythe by the banks of Earn,
And blythe in Glenturit Glen."

"The house of Ochtertyre," observes Chambers, "is little and over-neat; but its situation on an eminence starting from the face of a hill, and its glorious park, and lake, and trees, and all its other sunny lovelinesses, render it, nevertheless, one of the most delightful seats in broad Scotland. [It has been spoken of in terms of rapture by all literary travellers, including Burns, who spent some time here, and has rendered the adjacent vale of the Turit altogether classical by his glowing pen."

WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL

OVER THE CHIMNEY-PIECE, IN THE PARLOR OF THE INN AT KENMORE, TAYMOUTH.

Admiring Nature in her wildest grace,
These northern scenes with weary feet I trace;
O'er many a winding dale and painful steep,
Th' abodes of covey'd grouse and timid sheep,
My savage journey, curious, I pursue,
'Till fam'd Breadalbane opens to my view.—

The meeting cliffs each deep-sunk glen divides,
The woods, wild scatter'd, clothe their ample sides;
Th' outstretching lake, imbosomed 'mong the hills,
The eye with wonder and amazement fills;
The Tay, meand'ring sweet in infant pride,
The palace, rising on its verdant side;
The lawns, wood-fring'd in Nature's native taste;
The hillocks, dropt in Nature's careless haste;
The arches, striding o'er the new-born stream;
The village, glittering in the noontide beam—

* * * *

Poetic ardors in my bosom swell,
Lone wand'ring by the hermit's mossy cell:
The sweeping theatre of hanging woods;
Th' incessant roar of headlong-tumbling floods—

* * * *

Here Poesy might wake her heav'n-taught lyre,
And look through nature with creative fire;
Here, to the wrongs of fate half reconcil'd,
Misfortune's lighten'd steps might wander wild;
And Disappointment, in these lonely bounds,
Find balm to soothe her bitter—rankling wounds:
Here heart-struck Grief might heav'nward stretch her scan,
And injur'd Worth forget and pardon man.

* * *

Burns, like all travellers of taste, was struck with the magnificent scene of which the splendid castle of the Earl of Breadalbane can scarcely be called the chief attraction.—"The house," says Chambers, "is after the fashion of Inverary, with circular turrets at the corners, and a minor tower rising prominent above together with several additional portions of less altitude, though equally beautiful architecture. It contains one of the best collections of pictures in Scotland." Among the pictures are many of the portraits of Jameson. The vale is bounded by lofty, abrupt, and finely wooded hills, and though not spacious enough to admit a well-laid lawn and park, such as adorn the baronial residences of the south, yet the stream, and vale, and

upland unite in forming a landscape wondrous for its picturesque beauty. The surface of the ground is always green, and the hoary trees are of great antiquity and size.

The Poet has bestowed some happy lines on this beautiful scene:—

> "The lawns, wood-fring'd in Nature's native taste;
> The hillocks, dropt in Nature's careless haste;
> The arches, striding o'er the new-born stream;
> The village, glittering in the noontide beam."

The images contained in these couplets are worthy of a painter, and show that Burns had a fine eye for what was striking and lovely. All that he says of it in his journal is simply, "Taymouth described in rhyme."

The excursions of the Poet in the north were hurried and abrupt; his companions, who felt not as he felt, dragged him from rock to rock, and from hill to hill, and watching his looks, expressed their wonder that he did not burst out into voluntary numbers, whenever they pulled him to a place which the tourists' books had taught them to admire. Professor Walker acted differently—he allowed Burns to choose his own points of view, and followed, rather than led him.

WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL,

STANDING BY THE FALL OF FYERS,

NEAR LOCH-NESS.

Among the heathy hills and ragged woods
The foaming Fyers pours his mossy floods;
Till full he dashes on the rocky mounds,
Where, thro' a shapeless beach, his stream resounds,
As high in air the bursting torrents flow,
As deep-recoiling surges foam below,
Prone down the rock the whitening sheet descends,
And viewless Echo's ear, astonish'd, rends.
Dim seen, through rising mists and ceaseless show'rs,
The hoary cavern, wide surrounding low'rs.
Still thro' the gap the struggling river toils,
And still below, the horrid cauldron boils—

* * * * * *

Those who wish to see the Fall of Fyers in its true Highland glory, should go, after two days' rain upon the uplands has swollen the stream and filled up the channel till the banks are all but overflowing. Then, I am told by those who have seen some of the finest cascades in foreign parts as well as in Britain, that save the falls of Terni, no other can be compared, for romantic beauty, with those of Fyers.—"In its medium fullness," observes Chambers, "it pours through a narrow gullet in the rock in a round unbroken stream, which gradually whitens as it descends, till it falls into a half-seen profound, upwards of two hundred feet below the point of descent. About a quarter of a mile further up the ravine, there is another cascade, usually called the Upper Fall—a fearful gulph, down which the water descends by three leaps, and over which a mean-looking bridge has been thrown, by way of station for a sight of the cataract." These falls are but a short distance from Inverness.

On none of the fine scenes in the lowlands did Burns pen a line, while on the beauties of the Highlands he was fluent and inspired. Ossian's own poetic land abounds with scenes worthy of the pencil of a Wilson or a Turner. The savage magnificence of the mountains, the splendor of the lakes, and the softened elegance of the romantic vales, are only equalled by the picturesque beauty of many of the isles. The landscapes of the Celtic Parnassus—as some one called the land of Ossian—are yet to be painted.

POETICAL ADDRESS

TO

M R. W. T Y T L E R,

WITH THE PRESENT OF THE BARD'S PICTURE.

REVERED defender of beauteous Stuart,
Of Stuart, a name once respected,
A name, which to love, was the mark of a true heart,
But now 'tis despis'd and neglected.

Tho' something like moisture conglobes in my eyes,
Let no one misdeem me disloyal;
A poor friendless wand'rer may well claim a sigh,
Still more, if that wand'rer were royal.

My fathers that name have rever'd on a throne ;
My fathers have fallen to right it ;
Those fathers would spurn their degenerate son,
That name should he scoffingly slight it.

Still in prayers for King George I. most heartily join,
The Queen, and the rest of the gentry,
Be they wise, be they foolish, is nothing of mine ;
Their title's avow'd by my country.

But why of this epocha make such a fuss,

* * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * *

But loyalty truce ! we're on dangerous ground,
Who knows how the fashions may alter ?
The doctrine, to-day, that is loyalty sound,
To-morrow may bring us a halter.

I send you a trifle, a head of a bard,
A trifle scarce worthy your care ;
But accept it, good Sir, as a mark of regard,
Sincere as a saint's dying prayer.

Now life's chilly evening dim shades on your eye,
And ushers the long dreary night ;
But you like the star that athwart gilds the sky,
Your course to the latest is bright.

William Tytler, to whom these lines are addressed, wrote, as the verses intimate, an elegant defence of Mary Queen of Scots, which dispersed a little the dark cloud of calumny which had hung for centuries over her head. His son is well known, in Scottish law and literature, by the title of Lord Woodehouselee; his taste in poetry was of the first order, nor was he unskilful in music: he is called by Lord Byron a voluminous writer, and placed at the head of the Scotch literati: his grandson, Patrick Fraser Tytler, is still more distinguished: his Biographies of eminent Scotsmen are full of research and new intelligence ;

but his chief work is his "History of Scotland," which promises, when completed, to surpass all other works on the subject for accuracy, and equal the best of them in eloquence of narrative and true delineation of character.

In the letter enclosing these stanzas, Burns says, "My muse jilted me here, and turned a corner on me, and I have not got again into her good graces." There was a good deal of stately jacobitism in Edinburgh in those days: and it is probable, from the tone of this address, that the "revered defender of beauteous Stuart" was numbered among them. His father, who was from Aberdeen, inherited much of the Highland love for our old line of princes. The margins of his books bore evidence of his regard for the "line of Bruce." The feeling is not yet quite extinct. When his late Majesty left Edinburgh, and the songs in his praise had ceased, a Highland piper ventured out, and playing up "Ye're welcome, Charlie Stuart!" gathered a crowd, who soon bought up his ballads; they were cheered with the thoughts of "Auld lang syne."

WRITTEN

IN

FRIARS-CARSE HERMITAGE,

ON THE BANKS OF NITH.

[FIRST COPY.]

THOU whom chance may hither lead,
Be thou clad in russet weed,
Be thou deckt in silken stole,
Grave these maxims on thy soul.

Life is but a day at most,
Sprung from night, in darkness lost;
Day, how rapid in its flight—
Day, how few must see the night;
Hope not sunshine ever hour,
Fear not clouds will always lower.

Happiness is but a name,
Make content and ease thy aim.
Ambition is a meteor gleam;
Fame a restless idle dream:
Pleasures, insects on the wing
Round Peace, the tenderest flower of Spring;
Those that sip the dew alone,
Make the butterflies thy own;
Those that would the bloom devour,
Crush the locusts—save the flower.
For the future be prepar'd,
Guard wherever thou can'st guard;
But thy utmost duly done,
Welcome what thou can'st not shun.
Follies past, give thou to air,
Make their consequence thy care:
Keep the name of man in mind,
And dishonor not thy kind.
Reverence with lowly heart,
Him whose wondrous work thou art;
Keep His goodness still in view,
Thy trust—and thy example, too.

Stranger, go! Heaven be thy guide!
Quod, the Beadsman on Nith-side.

The kindness of my friend Mrs. Hyslop has enabled me to give, from the interleaved volume which belonged to Dr. Geddes, the original rough draught of this poem. It is seldom, indeed, that Burns bestowed so much labor on his compositions: he thought so well, however, of this, that he preserved the variations, as eminent painters preserve the first and second thoughts of their best pictures. It appears that he wrote the first version in June, 1788: the amended and enlarged copy follows, in the manuscript with this heading—"Altered from the foregoing, December, 1788." Some of the changes are curious, and will be felt by the reader: in the improved version I find the lines—

"Wast thou cottager or king?
Peer or peasant? no such thing!"

These and other lines are not in the edition published by Currie or Gilbert Burns. Had the poem been in his native dialect, it would have come full and finished from his fancy; his sentiments, when he wrote in the Scottish language, put on at once their proper costume of words, and he had few changes to make. He wrote English with the fear of the critics before him.

So highly did the Poet think of this poem, that he wrote out many copies and forwarded them to his friends—a number of these are still in existence. He looked upon it as an attempt to rise out of rustic Scotch into classic English: the gentle praise bestowed showed him what was felt—that he had not equalled the happiness of expression in some of his earlier pieces.

WRITTEN
IN
FRIARS-CARSE HERMITAGE,
ON NITH-SIDE.

[SECOND COPY.]

Thou whom chance may hither lead,
Be thou clad in russet weed,
Be thou deckt in silken stole,
Grave these counsels on thy soul.

Life is but a day at most,
Sprung from night, in darkness lost:
Hope not sunshine ev'ry hour,
Fear not clouds will always lower.

As youth and love with sprightly dance,
Beneath thy morning star advance,
Pleasure with her siren air
May delude the thoughtless pair;
Let Prudence bless Enjoyment's cup,
Then raptur'd sip, and sip it up.
As thy day grows warm and high,
Life's meridian flaming nigh,

Dost thou spurn the humble vale?
Life's proud summits would'st thou scale?
Check thy climbing step, elate,
Evils lurk in felon wait:
Dangers, eagle-pinion'd, bold,
Soar around each cliffy hold,
While cheerful peace, with linnet song,
Chants the lowly dells among.

As the shades of ev'ning close,
Beck'ning thee to long repose;
As life itself becomes disease,
Seek the chimney-neuk of ease,
There ruminate with sober thought,
On all thou'st seen, and heard, and wrought;
And teach the sportive younkers round,
Saws of experience, sage and sound.
Say, man's true, genuine estimate,
The grand criterion of his fate,
Is not—Art thou high or low?
Did thy fortune ebb or flow?
Wast thou cottager or king?
Peer or peasant?—no such thing!
Did many talents gild thy span?
Or frugal Nature grudge thee one?
Tell them, and press it on their mind,
As thou thyself must shortly find,
The smile or frown of awful Heav'n,
To virtue or to vice is giv'n.
Say, to be just, and kind, and wise,
There solid self-enjoyment lies;
That foolish, selfish, faithless ways
Lead to the wretched, vile, and base.

Thus resign'd and quiet, creep
To the bed of lasting sleep;
Sleep, whence thou shalt ne'er awake,
Night, where dawn shall never break.

Till future life, future no more,
To light and joy the good restore,
To light and joy unknown before.

Stranger, go! Heav'n be thy guide!
Quod the beadsman of Nith-side.

The hermitage in which these elegant lines were written was the property of Captain Riddel, a distinguished antiquarian, who lived at Friars-Carse some mile or so above Ellisland. A small door admitted the Poet at his own pleasure into the wood where the hermitage was built; there he found such seclusion as he loved; flowers and shrubs were thickly planted round the place, and in the interior were chairs and a table for the accommodation of visiters. The first dozen lines of the poem, or perhaps more, were inscribed with a diamond, which Burns ever carried about with him, on a pane of glass in the window. While Riddel lived, and even during the life of Burns, the verses were respected; the proprietor, however, at length removed them and had them secured in a frame.

Friars-Carse is altogether one of the loveliest spots on the Nith: the natural beauty of the place was much improved by the taste of the antiquarian. He formed picturesque lines of road: planted elegant shrubberies; raised a rude Druidic temple on the summit of a rough precipitous hill, which over-towers the Nith, and in all the chief walks of his grounds he placed many rare and valuable reliques of Scotland's elder day: such as sculptured troughs, ornamented crosses, and inscribed altars which he had collected at much outlay from all parts of Scotland.—"I shall transcribe for you," says Burns to Mrs. Dunlop, "a few lines I wrote in a hermitage, belonging to a gentleman in my Nithsdale neighbourhood. They are almost the only favors the muses have conferred on me in this country."

TO CAPTAIN RIDDEL,

OF GLENRIDDEL.

EXTEMPORE LINES ON RETURNING A NEWSPAPER.

Ellisland, Monday Evening.

YOUR news and review, Sir, I've read through and through, Sir,
With little admiring or blaming;
The papers are barren of home news or foreign,
No murders or rapes worth the naming.

Our friends, the reviewers, those chippers and hewers,
Are judges of mortar and stone, Sir;
But of *meet* or *unmeet*, in a *fabric complete*,
I'll boldly pronounce they are none, Sir.

My goose-quill too rude is to tell all your goodness
Bestow'd on your servant, the Poet;
Would to God I had one like a beam of the sun,
And then all the world, Sir, should know it!

The review which Captain Riddel sent to the Bard contained some sharp strictures on his poetry. Burns estimated at once the right value of all such criticisms: he felt that true genius had nothing to dread, and that dulness and stupidity would sink, from their own weight, without the aid of satire. In another place, when speaking of the "chippers and hewers," he questions their jurisdiction, and claims to be tried by his peers. His peers could not easily be found, so the Poet was safe. He seemed to imagine that critics should first show their feeling in original composition, before they commenced judges by trade, and was half inclined to complain, with Pope, that—

> ——"Not one sprig of laurel graced those ribalds,
> From slashing Bentley down to piddling Tibbalds."

Burns was a frequent guest at the board of Glenriddel, and, as he returned to Ellisland, loved to linger on Nith-side,

> "Delighted with the dashing roar,"

when the river, swollen, perhaps, with rains on the mountains, was rough and raging, and

"Chafed against the scaurs red side,"

on the summit of which he had built his abode.

A MOTHER'S LAMENT

FOR

THE DEATH OF HER SON.

Fate gave the word, the arrow sped,
And pierc'd my darling's heart;
And with him all the joys are fled
Life can to me impart.
By cruel hands the sapling drops,
In dust dishonor'd laid:
So fell the pride of all my hopes,
My age's future shade.

The mother-linnet in the brake
Bewails her ravish'd young;
So I, for my lost darling's sake,
Lament the live-day long.
Death, oft I've fear'd thy fatal blow,
Now, fond I bare my breast,
O, do thou kindly lay me low
With him I love, at rest!

"The Mother's Lament," says the Poet, in a copy of the poem now before me, "was composed partly with a view to Mrs. Fergusson of Craigdarroch, and partly to the worthy patroness of my early unknown muse, Mrs. Stewart of Afton."

FIRST EPISTLE
TO R. GRAHAM, Esq.
OF FINTRAY.

When Nature her great master-piece designed,
And fram'd her last, best work, the human mind,
Her eye intent on all the mazy plan,
She form'd of various parts the various man.

Then first she calls the useful many forth;
Plain plodding industry, and sober worth:
Thence peasants, farmers, native sons of earth,
And merchandise' whole genus take their birth:
Each prudent cit a warm existence finds,
And all mechanics' many-apron'd kinds.
Some other rarer sorts are wanted yet,
The lead and buoy are needful to the net;
The *caput mortuum* of gross desires
Makes a material for mere knights and squires;
The martial phosphorus is taught to flow,
She kneads the lumpish philosophic dough,
Then marks th' unyielding mass with grave designs,
Law, physic, politics, and deep divines:
Last, she sublimes th' Aurora of the poles,
The flashing elements of female souls.
The order'd system fair before her stood,
Nature, well pleas'd, pronounc'd it very good;
But ere she gave creating labor o'er,
Half-jest, she tried one curious labor more.
Some spumy, fiery, *ignis fatuus* matter,
Such as the slightest breath of air might scatter;
With arch alacrity and conscious glee
(Nature may have her whim as well as we,
Her Hogarth-art perhaps she meant to show it)
She forms the thing, and christens it—a poet,
Creature, tho' oft the prey of care and sorrow,
When blest to-day, unmindful of to-morrow.

A being form'd t' amuse his graver friends,
Admir'd and prais'd—and there the homage ends;
A mortal quite unfit for fortune's strife,
Yet oft the sport of all the ills of life;
Prone to enjoy each pleasure riches give,
Yet haply wanting wherewithal to live;
Longing to wipe each tear, to heal each groan,
Yet frequent all unheeded in his own.

But honest Nature is not quite a Turk,
She laugh'd at first, then felt for her poor work.
Pitying the propless climber of mankind,
She cast about a standard tree to find;
And, to support his helpless woodbine state,
Attach'd him to the generous truly great,
A title, and the only one I claim,
To lay strong hold for help on bounteous Graham.

Pity the tuneful muses' hapless train,
Weak, timid landsmen on life's stormy main!
Their hearts no selfish stern absorbent stuff,
That never gives—tho' humbly takes enough;
The little fate allows, they share as soon,
Unlike sage-proverb'd wisdom's hard-wrung boon.
The world were blest did bliss on them depend,
Ah, that "the friendly e'er should want a friend!"
Let prudence number o'er each sturdy son,
Who life and wisdom at one race begun,
Who feel by reason and who give by rule,
(Instinct's a brute, and sentiment a fool!)
Who make poor *will do* wait upon I *should*—
We own they're prudent, but who feels they're good?
Ye wise ones, hence! ye hurt the social eye!
God's image rudely etch'd on base alloy!
But come ye who the godlike pleasure know,
Heaven's attribute distinguished—to bestow!
Whose arms of love would grasp the human race:
Come thou who giv'st with all a courtier's grace;

Friend of my life, true patron of my rhymes:
Prop of my dearest hopes for future times.
Why shrinks my soul half blushing, half afraid,
Backward, abash'd to ask thy friendly aid?
I know my need, I know thy giving hand,
I crave thy friendship at thy kind command;
But there are such who court the tuneful nine—
Heavens! should the branded character be mine!
Whose verse in manhood's pride sublimely flows,
Yet vilest reptiles in their begging prose.
Mark, how their lofty independent spirit
Soars on the spurning wing of injur'd merit!
Seek not the proofs in private life to find;
Pity the best of words should be but wind!
So to heaven's gates the lark's shrill song ascends,
But grovelling on the earth the carol ends.
In all the clam'rous cry of starving want,
They dun benevolence with shameless front;
Oblige them, patronize their tinsel lays,
They persecute you all your future days!
Ere my poor soul such deep damnation stain,
My horny fist assume the plough again;
The pie-bald jacket let me patch once more
On eighteen-pence a week I've liv'd before.
Tho', thanks to Heaven, I dare even that last shift:
I trust, meantime, my boon is in thy gift:
That, plac'd by thee upon the wish'd-for height,
Where, man and nature fairer in her sight,
My muse may imp her wing for some sublimer flight.

Burns enters this poem in his manuscripts as "accompanying a request." What that request was, the letter which enclosed it sufficiently shows:—"You know, I dare say," he observes, "of an application I lately made to your Board to be admitted an officer of Excise.—I have, according to form, been examined by a supervisor, and to-day I gave in his certificate, with a request for an order for instructions. I had intended to have closed my late appearance on the stage of life in the character of a country farmer; but, after discharging some filial and fra-

ternal claims, I find I could only fight for existence in that miserable manner, which I lived to see throw a venerable parent into the jaws of a jail; whence death, the poor man's last, and often best, friend, rescued him. I know, Sir, that to need your goodness is to have a claim on it: may I, therefore, beg your patronage to forward me in this affair, till I be appointed to a division, where, by the help of rigid economy, I will try to support that independence so dear to my soul, but which has been too often distant from my situation."

The division to which the Poet was appointed included ten country parishes, and took up much of the attention which Ellisland required. The manuscript of the poem now before me is united with the "Lines on the Hermitage," and endorsed thus:—"The three foregoing poems are the favor of the Nithsdale muses."

ON THE DEATH OF SIR JAMES HUNTER BLAIR.

THE lamp of day with ill-presaging glare,
Dim, cloudy, sunk beneath the western wave;
Th' inconstant blast howl'd thro' the darkening air,
And hollow whistled in the rocky cave.

Lone as I wander'd by each cliff and dell,
Once the lov'd haunts of Scotia's royal train;*
Or mus'd where limpid streams once hallow'd well,†
Or mould'ring ruins mark the sacred fane.‡

Th' increasing blast roared round the beetling rocks,
The clouds, swift-wing'd, flew o'er the starry sky,
The groaning trees untimely shed their locks,
And shooting meteors caught the startled eye.

The paly moon rose in the livid east,
And 'mong the cliffs disclos'd a stately form,
In weeds of woe that frantic beat her breast,
And mix'd her wailings with the raving storm.

* The King's Park, at Holyrood-house.
† St. Anthony's Well. ‡ St. Anthony's Chapel.

Wild to my heart the filial pulses glow,
'Twas Caledonia's trophied shield I view'd:
Her form majestic droop'd in pensive woe,
The lightning of her eye in tears imbued.

Revers'd that spear, redoubtable in war,
Reclined that banner, erst in fields unfurl'd,
That like a deathful meteor gleam'd afar,
And brav'd the mighty monarchs of the world.—

"My patriot son fills an untimely grave!"
With accents wild and lifted arms—she cried;
"Low lies the hand that oft was stretch'd to save,
Low lies the heart that swell'd with honest pride.

"A weeping country joins a widow's tear,
The helpless poor mix with the orphan's cry;
The drooping arts surround their patron's bier,
And grateful science heaves the heart-felt sigh!

"I saw my sons resume their ancient fire;
I saw fair freedom's blossoms richly blow:
But ah! how hope is born but to expire!
Relentless fate has laid their guardian low.

"My patriot falls, but shall he lie unsung,
While empty greatness saves a worthless name!
No; every muse shall join her tuneful tongue,
And future ages hear his growing fame.

"And I will join a mother's tender cares,
Thro' future times to make his virtue last;
That distant years may boast of other Blairs!"—
She said, and vanish'd with the sweeping blast.

In one of the Poet's memorandum-books I once saw these verses written with a pencil: he intimated that he had just composed them, and noted them down lest they should escape from his memory. No alterations appeared in any of the lines, and I remember enough of them to enable me to say that they differed in nothing from the printed copy. They were admitted into the

first Liverpool edition, but excluded from others: I now replace them among the works of Burns. The observations which were made on his English compositions apply forcibly to these verses; the sentiments are natural, but the language is too cumbrous—the Poet labors, but not very successfully.

EPISTLE
TO HUGH PARKER.

In this strange land, this uncouth clime,
A land unknown to prose or rhyme;
Where words ne'er crost the muse's heckles,
Nor limpit in poetic shackles;
A land that prose did never view it,
Except when drunk he stacher't thro' it;
Here, ambush'd by the chimla cheek,
Hid in an atmosphere of reek,
I hear a wheel thrum i' the neuk,
I hear it—for in vain I leuk.—
The read peat gleams, a fiery kernel,
Enhusked by a fog infernal:
Here, for my wonted rhyming raptures,
I sit and count my sins by chapters;
For life and spunk like ither Christians,
I'm dwindled down to mere existence,
Wi' nae converse but Gallowa' bodies,
Wi nae kend face but Jenny Geddes.*
Jenny, my Pegasean pride!
Dowie she saunters down Nith-side,
And ay a westlin leuk she throws,
While tears hap o'er her auld brown nose!
Was it for this, wi' canny care,
Thou bure the Bard through many a shire?
At howes or hillocks never stumbled,
And late or early never grumbled?—

* His mare.

O, had I power like inclination,
I'd heeze thee up a constellation,
To canter wi' the Sagitarre,
Or loup the ecliptic like a bar;
Or turn the pole like any arrow;
Or, when auld Phœbus bids good-morrow
Down the zodiac urge the race,
And cast dirt on his godship's face;
For I could lay my bread and kail
He'd ne'er cast saut upo' thy tail.—
Wi' a' this care and a' this grief,
And sma', sma' prospect of relief,
And nought but peat reek i' my head,
How can I write what ye can read?—
Tarbolton, twenty-fourth o' June,
Ye'll find me in a better tune;
But till we meet and weet our whistle,
Tak this excuse for nae epistle.

ROBERT BURNS.

This lively epistle, dated June, 1788, was addressed to Hugh Parker of Kilmarnock, one of the Poet's early and steadfast friends; the picture which he gives of himself corresponds with some of his letters; nor is it out of keeping with the account contained in the following letter written 22d Dec. 1788, to Mr. John Tennant in Ayr. Hugh Parker has been dead these ten years and upwards: Miller Currie of the Carse-mill has likewise been gathered to his fathers—he was a hospitable and facetious person, and one of the Poet's neighbours when he lived at Ellisland:—

"I yesterday tried my cask of whiskey for the first time, and I assure you it does you great credit. It will bear five waters, strong; or six, ordinary toddy. The whiskey of this country is a most rascally liquor; and, by consequence, only drank by the most rascally part of the inhabitants I am persuaded, if you once get a footing here, you might do a great deal of business, both in the way of consumpt; and should you commence distiller again, this is the native barley country. I am ignorant if,

in your present way of dealing, you would think it worth your while to extend your business so far as this country-side. I write you this on the account of an accident which I must take the merit of having partly designed to. A neighbour of mine a John Currie, miller in Carse-mill—a man who is, in a word, a 'very' good man, even for a £500 bargain—he and his wife were in my house the time I broke open the cask. They keep a country public-house and sell a great deal of foreign spirits, but all along thought that whiskey would have degraded this house. They were perfectly astonished at my whiskey, both for its taste and strength; and by their desire I write you to know if you could supply them with liquor of an equal quality, and what price. Please write me by first post, and direct to me at Ellisland, near Dumfries. If you could take a jaunt this way yourself, I have a spare spoon, knife and fork very much at your service. My compliments to Mrs. Tennant and all the good folks in Glenconnel and Barguharrie."

Among the letters and memoranda of the Poet, many lines and couplets occur in praise of ale or the "dearest of distillations—last and best." Some are worse—some better than the following:—

"I may be drunk to-night,
I'll never be drunk no more;
But ay where they sell gude ale,
I may look in at the door."

ELEGY

ON

THE YEAR 1788.

A SKETCH.

For lords or kings I dinna mourn,
E'en let them die—for that they're born:
But oh! prodigious to reflec'!
A Towmont, Sirs, is gane to wreck!
O Eighty-eight, in thy sma' space
What dire events ha'e taken place!
Of what enjoyments thou hast reft us!
In what a pickle thou hast left us!

The Spanish empire's tint a-head,
An' my auld teethless Bawtie's dead;
The tulzie's sair, 'tween Pitt an' Fox,
And our guid wife's wee birdie cocks;
The tane is game, a bluidie devil,
But to the hen-birds unco civil:
The tither's something dour o' treadin',
But better stuff ne'er claw'd a midden—
Ye ministers, come mount the pu'pit,
An' cry till ye be hearse an' roupet,
For Eighty-eight he wish'd you weel,
An' gied you a' baith gear an' meal;
E'en mony a plack, an' mony a peck,
Ye ken yoursels, for little feck!—

Ye bonnie lasses, dight your e'en,
For some o' you ha'e tint a frien';
In Eighty-eight, ye ken was ta'en,
What ye'll ne'er ha'e to gie again.

Observe the very nowt an' sheep,
How dowf and dowie now they creep;
Nay, even the yirth itsel does cry,
For embryo' wells are grutten dry.

O Eighty-nine, thou's but a bairn,
An' no owre auld, I hope, to learn!
Thou beardless boy, I pray tak care,
Thou now has got thy daddy's chair,
Nae hand-cuff'd, muzzl'd, hap-shackl'd Regent,
But, like himsel, a full, free agent.
Be sure ye follow out the plan
Nae waur than he did, honest man!
As muckle better as you can.

In such satiric condolences as this Elegy, Burns loved to indulge. The lines were hastily composed, but leisure could not well have made some of them any better. Of the political strife between Pitt and Fox, Scott has said truly—

"With more than mortal powers endow'd,
How high they soar'd above the crowd!
Theirs was no common party race
Jostling by dark intrigue for place:
Like fabled gods, their mighty war
Shook realms and nations in its jar;
Beneath each banner proud to stand,
Looked up the noblest of the land;
Till through the British world were known
The names of Pitt and Fox alone.
Spells of such force, no wizard grave
E'er framed in dark Thessalian cave,
Though his could drain the ocean dry,
And force the planets from the sky."

Yet not less truly has the ploughman Bard intimated the natures of these illustrious rivals. Of Fox and Pitt he says, under the similitude of the "birdie cocks,"

"The tane is game, a bluidie devil
But to the hen-birds unco civil,
The tither's something dour o' treadin',
But better stuff ne'er clawed a midden."

Nor will the allusion to the "hand-cuffed, muzzled, hap-shackled Regent" be lost on those who remember the alarm into which the nation was thrown by the King's illness.

ADDRESS

TO

THE TOOTH-ACHE.

My curse upon thy venom'd stang,
That shoots my tortur'd gums alang;
And thro' my lugs gies mony a twang,
Wi' gnawing vengeance;
Tearing my nerves wi' bitter pang,
Like raking engines!

When fevers burn, or ague freezes,
Rheumatics gnaw, or cholic squeezes;
Our neighbour's sympathy may ease us,
Wi' pitying moan;
But thee—thou hell o' a' diseases,
Ay mocks our groan!

Adown my beard the slavers trickle!
I kick the wee stools o'er the mickle,
As round the fire the giglets keckle,
To see me loup;
While, raving mad, I wish a heckle
Were in their doup.

O' a' the num'rous human dools,
Ill har'sts, daft bargains, cutty-stools,
Or worthy friends rak'd i' the mools,
Sad sight to see!
The tricks o' knaves, or fash o' fools,—
Thou bear'st the gree.

Where'er that place be priests ca' hell,
Whence a' the tones o' mis'ry yell,
And ranked plagues their numbers tell,
In dreadfu' raw,
Thou, Tooth-ache, surely bear'st the bell
Amang them a'!

O thou grim mischief-making chiel,
That gars the notes of discord squeel,
'Till daft mankind aft dance a reel
In gore a shoe-thick!
Gie a' the faes o' Scotland's weal
A towmond's Tooth-ache!

The tooth-ache attacked Burns soon after he took up his abode at Ellisland: like other sufferers, he was any thing but patient under it; and his neighbours aver that he spoke truth when he said he—

"Kicked the wee stools owre the mickle."

Some of the verses are in his happiest mood.

ODE,

SACRED TO THE MEMORY

OF

MRS. OSWALD.

Dweller in yon dungeon dark,
Hangman of creation, mark!
Who in widow-weeds appears,
Laden with unhonored years,
Noosing with care a bursting purse,
Baited with many a deadly curse!

STROPHE.

View the wither'd beldam's face—
Can thy keen inspection trace
Aught of humanity's sweet melting grace?
Note that eye, 'tis rheum o'erflows,
Pity's flood there never rose.
See these hands, ne'er stretch'd to save,
Hands that took—but never gave.
Keeper of Mammon's iron chest,
Lo, there she goes, unpitied and unblest
She goes, but not to realms of everlasting rest!

ANTISTROPHE.

Plunderer of armies, lift thine eyes,
(Awhile forbear, ye tort'ring fiends;)
Seest thou whose step, unwilling hither bends?
No fallen angel, hurl'd from upper skies;
'Tis thy trusty quondam mate,
Doom'd to share thy fiery fate,
She, tardy, hell-ward plies.

EPODE.

And are they of no more avail,
Ten thousand glitt'ring pounds a-year?
In other words, can Mammon fail,
Omnipotent as he is here?

O, bitter mock'ry of the pompous bier,
While down the wretched vital part is driv'n!
The cave-lodg'd beggar, with a conscience clear,
Expires in rags, unknown, and goes to Heav'n.

The origin of this harsh effusion is thus related by the Poet to Dr. Moore:—"In January last, on my road to Ayrshire, I had to put up at Bailie Whigham's in Sanquhar, the only tolerable inn in the place. The frost was keen, and the grim evening and howling wind were ushering in a night of snow and drift. My horse and I were both much fatigued with the labors of the day; and just as my friend the bailie and I were bidding defiance to the storm, over a smoking bowl, in wheels the funeral pageantry of the late Mrs. Oswald; and poor I am forced to brave all the terrors of the tempestuous night, and jade my horse—my young favorite horse, whom I had just christened Pegasus, further on through the wildest hills and moors of Ayrshire to the next inn! The powers of poetry and prose sunk under me when I would describe what I felt. Suffice it to say, that when a good fire at New Cumnock had so far recovered my frozen sinews, I sat down and wrote the enclosed ode." The Poet lived to think more favorably of the name; one of his finest lyrics, "O wat ye wha's in yon town," was written in honor of the beauty of the succeeding Mrs. Oswald.

It was probably to these verses, as well as to others, that Burns alluded in one of his last conversations upon literary subjects. "He lamented," said Mrs. Riddell, "that he had written many epigrams on persons against whom he entertained no enmity, and whose characters he should be sorry to wound. These, and some unguarded letters and verses, he feared would be handed about by idle vanity or malevolence, when no dread of his resentment would restrain them, or prevent the censures of shrill-tongued malice, or the insidious sarcasms of envy, from pouring forth all their venom to blast his fame."

FRAGMENT

INSCRIBED

TO THE RIGHT HON. C. J. FOX.

How wisdom and folly meet, mix, and unite ;
How virtue and vice blend their black and their white ;
How genius, th' illustrious father of fiction,
Confounds rule and law, reconciles contradiction—
I sing : if these mortals, the critics, should bustle,
I care not, not I—let the critics go whistle !

But now for a patron, whose name and whose glory
At once may illustrate and honor my story.

Thou first of ou orators, first of our wits ;
Yet whose parts and acquirements seem mere lucky hits :
With knowledge so vast, and with judgment so strong,
No man with the half of 'em e'er went far wrong ;
With passions so potent, and fancies so bright,
No man with the half of 'em e'er went quite right ;—
A sorry, poor misbegot son of the muses,
For using thy name offers fifty excuses.

Good L—d, what is man ? for as simple he looks,
Do but try to develope his hooks and his crooks ;
With his depths and his shallows, his good and his evil,
All in all he's a problem must puzzle the devil.

On his one ruling passion sir Pope hugely labors,
That, like th' old Hebrew walking-switch, eats up its neighbours ;
Mankind are his show-box—a friend, would you know him ?
Pull the string, ruling passion the picture will show him.
What pity, in rearing so beauteous a system,
One trifling particular, truth, should have miss'd him ;
For, spite of his fine theoretic positions,
Mankind is a science defines definitions.

Some sort of our qualities each to its tribe,
And think human nature they truly describe;
Have you found this, or t'other? there's more in the wind,
As by one drunken fellow his comrades you'll find.
But such is the flaw, or the depth of the plan,
In the make of that wonderful creature, call'd man,
No two virtues, whatever relation they claim,
Nor even two different shades of the same,
Though like as was ever twin brother to brother,
Possessing the one shall imply you've the other.

What the great statesman thought of the lines in which the plebeian bard delineated his character, no one has said. This fragment is one of those many beginnings which Burns made in compliance with the opinions of critics and scholars, that he ought to write a long regular poem.—"I have a poetic whim in my head," he observes to Mrs. Dunlop, "which I at present dedicate or rather inscribe to the Right Hon. Charles James Fox; but how long that fancy may hold, I cannot say. A few of the first lines I have just rough sketched."

The jacobitical inclinations of the Poet's earlier days were now vanishing amid the rumors of wars abroad and party-disputes at home. For some time he appears to have wavered between the factions of Pitt and Fox. In his verses on the American war he seems to admire Pitt; and in his "Dream" he speaks of Fox as a rattler of dice rather than a statesman. As the French Revolution proceeded, these opinions changed: the Tories treated the Poet coldly; the Whigs promised much, when they got into power, and, as hope had been his chief solace in youth, he continued to hope on.

ON SEEING

A WOUNDED HARE

LIMP BY ME,

WHICH A FELLOW HAD JUST SHOT.

INHUMAN man! curse on thy barb'rous art,
And blasted be thy murder-aiming eye;
May never pity soothe thee with a sigh,
Nor ever pleasure glad thy cruel heart!

Go live, poor wanderer of the wood and field!
The bitter little that of life remains:
No more the thickening brakes and verdant plains
To thee shall home, or food, or pastime yield.

Seek, mangled wretch, some place of wonted rest,
No more of rest, but now thy dying bed!
The sheltering rushes whistling o'er thy head,
The cold earth with thy bloody bosom prest.

Oft as by winding Nith, I, musing, wait
The sober eve, or hail the cheerful dawn:
I'll miss thee sporting o'er the dewy lawn,
And curse the ruffian's aim, and mourn thy hapless fate.

Like most of the productions of Burns, this poem is founded on fact. James Thomson, whose father occupied a farm adjoining to that of Ellisland, told me that once in the gloaming he shot at and hurt a hare, which, like that of Gay, had come forth—

"To taste the dew-besprinkled lawn."

Burns was walking on Nith-side, the hare ran bleeding by him; "upon which," said Thomson, "he cursed me, and said he would not mind to throw me into the water; and I'll warrant he could hae don't, though I was both young and strong." In his

first rough-draught the following fine verse stands between the third and fourth stanzas:—

"Perhaps a mother's anguish adds its woe;
The playful pair crowd fondly by thy side;
Ah! helpless nurslings, who will now provide
That life a mother only can bestow?"

It appears that Burns copied out these verses, and laid them before the critical eye of Dr. Gregory. The boor of Nith-side hardly used the hare worse than the critic of Edinburgh used the poem:—"The wounded hare is a pretty good subject; but the measure you have chosen for it is not a good one—it does not flow well, and the rhyme of the fourth line is almost lost by its distance from the first. Murder-aiming is a bad compound of shot, and not very intelligible; blood-stained has the same fault; bleeding bosom is infinitely better. You have accustomed yourself to such epithets, and have no notion how stiff and quaint they appear to others, and how incongruous with poetic fancy and tender sentiments."—"Dr. Gregory," said Burns, "is a good man, but he crucifies me: I believe in his iron justice; but, like the devils, I believe and tremble."

TO DR. BLACKLOCK.

IN ANSWER TO A LETTER.

Ellisland, 21*st. Oct.* 1789.

Wow, but your letter made me vauntie!
And are ye hale, and weel, and cantie?
I kenn'd it still your wee bit jauntie,
Wad bring ye to:
Lord send you ay as weel's I want ye,
And then ye'll do.

The ill-thief blaw the Heron south!
And never drink be near his drouth!
He tald mysel by word o' mouth,
He'd tak my letter;
I lippen'd to the chiel in trouth,
And bade nae better.

But aiblins honest Master Heron,
Had at the time some dainty fair one,
To ware his theologic care on,
And holy study;
And tir'd o' sauls to waste his lear on,
E'en tried the body.

But what d'ye think, my trusty fier,
I'm turn'd a gauger—Peace be here!
Parnassian queens, I fear, I fear,
Ye'll now disdain me!
And then my fifty pounds a year
Will little gain me.

Ye glaiket, gleesome, dainty damies,
Wha, by Castalia's wimplin' streamies,
Lowp, sing, and lave your pretty limbies,
Ye ken, ye ken,
That strang necessity supreme is
'Mang sons o'men.

I hae a wife and twa wee laddies,
They maun hae brose and brats o' duddies;
Ye ken yoursels my heart right proud is—
I need na vaunt,
But I'll sned besoms—thraw saugh woodies,
Before they want.

Lord help me thro' this warld o' care!
I'm weary sick o't late and air!
Not but I hae a richer share
Than mony ithers;
But why should ae man better fare,
And a' men brithers?

Come, firm Resolve, take thou the van,
Thou stalk o' carl-hemp in man!
And let us mind, faint heart ne'er wan
A lady fair:
Wha does the utmost that he can,
Will whyles do mair.

But to conclude my silly rhyme,
(I'm scant o' verse, and scant o' time,)
To make a happy fire-side clime
To weans and wife,
That's the true pathos and sublime
Of human life.

My compliments to sister Beckie;
And eke the same to honest Lucky,
I wat she is a dainty chuckie,
As e'er tread clay!
And gratefully, my guid auld cockie,
I'm yours for ay.
ROBERT BURNS.

The letter which brought these verses from Burns was in rhyme, and dated from Edinburgh, 24th August, 1789. I subjoin it as a proof of the kindliness of Blacklock's nature, rather than as a sample of his poetry. Some of his strains have elevation and fervor, with occasional touches of tenderness:—

"DEAR BURNS, thou brother of my heart,
Both for thy virtues and thy art;
If art it may be call'd in thee,
Which nature's bounty large and free,
With pleasure in thy breast diffuses,
And warms thy soul with all the Muses.
Whether to laugh with easy grace,
Thy numbers move the sage's face,
Or bid the softer passions rise,
And ruthless souls with grief surprise,
'Tis Nature's voice distinctly felt,
Thro' thee, her organ, thus to melt.

"Most anxiously I wish to know,
With thee of late how matters go;
How keeps thy much lov'd Jean her health?
What promises thy farm of wealth?
Whether the Muse persists to smile,
And all thy anxious cares beguile?
Whether bright fancy keeps alive?
And how thy darling infants thrive?

"For me, with grief and sickness spent,
Since I my journey homeward bent,

Spirits depress'd no more I mourn,
But vigor, life, and health return.
No more to gloomy thoughts a prey,
I sleep all night, and live all day;
By turns my book and friend enjoy,
And thus my circling hours employ;
Happy while yet these hours remain,
If Burns could join the cheerful train,
With wonted zeal, sincere and fervent,
Salute once more his humble servant,

"THOMAS BLACKLOCK."

The Heron of whom such unceremonious mention is made in the epistle of Burns, was the author of a history of Scotland; and, what is to be regretted, of a Life of the Poet, written in a depreciating spirit, and, it is said, with the memory of these verses upon him. His memoir made its appearance at the very time the public subscription was opened for the Poet's widow and helpless children, and, beyond question, did much harm to the family. This was deeply felt by even very rude people; when Heron himself sought shelter in London, and died of want, as too many die, an old husbandman said, "What better could come of him who harmed the widow and the fatherless!"

DELIA.

AN ODE.

FAIR the face of orient day,
Fair the tints of op'ning rose,
But fairer still my Delia dawns,
More lovely far her beauty blows.

Sweet the lark's wild-warbled lay,
Sweet the tinkling rill to hear;
But, Delia, more delightful still
Steal thine accents on mine ear.

The flower-enamored busy bee
The rosy banquet loves to sip;
Sweet the streamlet's limpid lapse
To the sun-brown'd Arab's lip;—

But, Delia, on thy balmy lips
Let me, no vagrant insect rove!
O, let me steal one liquid kiss!
For, oh! my soul is parched with love.

Tradition imputes the following origin to this ode:—One day when the Poet was at Brownhill, in Nithsdale, a friend read some verses composed after the pattern of Pope's song by a person of quality, and said, "Burns, this is beyond you; the muse of Kyle cannot match the muse of London City." The Poet took the paper, hummed the verses over for a minute or two, and then recited, "Delia, an Ode." I have some suspicion, nevertheless, that the verses are not by Burns.

The inn of Brownhill, in the parish of Closeburn, was a favorite resting-place for Burns. Dalgarnock where the heroine of one of his songs went on tryste, forms part of the parish, and its old burial-ground has since become famous as the place where Old Mortality employed his chisel: Creehope-Linn, too, where the Cameronians sought shelter, is in the neighbourhood; moreover, the landlord, Mr. Bacon, was a well-informed and very facetious person—loved a dram and a joke, and had the art of making his presence acceptable to very polite visiters. The diamond of the Poet had not been idle on the windows; but accident and curiosity have now removed all marks of his hand.

TO JOHN M'MURDO, Esq.

O, COULD I give thee India's wealth
As I this trifle send!
Because thy joy in both would be
To share them with a friend.

But golden sands did never grace
The Heliconian stream;
Then take what gold could never buy—
An honest Bard's esteem.

John M'Murdo, Esq., steward to the Duke of Queensbury, was the faithful friend of Burns during the whole period of his residence in Nithsdale. At his fireside he enjoyed many happy hours; nor was his muse silent. The daughters of his friend were beautiful and accomplished, and inspired some exquisite lyrics. These verses accompanied a present of books or verse. Afterwards, when on a visit, he took out a diamond, and wrote the following lines on a pane of glass:—

"Blest be M'Murdo to his latest day!
No envious cloud o'ercast his evening ray;
No wrinkle furrowed by the hand of care,
Nor ever sorrow add one silver hair!
O, may no son the father's honor stain,
Nor ever daughter give the mother pain!"

PROLOGUE,

SPOKEN AT THE THEATRE, DUMFRIES, ON NEW YEAR'S-DAY EVENING.

No song nor dance I bring from yon great city
That queen's it o'er our taste—the more's the pity:
Tho', by-the-by, abroad why will you roam?
Good sense and taste are natives here at home:
But not for panegyric I appear,
I come to wish you all a good new year!
Old Father Time deputes me here before ye,
Not for to preach, but tell his simple story:
The sage grave ancient cough'd, and bade me say,
"You're one year older this important day."
If wiser, too—he hinted some suggestion,
But 'twould be rude, you know, to ask the question;
And with a would-be roguish leer and wink,
He bade me on you press this one word—"think!"

Ye sprightly youths, quite flushed with hope and spirit,
Who think to storm the world by dint of merit,

To you the dotard has a deal to say,
In his sly, dry, sententious, proverb way;
He bids you mind, amid your thoughtless rattle,
That the first blow is ever half the battle;
That tho' some by the skirt may try to snatch him,
Yet by the forelock is the hold to catch him;
That whether doing, suffering, or forbearing,
You may do miracles by persevering.

Last, tho' not least in love, ye youthful fair,
Angelic forms, high Heaven's peculiar care!
To you old Bald-pate smooths his wrinkled brow,
And humbly begs you'll mind the important NOW!
To crown your happiness he asks your leave,
And offers bliss to give and to receive.

For our sincere, tho' haply weak endeavors,
With grateful pride we own your many favors;
And howsoe'er our tongues may ill reveal it,
Believe our glowing bosoms truly feel it.

It has been related in the Life of Burns that he turned his thoughts on the drama, and even went so far as to select a subject, and compose some verses. To enable him to give a proper effect to his musings, he visited sometimes, even while he lived at Ellisland, the Dumfries theatre, and appeared to take pleasure in the performances. We know not, however, that he went so far as to lay down a regular plot, arrange the characters, and distribute the actions to be performed in his drama. His time was much occupied in the distracting duties of the Excise, and the contest had commenced abroad that was soon to be felt through all the cottages of Scotland, and which promised more than it performed for the happiness of mankind. Burns was too fervent of nature not to think and speak on the subject: arguing about liberty and equality with hot-tempered and impetuous people was any thing but favorable for a work which, whether composed for a Scottish or English audience, required repose and abstraction: no wonder, therefore, that his drama stood still.—"Those who recollect," says Scott, "the masculine and lofty tone of martial spirit which glows in the poem of

Bannockburn, will sigh to think what the character of the gallant Bruce might have proved under the hand of Burns."

On the 11th of January, 1790, he thus writes to his brother Gilbert: "We have gotten a set of very decent players here just now: I have seen them an evening or two. David Campbell, in Ayr, wrote to me by the manager of the company, a Mr. Sutherland, who is a man of apparent worth. On New-year's-day I gave him the following prologue, which he spouted to his audience with applause." Of this manager the Poet lived to say something more, and in verse, too. The theatre of Dumfries is small and neat, and there is not a little taste for the drama among the people of the vale of Nith.

SCOTS PROLOGUE,

FOR MR. SUTHERLAND'S BENEFIT NIGHT,

DUMFRIES.

WHAT needs this din about the town o' Lon'on,
How this new play an' that new sang in comin'?
Why is outlandish stuff sae meikle courted?
Does nonsense mend like whiskey, when imported?
Is there nae poet, burning keen for fame,
Will try to gie us songs and plays at hame?
For comedy abroad he need nae toil,
A fool and knave are plants of every soil;
Nor need he hunt as far as Rome and Greece
To gather matter for a serious piece;
There's themes enough in Caledonian story,
Would show the tragic muse in a' her glory.—

Is there no daring bard will rise, and tell
How glorious Wallace stood, how hapless fell?
Where are the muses fled that could produce
A drama worthy o' the name o' Bruce;
How here, even here, he first unsheath'd the sword,
'Gainst mighty England and her guilty lord;

And after mony a bloody, deathless doing,
Wrench'd his dear country from the jaws of ruin?
O for a Shakspeare or an Otway scene,
To draw the lovely, hapless Scottish Queen!
Vain all th' omnipotence of female charms
'Gainst headlong, ruthless, mad Rebellion's arms.
She fell, but fell with spirit truly Roman,
To glut the vengeance of a rival woman:
A woman— thro' the phrase may seem uncivil—
As able and as cruel as the Devil!
One Douglas lives in Home's immortal page,
But Douglases were heroes every age:
And tho' your fathers, prodigal of life,
A Douglas followed to the martial strife,
Perhaps if bowls row right, and Right succeeds,
Ye yet may follow where a Douglas leads!

As ye hae generous done, if a' the land
Would take the muses' servants by the hand;
Not only hear, but patronize, befriend them,
And where ye justly can commend, commend them;
And aiblins when they winna stand the test,
Wink hard and say the folks hae done their best!
Would a' the land do this, then I'll be caution
Ye'll soon hae poets o' the Scottish nation,
Will gar fame blaw until her trumpet crack,
And warsle time, an' lay him on his back!
For us and for our stage should ony spier,
"Whase aught thae chiels maks a' this bustle here?"
My best leg foremost, I'll set up my brow,
We have the honor to belong to you!
We're your ain bairns, e'en guide us as ye like,
But like good mithers, shore before ye strike.—
And gratefu' still I hope ye'll ever find us.
For a' the patronage and meikle kindness
We've got frae a' professions, sets and ranks:
God help us! we're but poor—ye'se get but thanks.

To task the muse is dangerous, and this prologue was a task: Burns produced some vigorous lines, but on the whole it is not equal to many other of even his hurried compositions. The themes which he points out for the tragic muse are noble ones:—but the heroic Wallace and the beauteous Mary would require sentiment and pathos such as are rare in the modern drama. James Grahame, the author of the Sabbath, and Thomas Doubleday, of Newcastle, have composed dramas on the subject of Queen Mary, and both have produced scenes which cannot be perused without emotion. Scott, too, has thrown the charms of his genius around a life already sufficiently romantic. The words which Grahame ascribes to Mary when she looks from England towards her native land, are touching:—

MARY.—O England! England! grave of murdered princes!
Why did I leave thee, Scotland, dearest land?
In thee I had some friends—they died for me:
O were I on the side of yon dim mountain!
Though wild and bleak it be, it is in Scotland.
ADELAIDE.—Alas! 'tis but a cloud.
MARY.—No! 'tis a mountain of sweet Annerdale.
ADELAIDE.—Ah, no! 'tis but a cloud; you know our distance.
MARY.—Well, then, it is a cloud that hovers o'er
My dear, my native land: I love that cloud,
That misty robe of spirits. O, Adelaide,
Come soothe me with that mournful song——
'Tis an old thing; we heard it in the days
Of happiness, and yet it filled our eyes
With tears! we heard it in the vale of Morven:
'Twas something. . . .'Twas about the voice of Cona.
ADELAIDE.—The maiden with the distaff by the stream
'Twas she that sung it.
I do remember—and after she had sung it
She tried to tell it o'er in broken Scottish.
MARY.—Let me hear it.
ADELAIDE.—I feel my heart so full that but one note,
A single note, sung even by myself
Would quite untune my voice.
MARY.—The weary rook hies home—my home's a prison,
All things are free but me. Why did I leave
Lochleven's beauteous isle? There I could range
Along the shore, or, seated on the bank,
Hope still for better days."

The muse of Schiller, too, threw a halo round her name in a foreign land. Mary's woes still await some future Shakspeare, or pathetic Otway.

SKETCH.

NEW YEAR'S-DAY.

TO MRS. DUNLOP.

This day, Time winds th' exhausted chain,
To run the twelvemonth's length again:
I see the old, bald-pated fellow,
With ardent eyes, complexion sallow,
Adjust the unimpair'd machine,
To wheel the equal, dull routine.

The absent lover, minor heir,
In vain assail him with their prayer;
Deaf as my friend, he sees them press,
Nor makes the hour one moment less.
Will you (the Major's with the hounds,
The happy tenants share his rounds;
Coila's fair Rachel's care to-day,
And blooming Keith's engaged with Gray)
From housewife cares a minute borrow—
—That grandchild's cap will do to-morrow—
And join with me a moralizing,
This day's propitious to be wise in.
First, what did yesternight deliver?
"Another year is gone for ever."
And what is this day's strong suggestion?
"The passing moment's all we rest on!"
Rest on—for what? what do we here?
Or why regard the passing year?
Will time, amus'd with proverb'd lore,
Add to our date one minute more?
A few days may—a few years must—
Repose us in the silent dust.
Then is it wise to damp our bliss?
Yes—all such reasonings are amiss!

The voice of nature loudly cries,
And many a message from the skies,
That something in us never dies:
That on this frail, uncertain state,
Hang matters of eternal weight:
That future life in worlds unknown
Must take its hue from this alone;
Whether as heavenly glory bright,
Or dark as misery's woeful night.—
Since then, my honor'd, first of friends,
On this poor being all depends,
Let us th' important *now* employ
And live as those who never die.—
Tho' you, with days and honors crown'd,
Witness that filial circle round,
(A sight, life's sorrows to repulse,
A sight, pale envy to convulse,)
Others now claim your chief regard;
Yourself, you wait your bright reward.

The picture contained in this sketch of the fireside of Mrs. Dunlop is equally true and beautiful. That lady herself had not only a fine taste for poetry, but she wrote verses elegant and flowing: her son, the late General Dunlop, exhibited all the courage of his house,

"Few better were or braver;"

and it has been remarked that, for fiery and persevering impetuosity of attack, few officers equalled him. Her daughter Rachel, whose skill in drawing was considerable, employed her pencil, I know not with what success, on the Coila of the Vision. To this Burns refers in one of his letters:—"I am highly flattered by the news you tell me of Coila. I may say to the fair painter who does me so much honor, as Dr. Beattie says to Ross the poet, of his muse Scota—from which, by-the-by, I took the idea of Coila—

'Ye shake your head, but by my fegs,
Ye've set auld Scota on her legs;
Lang had she lien wi' beffs an' flegs,
Bum-bazed and dizzie;
Her fiddle wanted strings and pegs,
Waes me, poor hizzie!'"

The Scota of Ross, described by Burns as the forerunner of Coila, figures in the Invocation to "The Fortunate Shepherdess." Some of the lines are pleasing:—

"Come Scota! thou that anes upon a day,
Gar'd Allan Ramsay's hungry heart-strings play
The merriest sangs that ever yet were sung,
Pity anes mair, for I'm outthrow as clung.
'Tis may be better, I'll tak fat ye gee,
Ye're nae toom-handed, gin yere heart be free;
But I'll be willing, gin ye bid me write,
Blind horse, they say, ride hardly to the fight:
And by gude hap may come again, but scorn—
They are no kempers a' that shear the corn."
Then Scota heard and said "Your rough spun ware
Sounds but right doust and fowsome to my ear:—
Do ye pretend to write like my ain bairn,
Or onie ane that wins beyont the Kairn?
Ye're far mista'en gin ye think sic a thought,
The Gentle Shepherd's nae sae easy wrought:
There's scenes and acts, there's drift and there's design,
And a' maun like a new-ground whittle shine,
Sic wimpled wark would crack a pow like thine."
"Kind Mistress," says I, "gin this be your fear,
Charge nae mair shot than what the piece'll bear."
"Gae then," she says, "nor deave me wi' your din,
Puff—I inspire you, sae you may begin.
Speak my ain leed—'tis gueed auld Scots I mean,
Your southern gnaps I count not worth a preen:
We've words a fouth that we can ca' our ain,
Though frae them now my childer sair refrain;
Gin this ye do, and line your rhyme wi' sense,
But ye'll mak' friends o' fremmet fowk, fa kens."

These are homely verses, yet they are felt in the romantic vales of Angus:—and Ross "a wild warlock," as Burns somewhere calls him, is likely to keep the approbation which he coveted—that of his native county.

THE FOLLOWING POEM

WAS WRITTEN

TO A GENTLEMAN WHO HAD SENT HIM A NEWSPAPER, AND OFFERED TO CONTINUE IT FREE OF EXPENSE.

KIND Sir, I've read your paper through,
And, faith, to me, 'twas really new!

How guessed ye, Sir, what maist I wanted?
This mony a day I've grain'd and gaunted,
To ken what French mischief was brewin';
Or what the drumlie Dutch were doin':
That vile doup-skelper, Emperor Joseph,
If Venus yet had got his nose off;
Or how the collieshangie works
Atween the Russians and the Turks;
Or if the Swede, before he halt,
Would play anither Charles the Twalt:
If Denmark, any body spak o't;
Or Poland, wha had now the tak o't;
How cut-throat Prussian blades were hingin';
How libbet Italy was singin';
If Spaniard, Portuguese, or Swiss
Were sayin' or takin' aught amiss:
Or how our merry lads at hame,
In Britain's court kept up the game:
How royal George, the Lord leuk o'er him!
Was managing St. Stephen's quorum;
If sleekit Chatham Will was livin',
Or glaikit Charlie got his nieve in;
How daddie Burke, the plea was cookin',
If Warren Hastings' neck was yeukin;
How cesses, stents, and fees were rax'd,
Or if bare a—s yet were tax'd;
The news o' princes, dukes, and earls,
Pimps, sharpers, bawds, and opera girls;
If that daft buckie, Geordie Wales,
Was threshin still at hizzies' tails;
Or if he was grown outlins douser,
And no a perfect kintra cooser.—
A' this and mair I never heard of;
And but for you I might despair'd of.
So gratefu', back your news I send you,
And pray, a' guid things may attend you!

Ellisland, Monday morning, 1790.

The Poet was unwilling to lay himself under obligations, and to soften the refusal of accepting a newspaper free of expense, he declined it in rhyme. He, however, took the opportunity of making a hasty summary of important matters, on which even a solitary newspaper had thrown light, and this he has done with both knowledge and humor. We know now—to the shame of Europe be it said—who has the "tack of Poland;" and we know, too, that the march of the Swede resembled any thing but that of "Charles the Twalt." We also know that Warren Hastings triumphed over the eloquence of his opponents, and is now looked upon by many as a sort of martyr in the cause of our empire in the East. The favorable change which took place respecting him in public opinion, I have heard ascribed to a pamphlet written by Logan, the minister of Leith.

The modesty of the court of George the Third, and the licence of that of the Prince of Wales, formed a strange contrast: Burns was not solitary in his sarcastic strictures on the wild course of life pursued by some of the young princes. His sallies are not at all ill-natured, nor is he unwilling to believe that the folly of youth will sober down into sedateness and wisdom. The satires of Wolcot on the King were vulgar, nor remarkable for talent: those ascribed to Moore on the court of the Fourth George are sharp and severe, and distinguished by their sprightliness and wit.

THE KIRK'S ALARM.

A BALLAD.

[SECOND VERSION.]

I.

Orthodox, Orthodox,
Who believe in John Knox,
Let me sound an alarm to your conscience—
There's a heretic blast,
Has been blawn i' the wast,
That what is not sense must be nonsense.
Orthodox,
That what is not sense must be nonsense.

II.

Doctor Mac, Doctor Mac,
Ye should stretch on a rack,
To strike evil doers wi' terror;
To join faith and sense,
Upon any pretence,
Was heretic damnable error,
Doctor Mac,
Was heretic damnable error.

III.

Town of Ayr, town of Ayr,
It was rash I declare,
To meddle wi' mischief a brewing;
Provost John is still deaf
To the church's relief,
And orator Bob is it's ruin,
Town of Ayr,
And orator Bob is its ruin.

IV.

D'rymple mild, D'rymple mild,
Tho' your heart's like a child,
And your life like the new driven snaw,
Yet that winna save ye,
Old Satan must have ye
For preaching that three's ane an' twa,
D'rymple mild,
For preaching that three's ane an' twa.

V.

Calvin's sons, Calvin's sons,
Seize your spiritual guns,
Ammunition ye never can need;
Your hearts are the stuff,
Will be powder enough,
And your skulls are a storehouse of lead,
Calvin's sons,
And your skulls are a storehouse of lead.

VI.

Rumble John, Rumble John,
Mount the steps with a groan,
Cry the book is with heresy cramm'd;
Then lug out your ladle,
Deal brimstone like aidle,
And roar every note o' the damn'd,
Rumble John,
And roar every note o' the damn'd.

VII.

Simper James, Simper James,
Leave the fair Killie dames,
There's a holier chase in your view;
I'll lay on your head,
That the pack ye'll soon lead,
For puppies like you there's but few,
Simper James,
For puppies like you there's but few.

VIII.

Singet Sawnie, Singet Sawnie,
Are ye herding the penny,
Unconscious what danger awaits?
With a jump, yell, and howl,
Alarm every soul,
For Hannibal's just at your gates,
Singet Sawnie,
For Hannibal's just at your gates.

IX.

Andrew Gowk, Andrew Gowk,
Ye may slander the book,
And the book nought the waur—let me tell you;
Tho' ye're rich and look big,
Yet lay by hat and wig,
And ye'll hae a calf's-head o' sma' value,
Andrew Gowk,
And ye'll hae a calf's-head o' sma' value.

X.

Poet Willie, Poet Willie,
Gie the Doctor a volley,
Wi' your "liberty's chain" and your wit;
O'er Pegasus' side,
Ye ne'er laid a stride,
Ye only stood by when he sh——,
Poet Willie,
Ye only stood by when he sh——.

XI.

Barr Steenie, Barr Steenie
What mean ye? what mean ye?
If ye'll meddle nae mair wi' the matter,
Ye may hae some pretence man,
To havins and sense man,
Wi' people that ken you nae better,
Barr Steenie,
Wi' people that ken you nae better.

XII.

Jamie Goose, Jamie Goose,
Ye hae made but toom roose,
O' hunting the wicked lieutenant;
But the doctor's your mark,
For the L——d's holy ark,
He has copper'd and ca'd a wrong pin in't,
Jamie Goose,
He has copper'd and ca'd a wrong pin in't.

XIII.

Davie Bluster, Davie Bluster,
For a saunt if ye muster,
It's a sign they're no nice o' recruits,
Yet to worth let's be just,
Royal blood ye might boast,
If the ass were the king o' the brutes,
Davie Bluster,
If the ass were the king o' the brutes.

XIV.

Muirland George, Muirland George,
Whom the Lord made a scourge,
To claw common sense for her sins;
If ill manners were wit,
There's no mortal so fit,
To confound the poor doctor at ance.
Muirland George,
To confound the poor Doctor at ance.

XV.

Cessnockside, Cessnockside,
Wi' your turkey-cock pride,
O' manhood but sma' is your share;
Ye've the figure, it's true,
Even our faes maun allow,
And your friends daurna say ye hae mair,
Cessnockside,
And your friends daurna say ye hae mair.

XVI.

Daddie Auld, Daddie Auld,
There's a tod i' the fauld,
A tod meikle waur than the clerk;
Tho' ye downa' do skaith,
Ye'll be in at the death,
And if ye canna bite ye can bark,
Daddie Auld,
And if ye canna bite ye can bark.

XVII.

Poet Burns, Poet Burns,
Wi' your priest-skelping turns,
Why desert ye your auld native shire?
Tho' your Muse is a gipsy,
Yet were she even tipsy,
She could ca' us nae waur than we are,
Poet Burns,
She could ca' us nae waur than we are.

POSTSCRIPT.

Afton's Laird, Afton's Laird,
When your pen can be spar'd,
A copy o' this I bequeath,
On the same sicker score
I mentioned before,
To that trusty auld worthy Clackleith,
Afton's Laird,
To that trusty auld worthy Clackleith.

Among the west country friends of Burns, John Logan Esq. of Afton was conspicuous, and a regular correspondence was maintained between them for a number of years. Of all the letters of the Poet, the hunters after reliques or the admirers of his hand-writing have allowed none to remain in the family save the following, which the kindness of Miss Logan enables me to give along with the second version of "The Kirk's Alarm," which it at once enclosed and illustrated.

"*Ellisland, near Dumfries, 7th Aug.*, 1789.

"DEAR SIR,—I intended to have written you long ere now, and as I told you I had gotten three stanzas and a half on my way in a poetic epistle to you; but that old enemy of all *good works*, the devil, threw me into a prosaic mire, and for the soul of me I cannot get out of it. I dare not write you a long letter, as I am going to intrude on your time with a long ballad. I have, as you will shortly see, finished 'The Kirk's Alarm;' but now that it is done, and that I have laughed once or twice at the conceits in some of the stanzas, I am determined not to let it get into the public; so I send you this copy, the first that I have sent to Ayrshire, except some few of the stanzas, which I wrote off in embryo for Gavin Hamilton, under the express provision and request that you will only read it to a few of us, and do not on any account give, or permit to be taken, any copy of the ballad. If I could be of any service to Dr. M'Gill, I would do it, though it should be at a much greater expense than irritating a few bigoted priests, but I am afraid serving him in his present embarrass is a task too hard for me. I have enemies enow, God knows, though I do not wantonly add to the number. Still, as I think there is some merit in two or three of the thoughts, I send it to you as a small, but sincere testimony how much, and with what respectful esteem, "I am, dear Sir,

"Your obliged humble Servant,
"ROBERT BURNS."

Those who are curious in poetic variations may compare the present version with the other, given in the first volume: I have not repeated the notes, but printed it as it came from Burns' pen. The tune to which he adapted it is called "Push about the brisk bowl." He thus introduces it to Grahame of Fintray: —"Though I dare say you have none of the Solemn League and Covenant fire which shone so conspicuous in Lord George Gordon and the Kilmarnock weavers, yet I think ye must have heard of Dr. M'Gill, one of the clergymen of Ayr, and his heretical book. God help him, poor man! Though he is one of the worthiest, as well as one of the ablest of the whole priesthood of the Kirk of Scotland, in every sense of that ambiguous term, yet the poor Doctor and his numerous family are in imminent danger of being thrown out (9th December, 1790) to the mercy of the winter winds. The enclosed ballad on that business is, I confess, too local; but I laughed myself at some conceits in it, though I am convinced in my conscience that there are a good many heavy stanzas in it, too."

To another correspondent the Poet says:—"Whether in the way of my trade I can be of any service to the Rev. Doctor is, I fear, very doubtful. Ajax' shield consisted, I think, of seven bull-hides and a plate of brass, which altogether set Hector's utmost force at defiance. Alas! I am not a Hector, and the worthy Doctor's foes are as securely armed as Ajax was. Ignorance, superstition, bigotry, stupidity, malevolence, self-conceit, envy—all strongly bound in a massy frame of brazen impudence."

PEG NICHOLSON.

Peg Nicholson was a good bay mare,
As ever trode on airn;
But now she's floating down the Nith,
And past the mouth o' Cairn.

Peg Nicholson was a good bay mare,
And rode thro' thick and thin;
But now she's floating down the Nith,
And wanting even the skin.

Peg Nicholson was a good bay mare,
And ance she bore a priest;
But now she's floating down the Nith,
For Solway fish a feast.

Peg Nicholson was a good bay mare,
And the priest he rode her sair;
And much oppressed and bruised she was;
As priest-rid cattle are, &c. &c.

Peg Nicholson was the successor of Jenny Geddes: the latter took her name from the zealous dame who threw a stool at the Dean of Edinburgh's head, when the ritual of the Episcopal Church was introduced: and the former acquired the name of Peg Nicholson from that frantic virago who attempted the life of George III. Of the exit of Mrs. Margaret, the Poet gives an account to William Nicol, who had sold or rather lent her to the Poet.

"SIR,—That d-mn'd mare of your's is dead.—I would freely have given her price to have saved her: she has vexed me beyond description.—Indebted as I was to your goodness beyond what I can ever repay, I eagerly grasped at your offer to leave the mare with me, that I might at least show my readiness in wishing to be grateful; I took every care of her in my power; she was never crossed for riding above half a score of times by me or in my keeping; I drew her in the plough, one of three, for one poor week; I refused fifty-five shillings for her, which was the highest bode I could squeeze for her; I fed her up and had her in fine order for Dumfries fair; when, four or five days before the fair, she was seized with an unaccountable disorder in the sinews or somewhere in the bones of her neck, with a weakness or total want of power in her fillets, and, in short, the whole vertebræ of her spine seemed to be diseased and unhinged; and in eight and forty hours, in spite of the two best farriers in the country, she died and be d-mn'd to her. The farriers said that she had been quite strained in the fillets before you had bought her, and that the poor devil, though she might keep a little flesh, had been jaded and quite worn out with fatigue and oppression. While she was with me, she was under my own eye, and I assure you, my much valued friend, every thing was done for her that could be done, and the acci-

dent has vexed me to the heart. In fact, I could not pluck up spirits to write to you, on account of the unfortunate business."

One of the men of skill whom Burns brought to the aid of Peg Nicholson was the eccentric Samuel Colan; a person eminently skilful in the ailments of four-footed creatures, but who believed that all diseases among cattle or horses proceeded from witchcraft or the malice of elves and fairies. The swelling of a cow from eating dewy clover was caused, he said, by a spell: pains in the limbs arose he was certain from elf-arrows, and with regard to witches, he declared that the Cauldside of Dunscore was swarming with them. "I can stand," said he, "on my threshold and count aught—HIS presence be near us!" Little was to be hoped from honest Samuel's skill if his employer chanced to smile as he laid down the rustic law regarding murrain, mooril, and other ailments.

ON

CAPTAIN MATTHEW HENDERSON,

A GENTLEMAN WHO HELD THE PATENT FOR HIS HONORS IMMEDIATELY FROM ALMIGHTY GOD.

"Should the poor be flattered?"

SHAKSPEARE.

But now his radiant course is run,
For Matthew's course was bright;
His soul was like the glorious sun,
A matchless heav'nly light!

O DEATH! thou tyrant fell and bloody!
The meikle devil wi' a woodie
Haurl thee hame to his black smiddie,
O'er hurcheon hides,
And like stock-fish come o'er his studdie
Wi' thy auld sides!

He's gane! he's gane! he's frae us torn,
The ae best fellow e'er was born!

Thee, Matthew, Nature's sel' shall mourn
By wood and wild,
Where, haply, pity stays forlorn,
Frae man exil'd!

Ye hills! near neebors o' the starns,
That proudly cock your cresting cairns!
Ye cliffs, the haunts of sailing yearns,
Where echo slumbers!
Come join, ye Nature's sturdiest bairns,
My wailing numbers!

Mourn, ilka grove the cushat kens!
Ye haz'lly shaws and briery dens!
Ye burnies, wimplin' down your glens,
Wi' toddlin din,
Or foaming strang, wi' hasty stens,
Frae lin to lin!

Mourn, little harebells o'er the lea;
Ye stately foxgloves fair to see;
Ye woodbines, hanging bonnilie,
In scented bow'rs;
Ye roses on your thorny tree,
The first o' flow'rs.

At dawn, when ev'ry grassy blade
Droops with a diamond at its head,
At ev'n when beans their fragrance shed,
I' th' rustling gale,
Ye maukins whiddin thro' the glade,
Come join my wail.

Mourn, ye wee songsters o' the wood;
Ye grouse that crap the heather bud;
Ye curlews calling thro' a clud;
Ye whistling plover;
An' mourn ye whirring paitrick brood!—
He's gane for ever!

Mourn, sooty coots, and speckled teals ;
Ye fisher herons, watching eels ;
Ye duck and drake, wi' airy wheels
Circling the lake ;
Ye bitterns, till the quagmire reels,
Rair for his sake.

Mourn, clam'ring craiks, at close o' day,
'Mang fields o' flow'ring clover gay ;
And when ye wing your annual way
Frae our cauld shore,
Tell thae far warlds, wha lies in clay,
Wham we deplore.

Ye houlets, frae your ivy bow'r,
In some auld tree, or eldritch tow'r,
What time the moon, wi' silent glow'r,
Sets up her horn,
Wail thro' the dreary midnight hour
'Till waukrife morn!

O, rivers, forests, hills and plains!
Oft have ye heard my canty strains:
But now, what else for me remains
But tales of woe?
And frae my een the drapping rains
Maun ever flow.

Mourn, spring, thou darling of the year!
Ilk cowslip cup shall kep a tear:
Thou, simmer, while each corny spear
Shoots up its head,
Thy gay, green, flow'ry tresses shear
For him that's dead!

Thou, autumn, wi' thy yellow hair,
In grief thy sallow mantle tear!
Thou, winter, hurling thro' the air
The roaring blast,
Wide o'er the naked world declare
The worth we've lost!

Mourn him, thou sun, great source of light!
Mourn, empress of the silent night!
And you, ye twinkling starnies bright,
My Matthew mourn!
For through your orbs he's ta'en his flight,
Ne'er to return.

O, Henderson! the man—the brother!
And art thou gone, and gone for ever?
And hast thou crost that unknown river,
Life's dreary bound?
Like thee, where shall I find another,
The world around?

Go to your sculptur'd tombs, ye great,
In a' the tinsel trash o' state!
But by thy honest turf I'll wait,
Thou man of worth!
And weep the ae best fellow's fate
E'er lay in earth.

THE EPITAPH.

Stop, passenger!—my story's brief,
And truth I shall relate, man;
I tell nae common tale o' grief—
For Matthew was a great man.

If thou uncommon merit hast,
Yet spurn'd at fortune's door, man,
A look of pity hither cast—
For Matthew was a poor man.

If thou a noble sodger art,
That passest by this grave, man,
There moulders here a gallant heart—
For Matthew was a brave man.

If thou on men, their works and ways,
Canst throw uncommon light, man,
Here lies wha weel had won thy praise—
For Matthew was a bright man.

If thou at friendship's sacred ca'
Wad life itself resign, man,
Thy sympathetic tear maun fa'—
For Matthew was a kind man!

If thou art staunch without a stain,
Like the unchanging blue, man,
This was a kinsman o' thy ain—
For Matthew was a true man.

If thou hast wit, and fun, and fire,
And ne'er guid wine did fear, man,
This was thy billie, dam, and sire—
For Matthew was a queer man.

If ony whiggish whingin sot,
To blame poor Matthew dare, man,
May dool and sorrow be his lot!
For Matthew was a rare man.

The note to this exquisite elegy would have been brief had I not obtained from Mrs. M'Murdo the original poem in the Poet's hand-writing, which not only supplies some interesting variations, but is accompanied by the following characteristic note:—"Now that you are over with the sirens of flattery, the harpies of corruption, and the furies of ambition—those infernal deities that, on all sides and in all parties, preside over the villainous business of politics—permit a rustic muse of your acquaintance to do her best to soothe you with a song. You knew Henderson? I have not flattered his memory." Some of the variations are instructive: when Burns altered, it was for the better; every change brought an increase of propriety. Compare the second verse with the following:—

"He's gane, he's gane! he's frae us torn!
The ae best fellow e'er was born;

Thee, Matthew, woods and wilds shall mourn
With a' their birth;
For whunstane man to grieve wou'd scorn,
For poor plain worth."

On comparing this copy with another belonging to Miss Stewart of Afton, I find changes such as the following:—

"And mourn ye birring (whirring) paitrick-brood,
He's gane for ever."

In another verse this variation occurs:—

"Ye bitterns, till the quagmire reels,
Rowte (rair) for his sake."

Nor has the Poet been less happy in other emendations; for instance:—

"In some auld tree or auld (eldritch) tower."

And again, instead of the printed line in the Epitaph,

"This was thy billie, dam, and sire,"

I find the following, which jars with the sentiment with which it is associated:—

"These bones a brother's tears require."

In both the manuscript copies, the motto beginning—

"But now his radiant course is run,"

formed the last verse of the Epitaph, and closed the subject very beautifully.

THE FIVE CARLINS.

A SCOTS BALLAD.

Tune—*Chevy-Chase.*

THERE were five carlins in the south,
They fell upon a scheme,
To send a lad to London town,
To bring them tidings hame.

Not only bring them tidings hame,
But do their errands there;
And aiblins gowd and honor baith
Might be that laddie's share.

There was Maggy by the banks o' Nith,
A dame wi' pri e eneu h;
And Marjory o' the mony lochs,
A carlin auld and teugh.

And blinkin' Bess of Annandale,
That dwelt near Solway-side;
And whiskey Jean, that took her gill
In Galloway sae wide.

And black Joan, frae Crighton-peel,
O' gipsy kith an' kin;—
Five wighter carlins were na found
The south countrie within.

To send a lad to London town,
They met upon a day;
And mony a knight, and mony a laird,
This errand fain wad gae.

O mony a knight, and mony a laird,
This errand fain wad gae;
But nae ane could their fancy please,
O ne'er a ane but twae.

The first ane was a belted knight,
Bred of a border-band;
And he wad gae to London town,
Might nae man him withstand.

And he wad do their errands weel,
And meikle he wad say;
And ilka ane about the court
Wad bid to him gude-day.

The neist cam in a sodger youth,
And spak wi' modest grace,
And he wad gae to London town,
If sae their pleasure was.

He wad na hecht them courtly gifts,
Nor meikle speech pretend;
But he wad hecht an honest heart,
Wad ne'er desert his friend.

Then wham to chuse, and wham refuse,
At strife thir carlins fell;
For some had gentlefolks to please,
And some wad please themsel.

Then out spak mim-mou'd Meg o' Nith,
And she spak up wi' pride,
And she wad send the sodger youth,
Whatever might betide.

For the auld gudeman o' London court
She dinna care a pin;
But she wad send the sodger youth
To greet his eldest son.

Then slow raise Marjory o' the Lochs
And wrinkled was her brow;
Her ancient weed was russet gray,
Her auld Scot's heart was true.

"The London court set light by me—
I set as light by them;
And I will send the sodger lad
To shaw that court the same."

Then up sprang Bess of Annandale
And swore a deadly aith,
Says, "I will send the border-knight
Spite o' you carlins baith.

"For far-off fowls hae feathers fair,
And fools o' change are fain;
But I hae try'd this border-knight,
I'll try him yet again."

Then whiskey Jean spak o'er her drink,
"Ye weel ken, kimmers a',
The auld gudeman o' London court,
His back's been at the wa'.

"And mony a friend that kiss'd his caup,
Is now a fremit wight;
But it's ne'er be sae wi' whiskey Jean,—
We'll send the border-knight."

Says black Joan o' Crighton-peel
A carlin stoor and grim,—
"The auld gudeman, or the young gudeman,
For me may sink or swim.

"For fools will prate o' right and wrang,
While knaves laugh in their sleeve;
But wha blaws best the horn shall win,
I'll speir nae courtier's leave."

So how this mighty plea may end
There's naebody can tell;
God grant the king, and ilka man,
May look weel to himsel'!

"The Five Carlins" are the five boroughs of Dumfrieshire and Kirkcudbright which unite in sending a member to Parliament. The personifications are considered happy by all who are acquainted with the places.

"Maggy by the banks of Nith,
A dame with pride eneugh,"

is "bonny Dumfries," as the Duchess of Gordon delighted to call it, nor is the name forgotten yet by some of her grace's daughters. It is a beautiful town: the seventh of Scotland in point of population, says Chambers, and the fifth for looks.

"Marjory o' the mony lochs,
A carlin auld and teugh,"

is Lochmaben; a neat little borough, altogether secluded from commerce of any kind, and bearing marks of great antiquity. It was the residence of Robert Bruce, the great restorer of Scot-

tish independence: and no one can say but that the king showed a taste suited to the times, for the castle in which he lived stands all but inaccessible among deep lakes, and every approach by land is commanded.

> "Blinkin' Bess, of Annandale,
> That dwelt near Solway side,"

personates the little thriving borough of Annan.

> "Whiskey Jean, that took her gill
> In Galloway sae wide,"

represents the borough of Kirkcudbright; a town of old standing; neat, clean, and prosperous; the country around is picturesque, and old ruins add an aspect of grandeur to the whole.

> "Black Joan frae Crighton-Peel,
> O' gipsy kith and kin,"

stands for Sanquhar, noted for its fine coals, its carpet-manufactory, and likewise for that species of comfortable stockings called Sanquhar hose: its castle had the honor of a siege from Edward I. in person, and endured an English garrison, from whom it was wrested by stratagem.

The duty which these five ladies met in Dumfries to perform was to decide whether Patrick Miller, younger, of Dalswinton, or Sir James Johnston of Westerhall, should be preferred as their representative in the House of Commons. On the side of the former all the Whig interest of the Duke of Queensberry was mustered: and on that of the latter all the interest which the Tories could command among the Hopes, the Jardines, and the Johnstons. The contest was fierce and acrimonious, and on the part of the "following" threatened blows if not blood. The young, active men of Nithsdale, Annandale, and Eskdale, together with the youth of Galloway, marched into Dumfries, all armed with oak sticks, which in those days they were taught how to use in case of a fray; and had not prudent and sensible men on both sides interposed and directed their eyes and minds elsewhere, confusion and strife would have ensued.

The election was at the hottest, when Burns wrote the "Five Carlins:" he sent a copy of it to Mr. Graham of Fintray, saying, "The election ballad, as you will see, alludes to the present canvass in our string of boroughs. I do not believe there will be such a hard-run match in the whole general election. Sir James Johnston does what man can do, but yet he doubts his fate." The poem is printed from a copy in the Poet's own hand-writing, presented to me on a late visit to Dumfrieshire.

A copy of the ballad, which the Poet sent to Mrs. Stewart, of Stair, contains some curious variations: verse 17 stands thus:—

"Then started Bess o' Annandale,
A deadly aith she's taen,
That she wad vote the border-knight,
Tho' she should vote her lane."

In verse 22 "Black Joan" says—

"For fools will prate o' right and wrang,
While knaves laugh them to scorn:
But the sodger's friends hae blawn the best,
So he shall bear the horn."

"Marjory o' the mony Lochs" exclaims—

"There's some great folk set light by me,
I set as light by them;
But I will send to London town,
Whom I lo'e best at hame."

And "Whisky Jean that took her gill" is called throughout "Brandy Jean."

EPISTLE
TO ROBERT GRAHAM, Esq.
OF FINTRAY:
ON THE CLOSE OF THE DISPUTED ELECTION BETWEEN SIR JAMES JOHNSTON AND CAPTAIN MILLER, FOR THE DUMFRIES DISTRICT OF BOROUGHS.

FINTRAY, my stay in worldly strife,
Friend o' my muse, friend o' my life,
Are ye as idle's I am?
Come then, wi' uncouth, kintra fleg,
O'er Pegasus I'll fling my leg,
And ye shall see me try him.

I'll sing the zeal Drumlanrig bears
Who left the all-important cares
Of princes and their darlings;
And, bent on winning borough towns,
Came shaking hands wi' wabster lowns,
And kissing barefit carlins.

Combustion thro' our boroughs rode
Whistling his roaring pack abroad
Of mad unmuzzled lions;
As Queensberry buff and blue unfurled,
And Westerha' and Hopeton hurled
To every Whig defiance.

But cautious Queensberry left the war,
Th' unmanner'd dust might soil his star;
Besides, he hated bleeding;
But left behind him heroes bright,
Heroes in Cæsarean fight,
Or Ciceronian pleading.

O! for a throat like huge Mons-meg,
To muster o'er each ardent Whig
Beneath Drumlanrig's banner;
Heroes and heroines commix,
All in the field of politics,
To win immortal honor.

M'Murdo and his lovely spouse,
(Th' enamor'd laurels kiss her brows!)
Led on the loves and graces:
She won each gaping burgess' heart,
While he, all-conquering, play'd his part
Among their wives and lasses.

Craigdarroch led a light-arm'd corps,
Tropes, metaphors and figures pour,
Like Hecla streaming thunder:
Glenriddel, skill'd in rusty coins,
Blew up each Tory's dark designs,
And bar'd the treason under.

In either wing, two champion's fought,
Redoubted Staig* who set at nought
The wildest savage Tory:

* Provost Staig of Dumfries.

And Welsh,* who ne'er yet flinch'd his ground,
High-wav'd his magnum-bonum round
With Cyclopeian fury.

Miller brought up th' artillery ranks,
The many-pounders of the Banks,
Resistless desolation!
While Maxwelton, that baron bold,
'Mid Lawson's† port entrench'd his hold,
And threaten'd worse damnation.

To these what Tory hosts oppos'd,
With these what Tory warrior's clos'd,
Surpasses my describing:
Squadrons extended long and large,
With furious speed rush to the charge,
Like raging devils driving.

What verse can sing, what prose narrate,
The butcher deeds of bloody fate
Amid this mighty tulzie!
Grim Horror girn'd—pale Terror roar'd,
As Murther at his thrapple shor'd,
And hell mix'd in the brulzie.

As highland craigs by thunder cleft,
When light'nings fire the stormy lift,
Hurl down with crashing rattle:
As flames among a hundred woods;
As headlong foam a hundred floods,
Such is the rage of battle!

The stubborn Tories dare to die;
As soon the rooted oaks would fly
Before th' approaching fellers:
The Whigs come on like Ocean's roar,
When all his wintry billows pour
Against the Buchan Bullers.

* Sheriff Welsh.
† Lawson, a wine merchant in Dumfries.

Lo, from the shades of Death's deep night,
Departed Whigs enjoy the fight,
And think on former daring:
The muffled murtherer* of Charles
The Magna Charta flag unfurls,
All deadly gules it's bearing.

Nor wanting ghosts of Tory fame,
Bold Scrimgeour† follows gallant Graham,‡
Auld Covenanters shiver.
(Forgive, forgive, much wrong'd Montrose!
Now death and hell engulph thy foes,
Thou liv'st on high for ever!)

Still o'er the field the combat burns,
The Tories, Whigs, give way by turns;
But Fate the word has spoken:
For woman's wit, and strength o' man,
Alas! can do but what they can!
The Tory ranks are broken.

O that my een were flowing burns,
My voice a lioness that mourns
Her darling cubs' undoing!
That I might greet, that I might cry,
While Tories fall, while Tories fly,
And furious Whigs pursuing!

What Whig but melts for good Sir James?
Dear to his country by the names
Friend, patron, benefactor!
Not Pulteney's wealth, can Pulteney save!
And Hopeton falls, the generous brave!
And Stewart§ bold as Hector.

Thou, Pitt, shalt rue this overthrow;
And Thurlow growl a curse of woe;
And Melville melt in wailing!

* The executioner of Charles I. was masked.
† Scrimgeour, Lord Dundee. ‡ Graham, Marquis of Montrose.
§ Stewart of Hillside.

How Fox and Sheridan rejoice!
And Burke shall sing, O Prince, arise,
Thy power is all prevailing!

For your poor friend, the Bard, afar
He only hears and sees the war,
A cool spectator purely:
So, when the storm the forest rends,
The robin in the hedge descends,
And sober chirps securely.

The upshot of the election contest is related in this epistle; Miller of Dalswinton triumphed, and Johnston of Westerhall was defeated. I have two copies of the poem before me, both in the Poet's handwriting; one belonging to Mrs. M'Murdo seems the most correct: from the other, the property of Miss Stewart of Afton, some curious and characteristic variations will be given. Burns, in these poems, had a difficult part to play, and he seems to have taken the wisest course—he laughed on both sides, taking part with neither: his friends in Nithsdale were chiefly Whigs, and he looked to the Tories for getting forward in the Excise. "I am too little a man," he says to Fintray, "to have any political attachments: I am deeply indebted to, and have the warmest veneration for, individuals of both parties; but a man who has it in his power to be the father of a country, and who acts like his Grace of Queensberry, is a character that one cannot speak of with patience." As M'Murdo was the Duke's friend, the copy belonging to that family is moderate on "the Douglas" in the second verse: not so the Afton copy; the Poet speaks out freely:—

"I'll sing the zeal Drumlanrig bears,
Wha left the all-important cares,
Of fiddles, wh-res, and hunters,
And bent on buying borough-towns,
Came shaking hands wi' wabster louns,
And kissing barefit bunters."

Almost all the friends whom the Poet's genius had obtained for him in the two countries are mustered in song; and

"The battle closes thick and bloody."

In the Afton manuscript a verse is added, which some may think necessary, and others superfluous; it is, however, characteristic:—

"Now for my friends and brethren's sakes,
And for my dear-loved land o'cakes,
I pray with holy fire;
Lord send a rough-shod troop o'hell,
O'er a' wad Scotland buy or sell,
To grind them in the mire."

With this poem closes the first series of the Poet's election ballads; he appears, in an after contest of the same kind, in a rougher mood.

ON

CAPTAIN GROSE'S

PEREGRINATIONS THROUGH SCOTLAND,

COLLECTING

THE ANTIQUITIES OF THAT KINGDOM.

HEAR, Land o' Cakes, and brither Scots,
Frae Maidenkirk to Johnny Groat's;
If there's a hole in a' your coats,
I rede you tent it:
A chiel's amang you taking notes,
And, faith, he'll prent it!

If in your bounds ye chance to light
Upon a fine, fat, fodgel wight,
O' stature short, but genius bright,
That's he, mark weel—
And wow! he has an unco slight
O' cauk and keel.

By some auld, houlet-haunted biggin,
Or kirk deserted by its riggin,
It's ten to one ye'll find him snug in
Some eldritch part,
Wi' deils, they say, L—d safe's! colleaguin'
At some black art.

Ilk ghaist that haunts auld ha' or chamer,
Ye gipsy-gang that deal in glamor,
And you deep read in hell's black grammar,
Warlocks and witches;
Ye'll quake at his conjuring hammer,
Ye midnight b——es!

It's tauld he was a sodger bred,
And ane wad rather fa'n than fled;
But now he's quat the spurtle-blade,
And dog-skin wallet,
And ta'en the—Antiquarian trade,
I think they call it.

He has a fouth o' auld nick-nackets:
Rusty airn caps and jinglin jackets,
Wad haud the Lothians three in tackets,
A towmont guid;
And parritch-pats, and auld saut-backets,
Afore the flood.

Of Eve's first fire he has a cinder;
Auld Tubalcain's fire-shool and fender;
That which distinguished the gender
O' Balaam's ass;
A broom-stick o' the witch o' Endor,
Weel shod wi' brass.

Forbye, he'll shape you aff, fu' gleg,
The cut of Adam's philibeg:
The knife that nicket Abel's craig
He'll prove you fully,
It was a faulding jocteleg,
Or lang-kail gully.—

But wad ye see him in his glee,
For meikle glee and fun has he,
Then set him down, and twa or three
Guid fellows wi' him;
And port, O port! shine thou a wee,
And then ye'll see him!

Now, by the pow'rs o' verse and prose!
Thou art a dainty chiel, O Grose!—
Whae'er o' thee shall ill suppose,
They sair misca' thee;
I'd take the rascal by the nose,
Wad say, Shame fa' thee.

The person whom this facetious poem celebrates was a zealous antiquary and fond of wit and wine. He had served in the army, and, retiring from it, dedicated his leisure and his talents to investigate the antiquities of his country. He found his way to Friars-Carse, where some of the ablest antiquaries of Scotland occasionally met: and at the "board of Glenriddel," he saw Burns for the first time. It is a tradition in the vale that the Englishman heard with wonder the sarcastic sallies, epigrammatic remarks, and eloquent bursts of the Scot; while the latter was struck with the remarkable corpulency of the "little round fat oily man," and the almost poetic feeling with which he talked

"Of parritch pats and auld saut backets
Afore the flood."

The wine of Glenriddel, too, aided in tightening the bands of acquaintanceship. The poem flew before Grose over Scotland—it is said he was not pleased to be so heralded, and, above all, little relished the allusions to his corpulency—he thought, too, that his researches were treated with too little gravity. These sentiments had not, however, reached the Poet, when he writes to Grose to call on his friend Dugald Stewart.—"Mr. Stewart's principal characteristic is your favorite feature; that sterling independence of mind, which though every man's right, so few men have the courage to claim, and fewer still the magnanimity to support:—unseduced by splendor and undisgusted by wretchedness, he appreciates the merits of the actors in the great drama of life, merely as they perform their parts—in short he is a man after your own heart, and I comply with his earnest request in letting you know that he wishes above all things to meet with you." The meeting took place at Catrine as the antiquary was on his way to examine the ruins of Sorn Castle.

WRITTEN IN A WRAPPER,

ENCLOSING

A LETTER TO CAPTAIN GROSE.

Ken ye ought o' Captain Grose?
Igo and ago,
If he's amang his friends or foes?
Iram, coram, dago.

Is he south or is he north?
Igo and ago,
Or drowned in the river Forth?
Iram, coram, dago.

Is he slain by Highlan' bodies?
Igo and ago,
And eaten like a wether-haggis?
Iram, coram, dago.

Is he to Abram's bosom gane?
Igo and ago,
Or haudin Sarah by the wame?
Iram, coram, dago.

Where'er he be, the Lord be near him!
Igo and ago,
As for the deil, he daur na steer him!
Iram, coram, dago.

But please transmit the enclosed letter,
Igo and ago,
Which will oblige your humble debtor,
Iram, coram, dago.

So may ye hae auld stanes in store,
Igo and ago,
The very stanes that Adam bore,
Iram, coram, dago.

So may ye get in glad possession,
Igo and ago,
The coins o' Satan's coronation!
Iram, coram, dago.

It appears that Burns made out some antiquarian and legendary memoranda respecting the ruins in Kyle, and addressed them to his late facetious gossip Grose, under cover to Cardonnel, a well-known northern antiquary. As his mind teemed with poetry, he could not let this opportunity pass, but humming, as he folded up the letter, the well-known air of "Sir John Malcom," wrote these lines on the wrapper. Here, again, he touched on the captain's corpulency, and raised a laugh louder than the latter liked. Cardonnel read the verses wherever he went, and the condoling inquiry over all Edinburgh was—

"Is he slain by Highlan' bodies,
And eaten like a wether-haggis?"

The old song of "Sir John Malcom," which the Poet had in his mind when he wrote to Cardonnel, is to be found in "Yair's Charmer;" it has some humor:—

"O keep ye weel frae Sir John Malcom,
Igo and ago,
If he's a wise man I mistak' him,
Iram, coram, dago.
O keep ye weel frae Sandie Don,
Igo and ago,
He's ten times dafter than Sir John,
Iram, coram, dago.

To hear them of their travels talk,
Igo and ago,
To gae to London's but a walk,
Iram, coram, dago.
I hae been at Amsterdam,
Igo and ago,
Where I saw mony a braw madame,
Iram, coram, dago.

To see the wonders of the deep,
Igo and ago,
Wad gar a man both wail and weep,
Iram, coram, dago.
To see the leviathans skip,
Igo and ago,
And wi' their tail ding owre a ship,
Iram, coram, dago."

It is said that a former baronet of Lochore and his neighbour "Sandie Don," indulged so much over the bottle in romancing, that a friend, who had a knack at rhyme, reproved them in these facetious lines; it is not said with what effect.

TAM O' SHANTER,

A TALE.

"Of brownyis and of bogilis full is this buke."
GAWIN DOUGLAS.

When chapman billies leave the street,
And drouthy neebors, neebors meet,
As market-days are wearing late,
An' folk begin to tak' the gate;
While we sit bousing at the nappy,
An' gettin fou and unco happy,
We think na on the lang Scots miles,
The mosses, waters, slaps, and styles,
That lie between us and our hame,
Where sits our sulky sullen dame,
Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honest Tam o' Shanter,
As he frae Ayre ae night did canter,
(Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses,
For honest men and bonny lasses.)
O Tam! had'st thou but been sae wise,
As ta'en thy ain wife Kate's advice!
She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum,
A blethering, blustering, drunken blellum;
That frae November till October,
Ae market-day thou was nae sober;
That ilka melder, wi' the miller,
Thou sat as lang as thou had siller;

That ev'ry naig was ca'd a shoe on,
The smith and thee gat roaring fou on ;
That at the Lord's house, ev'n on Sunday,
Thou drank wi' Kirton Jean till Monday.
She prophesy'd, that late or soon,
Thou would be found deep drown'd in Doon ;
Or catch'd wi' warlocks in the mirk,
By Alloway's auld haunted kirk.

Ah, gentle dames ! it gars me greet,
To think how mony counsels sweet,
How mony lengthen'd sage advices,
The husband frae the wife despises !

But to our tale :—Ae market night,
Tam had got planted unco right ;
Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,
Wi' reaming swats, that drank divinely ;
And at his elbow, Souter Johnny,
His ancient, trusty drouthy crony ;
Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither ;
They had been fou' for weeks thegither !
The night drave on wi' sangs an' clatter ;
And ay the ale was growing better ;
The landlady and Tam grew gracious ;
Wi' favors secret, sweet, and precious ;
The Souter tauld his queerest stories ;
The landlord's laugh was ready chorus :
The storm without might rair and rustle—
Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
E'en drown'd himself amang the nappy !
As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,
The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasure :
Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious.

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed ;

Or like the snowfalls in the river,
A moment white—then melts for ever;
Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form
Evanishing amid the storm.
Nae man can tether time or tide;
The hour approaches Tam maun ride;
That hour, o' night's black arch the key-stane,
That dreary hour he mounts his beast in:
And sic a night he taks the road in
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last;
The rattling show'rs rose on the blast;
The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd;
Loud, deep, and lang the thunder bellow'd:
That night, a child might understand,
The de'il had business on his hand.

Weel mounted on his grey mare, Meg,
A better never lifted leg,
Tam skelpit on thro' dub and mire,
Despising wind, and rain, and fire;
Whiles holding fast his guid blue bonnet;
Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet;
Whiles glow'ring round wi' prudent carse,
Lest bogles catch him unawares;
Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,
Whare ghaists and houlets nightly cry.—

By this time he was cross the ord,
Whare in the snaw the chapman smoor'd;
And past the birks and meikle stane,
Where drunken Charlie brak's neck-bane;
And thro' the whins, and by the cairn,
Where hunters fand the murder'd bairn;
And near the thorn, aboon the well,
Where Mungo's mither hang'd hersel.

Before him Doon pours all his floods;
The doubling storm roars thro' the woods;
The lightnings flash from pole to pole;
Near and more near the thunders roll;
When, glimmering thro' the groaning trees,
Kirk-Alloway seem'd in a bleeze;
Thro' ilka bore the beams were glancing
And loud resounded mirth and dancing.

Inspiring bold John Barleycorn!
What dangers thou can'st make us scorn!
Wi' tippenny, we fear nae evil;
Wi' usquabae we'll face the devil!—
The swats sae ream'd in Tammie's noddle,
Fair play, he car'd nae deils a boddle.
But Maggie stood right sair astonish'd,
'Till, by the heel and hand admonish'd,
She ventur'd forward on the light;
And, wow! Tam saw an unco sight!
Warlocks and witches in a dance;
Nae cotillon brent new frae France,
But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels,
Put life and mettle in their heels:
A winnock-bunker in the east,
There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast;
A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large,
To gie them music was his charge;
He screw'd the pipes and gart them skirl,
Till roof and rafters a' did dirl.—
Coffins stood round, like open presses;
That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses;
And by some devilish cantrip slight
Each in its cauld hand held a light—
By which heroic Tam was able
To note upon the haly table,
A murderer's banes in gibbet airns;
Twa span-lang, wee unchristen'd bairns;
A thief, new-cutted frae a rape,
Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape;

Five tomahawks, wi' bluid red-rusted;
Five scimitars, wi' murder crusted;
A garter which a babe had strangled;
A knife, a father's throat had mangled,
Whom his ain son o' life bereft,
The gray hairs yet stack to the heft;
Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu',
Which ev'n to name wad be unlawfu'.

As Tammie glowr'd, amaz'd and curious,
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious:
The piper loud and louder blew;
The dancers quick and quicker flew;
They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they cleekit,
'Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,
And coost her duddies to the wark
And linket at it in her sark!

Now Tam, O Tam! had thae been queans
A' plump and strapping, in their teens;
Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flannen,
Been snaw-white seventeen hunder linen!
Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair,
That ance were plush, o' guid blue hair,
I wad hae gi'en them off my hurdies,
For ae blink o' the bonnie burdies!

But wither'd beldams, auld and droll,
Rigwoodie hags, wad spean a foal,
Lowping an' flinging on a cummock,
I wonder dina turn thy stomach.

But Tam kenn'd what was what fu' brawlie,
There was ae winsome wench and walie,
That night inlisted in the core,
(Lang after kenn'd on Carrick shore;
For mony a beast to dead she shot,
And perish'd mony a bonnie boat,
And shook baith meikle corn and bear,
And kept the country-side in fear),

Her cutty sark, o' Paisley harn,
That while a lassie she had worn,
In longitude tho' sorely scanty,
It was her best, and she was vauntie—
Ah! little kenn'd thy reverend grannie,
That sark she coft for her wee Nannie,
Wi' twa pund Scots ('twas a' her riches),
Wad ever grac'd a dance of witches!

But here my muse her wing maun cour;
Sic flights are far beyond her pow'r
To sing how Nannie lap and flang,
(A souple jade she was and strang),
And how Tam stood, like ane bewitch'd,
And thought his very een enrich'd;
Even Satan glowr'd, and fidg'd fu' fain,
And hotch'd and blew wi' might and main:
'Till first ae caper syne anither,
Tam tint his reason a' thegither,
And roars out, "Weel done, Cutty-sark!"
And in an instant all was dark:
And scarcely had he Maggie rallied.
When out the hellish legion sallied.

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,
When plundering herds assail their byke;
As open pussie's mortal foes,
When, pop! she starts before their nose;
As eager runs the market-crowd,
When "Catch the thief!" resounds aloud;
So Maggie runs, the witches follow,
Wi' mony an eldritch screech and hollow.
Ah, Tam! Ah, Tam! thou'll get thy fairin'!
In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin'!
In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin'!
Kate soon will be a woefu' woman!
Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
And win the key-stane* of the brig

* It is a well-known fact that witches, or any evil spirits, have no

There at them thou thy tail may toss,
A running stream they darena cross!
But ere the key-stane she could make,
The fient a tail she had to shake!
For Nannie, far before the rest,
Hard upon noble Maggie prest,
And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle;
But little wist she Maggie's mettle—
Ae spring brought off her master hale,
But left behind her ain gray tail:
The carlin claught her by the rump,
And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,
Ilk man and mother's son, take heed:
Whene'er to drink you are inclin'd,
Or cutty-sarks run in your mind,
Think! ye may buy the joys o'er dear—
Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare.

It would occupy many pages to quote half of the praise which poets, and critics, and biographers have lavished on this matchless poem:—"Who but some impenetrable dunce," observes Wardsworth, speaking of the alleged indulgencies of Burns, "or narrow-minded puritan in works of art, ever read without delight the picture which he has drawn of the convivial exaltation of the rustic adventurer, Tam o' Shanter? The Poet fears not to tell the reader in the outset, that his hero was a desperate and sottish drunkard, whose excesses were frequent as his opportunities. This reprobate sits down to his cups while the storm is roaring and heaven and earth are in confusion: the night is driven on by song and tumultuous noise—laughter and jest thicken as the beverage improves upon the palate: conjugal fidelity archly bends to the service of general benevolence: selfishness is not absent, but wearing the mask of social cordi-

power to follow a poor wight any farther than the middle of the next running stream. It may be proper likewise to mention to the benighted traveller, that when he falls in with *bogles*, whatever danger may be in his going forward, there is much more hazard in turning back.

ality—and while these various elements of humanity are blended into one proud and happy composition of elated spirits, the anger of the tempest without doors only heightens and sets off the enjoyment within.—I pity him who cannot perceive that in all this, though there was no moral purpose there is a moral effect:—

> 'Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
> O'er a' the *ills* of life victorious.'

What a lesson do these words convey of charitable indulgence for the vicious habits of the principal actor in this scene, and of those who resemble him!—men who, to the rigidly virtuous, are objects almost of loathing, and whom, therefore, they cannot serve!"

"In the inimitable tale of "Tam o' Shanter," says Sir Walter Scott, "Burns has left us sufficient evidence of his ability to combine the ludicrous with the awful, and even the horrible. No Poet, with the exception of Shakspeare, ever possessed the power of exciting the most varied and discordant emotions with such rapid transitions."—"I shall not presume to say," observes Byron, in his controversy with Bowles, "that Pope is as high a poet as Shakspeare and Milton, though his enemy Wharton places him immediately under them. I would no more say this than I would assert in the mosque—once St. Sophia's—that Socrates was a greater man than Mahomet. But if I say that he is very near them, it is no more than has been asserted of Burns, is who supposed

> 'To rival all but Shakspeare's name below.'

I say nothing against this opinion. But of what '*order*,' according to the poetical aristocracy, are Burns's poems? There are his *opus magnum* 'Tam o' Shanter,' a *tale*; 'The Cotter's Saturday Night,' a descriptive sketch: some others in the same style; the rest are songs. So much for the *rank* of his productions: the *rank* of Burns is the very first of his art." It is needless to add more "testimonies of authors;" the applause of his country is enough.

On comparing the printed copy of the poem with the Afton manuscript, some variations appear:—

> "Three lawyers' tongues turned inside out,
> Wi' lies seamed like a beggar's clout:
> Three priests' hearts rotten, black as muck,
> Lay stinking, vile, in every neuk."

It occurred to Burns afterwards that "Three Priests' hearts,"

could not well be present in four corners, which caused him to alter it to—

"And priests' hearts rotten, black as muck."

But as this extended a limited sarcasm, he was easily prevailed upon by Lord Woodhouselee to omit the lines on lawyers as well as priests. The Poet in his manuscript thus intimates the localities of the tale.—"Alloway Kirk, the scene of the following poem is an old ruin in Ayrshire, hard by the great road from Ayr to Maybole, on the banks of the river Doon, and near the old bridge of that name."

I remember with what eagerness Tam o' Shanter was circulated among the Scottish cottages, and how it was scarcely possible for one peasant to meet another without one or both indulging in quotations. Its history has already been related in the Life of the Poet, and the traditions referred to on which it was founded. The poem was the work of a single day, and the circumstance was strongly impressed on the mind of Mrs. Burns. The Poet had lingered longer than his wont by the river side, and taking her children with her, she went out to join him. He was busily engaged crooning to himself, she informed Cromek, and perceiving that her presence was an interruption, she loitered behind with her little ones among the broom. Her attention was presently attracted by the strange and wild gesticulations of the bard, who now at some distance was agonized with an ungovernable excess of joy. He was reciting very loud and with the tears rolling down his cheeks, those animated verses which he had just conceived :—

"Now, Tam! O, Tam! had thae been queans,
A' plump and strappin' in their teens,
Their sarks instead of creeshie flannin,
Been snaw-white se'enteen hunder linen:
Their breeks o' mine, my only pair,
That ance were plush o' gude blue hair,
I wad hae gi'en them aff my hurdies,
For ae blink o' the bonnie burdies."

On going home he connected the loose fragments which he had pencilled down with the passages composed in his mind, and the result was the inimitable story as it now stands—admitted by universal consent to the happiest of all his works. The walk on Nith-side, where his wife found him warmed with the inspiration of his subject, and reciting aloud, is kept in kindly remembrance by the people of the valley; and I am pleased to think that no one will be allowed to do the walk any dishonor, for Ellisland is now the property of my schoolfellow and friend, Joseph Taylor,

who respects whatever is connected with the fame of its former illustrious tenant.

Though written in the vale of Nith, the inspiration as well as subject came from the west. Concerning the scene and the hero Robert Chambers has given an account sufficient to satisfy all reasonable curiosity :—

"Alloway Kirk, with its little enclosed burial-ground next demands the pilgrim's attention. It has long been roofless, but the walls are pretty well preserved, and it still retains its bell at the east end. Upon the whole, the spectator is struck with the idea that the witches must have had rather a narrow stage for the performance of their revels, as described in the poem. The inner area is now divided by a partition-wall, and one part forms the family burial-place of the late Mr. Cathcart, who may perhaps be better known by his judicial designation of Lord Alloway. The "winnock bunker in the east," where sat the awful musician of the party, is a conspicuous feature, being a small window, divided by a thick mullion. Around the building are the vestiges of other openings, at any of which the hero of the tale may be supposed to have looked in upon the hellish scene. Within the last few years the old oaken rafters of the kirk were mostly entire, but they have now been entirely taken away, to form, in various shapes, memorials of a place so remarkably signalized by genius. It is necessary for those who survey the ground in reference to the poem, to be informed that the old road from Ayr to this spot, by which Burns supposed his hero to have approached Alloway Kirk, was considerably to the west of the present one, which, nevertheless, has existed since before the time of Burns. Upon a field about a quarter of a mile to the north-west of the kirk, is a single tree enclosed with a paling, the last remnant of a group which covered

'——————— the cairn,
Whare hunters fand the murdered bairn;'

and immediately beyond that object is

'——————— the foord,
Whare in the snaw the chapman smoor'd;

(namely, a ford over a small burn which soon after joins the Doon); being two places which Tam o' Shanter is described as having passed on his solitary way. The road then made a sweep towards the river, and, passing a well which trickles down into the Doon, where formerly stood a thorn, on which an individual, called in the poem "Mungo's mither," committed suicide, approached Alloway Kirk upon the west. These cir-

cumstances may here appear trivial, but it is surprising with what interest any visitor to the real scene will inquire into, and behold every part of it which can be associated, however remotely, with the poem of 'Tam o' Shanter.' The churchyard contains several old monuments, of a very humble description, marking the resting-places of undistinguished persons, who formerly lived in the neighbourhood, and probably had the usual hereditary title to little spaces of ground in this ancient cemetery. Among those persons rests William Burness, father of the Poet, over whose grave the son had piously raised a small stone, recording his name and the date of his death, together with the short poetical tribute to his memory which is coped in the works of the Bard. But for this monument, long ago destroyed and carried away piece-meal, there is now substituted one of somewhat finer proportions. But the churchyard of Alloway has now become fashionable with the dead as well as the living. Its little area is absolutely crowded with modern monuments, referring to persons, many of whom have been brought from considerable distances to take their rest in this doubly consecrated ground. Among these is one to the memory of a person named Tyrie, who, visiting the spot some years ago, happened to express a wish that he might be laid in Alloway churchyard, and, as fate would have it, was interred in the spot he had pointed out within a fortnight. Nor is this all; for even the neighbouring gentry are now contending for departments in this fold of the departed, and it is probable that the elegant mausolea of rank and wealth will soon be jostling with the stunted obelisks of humble worth and noteless poverty.

"It may be appropriately mentioned at this place, that the original of Tam o' Shanter was an individual named Douglas Graham, a Carrick farmer. Shanter is a farm on the Carrick shore, near Kirkoswald, which Graham long possessed. The man was in sober, or rather drunken truth, the "bletherin', blusterin' blellum" that the poet has described; and his wife was as veritably a lady who most anxiously discouraged drinking in her husband. Burns, when a boy, spent some time at Kirkoswald, in the house of a maternal uncle, who at once practised the craft of a miller, and sold home-brewed ale. To this house, Graham and his brother-in-law, the farmer of Duquhat (which lies between Kirkoswald and Shanter,) used to resort; and finding in Burns some qualities, which, boy as he was, recommended him to their attention, they made him every thing but their drinking companion. Sometimes, the two topers, tired of ale, which they said was rather cold for the stomach, would adjourn to Duquhat, and correct their native liquor with good brandy, which at that

time was supplied by smugglers to every house in Carrick at a price next to nominal. Burns would accompany them in these migrations, an observant boy, inspecting the actions of his dotard seniors. After, perhaps, spending half a night at Duquhat, the farmer of that place, with Burns, would accompany Graham to Shanter; but as the idea of the "sulky sullen dame" rose in their minds, a debate would arise as to the propriety of venturing, even in full strength, into the house, and Graham, perhaps, would, after all, return to Duquhat, and continue the debauch till next day; content to put off the present evil, even at the hazard of encountering it in an accumulated form afterwards. Such were the opportunities afforded to the poet of observing the life of the Carrick farmers of those days.

"It is not easy, even for the actual writer of a fiction, to point out the skeleton ideas and incidents, the shadowy fragments of original and real life, which he has used in composing his work; and any task of this kind must, of course, be still more difficult in another party, writing at the distance of a generation. Among the facts, however, which must have gone to the composition of 'Tam o' Shanter,' there is one, never yet noticed, which probably suggested the tail-piece with which the diabolic panorama is concluded. Douglas Graham had, it seems, a good gray mare, which was very much identified with his own appearance. One day, being in Ayr, he tied the animal to a ring at the door of a public-house, where contrary to his original intentions, he tarried so long that the boys, in the meantime, plucked away the whole of his mare's tail, for the purpose of making fishing-lines. It was not till the next morning, when he awoke from a protracted bouse, that the circumstance was discovered by his son, who came in, crying that the mare had lost her tail. Graham, when he comprehended the amount of the disaster, was, it seems, so much bewildered as to its cause, that he could only attribute it, after a round oath, to the agency of witches. There can be no doubt, we think, that this affair, working in Burns's recollection, was seized upon to serve as the catastrophe to a story, of which the main part, it is well known, was a fire-side legend, respecting a person of unknown name and character.

"The Monument next demands attention. It was erected about ten years ago by subscription, and has only recently been surrounded in proper style by a garden of evergreens. Hardly any object of the kind could be more truly beautiful or worthy of its purpose than this happily designed and happily situated building; nor could any thing be more truly entitled to praise than the manner in which it is kept and managed. The interior

contains a capital copy of the original portrait of the Poet, by Nasmyth, besides various other objects of less moment. In a grotto apart are now placed the celebrated statutes of Tam o' Shanter and Souter Johnny, executed by Mr. James Thom, the self-taught sculptor. After performing the tour of the United Kingdom, and gathering a sum little short, we believe, of five thousand pounds, these singularly felicitous grotesques have been permanently fixed here, being, in fact, the property of the Monument Committee. The arrangements made for their permanent exhibition are in very good taste, and answer the purpose remarkably well."

ADDRESS OF BEELZEBUB

TO

THE PRESIDENT OF THE HIGHLAND SOCIETY.

Long life, my Lord, an' health be yours,
Unskaith'd by hunger'd Highland boars;
Lord grant nae duddie desperate beggar,
Wi' dirk, claymore, or rusty trigger,
May twin auld Scotland o' a life
She likes—as lambkins like a knife.
Faith, you and A———s were right
To keep the Highland hounds in sight,
I doubt na'! they wad bid nae better
Than let them ance out owre the water;
Then up amang the lakes and seas
They'll make what rules and laws they please;
Some daring Hancock, or a Franklin,
May set their Highland bluid a ranklin';
Some Washington again may head them,
Or some Montgomery fearless lead them,
Till God knows what may be effected
When by such heads and hearts directed—
Poor Dunghill sons of dirt and mire
May to Patrician rights aspire!

Nae sage North, now, nor sager Sackville,
To watch and premier o'er the pack vile,
An' whare will ye get Howes and Clintons
To bring them to a right repentance,
To cowe the rebel generation,
An' save the honor o' the nation?
They an' be d——d! what right hae they
To meat or sleep, or light o' day?
Far less to riches, pow'r, or freedom,
But what your lordship likes to gie them?

But hear, my lord! Glengarry, hear!
Your hand's owre light on them, I fear;
Your factors, grieves, trustees, and bailies,
I canna' say but they do gaylies;
They lay aside a' tender mercies,
An' tirl the hallions to the birses;
Yet while they're only poind't and herriet,
They'll keep their stubborn Highland spirit;
But smash them! crash them a' to spails!
An' rot the dyvors i' the jails!
The young dogs, swinge them to the labor;
Let wark an' hunger mak' them sober!
The hizzies, if they're aughtlins fawsont,
Let them in Drury-lane be lesson'd!
An' if the wives an' dirty brats
E'en thigger at your doors an' yetts
Flaffan wi' duds, an' grey wi' beas',
Frightin' awa your deucks an' geese,
Get out a horsewhip or a jowler,
The langest thong, the fiercest growler,
An' gar the tatter'd gypsies pack
Wi' a' their bastarts on their back!
Go on, my Lord! I lang to meet you,
An' in my house at hame to greet you;
Wi' common lords ye shanna mingle,
The benmost neuk beside the ingle,
At my right han' assigned your seat

'Tween Herod's hip and Polycrate,—
Or if you on your station tarrow,
Between Almagro and Pizarro,
A seat, I'm sure ye're weel deservin't;
An' till ye come—Your humble servant,

BEELZEBUB.

June, 1st, Anno Mundi 5790.

In the Scots Magazine for February, 1818, "The Address of Beelzebub" made its appearance—printed, I have since been assured from the manuscript of Burns, and headed thus:—"To the Right Honorable the Earl of Breadalbyne, President of the Right Honorable and Honorable the Highland Society, which met on the 23d of May last, at the Shakspeare, Covent-Garden, to concert ways and means to frustrate the designs of five hundred Highlanders, who, as the society were informed by Mr. M———, of A———s, were so audacious as to attempt an escape from their lawful lords and masters, whose property they were, by emigrating from the lands of Mr. M'Donald of Glengarry to the wilds of Canada in search of that fantastic thing—LIBERTY."

The person who made the communication signs himself R. W. and writes from Ayr: some of his observations are sensible and to the point.—"You will find several indifferent enough lines in it, and one or two rather rough expressions, but nothing I think that can offend any true old-fashioned unsophisticated Scotsman, or even the more fastidious southron who has not lost all remembrance of Fielding, or who has learned to estimate the irresistible naïveté of the Author of Waverley. It has never been printed before, and I consider it a duty to preserve from oblivion every production which the public has a claim to inherit as the legacy of departed genius, unless its publication be offensive to right feeling or derogatory to the talents and character of the author. You will recognize in it something of the compound vigor of Burns's genius: the rustic but keen severity of his sarcasm, and the manly detestation of oppression real or supposed, which so strongly characterized him. For your entire satisfaction, I enclose the original in his own hand-writing; it was given to me by a friend who got it many years ago from the well-known, 'ready-witted Rankine,' the Poet's early and intimate acquaintance."

TO

JOHN TAYLOR.

With Pegasus upon a day,
Apollo weary flying,
Through frosty hills the journey lay,
On foot the way was plying.

Poor slip-shod giddy Pegasus
Was but a sorry walker;
To Vulcan then Apollo goes,
To get a frosty calker.

Obliging Vulcan fell to work,
Threw by his coat and bonnet,
And did Sol's business in a crack;
Sol paid him with a sonnet.

Ye Vulcan's sons of Wanlockhead,
Pity my sad disaster;
My Pegasus is poorly shod—
I'll pay you like my master.

Robert Burns.

Ramages, 3 o'clock, (no date.)

To John Brown, Esq., Ayr, the admirers of Burns are indebted for this very singular petition and the following explanation. The Poet, it seems, during one of his journeys over his ten parishes as an exciseman, had arrived at Wanlockhead on a winter day, when the roads were slippery with ice, and Jenny Geddes (or Peg Nicholson) kept her feet with difficulty. The blacksmith of the place was busied with other pressing matters in the forge, and could not spare time for "frosting" the shoes of the Poet's mare, and it is likely he would have proceeded on his dangerous journey had he not bethought himself of propitiating the son of Vulcan with verse. He called for pen and ink, wrote these verses to John Taylor, a person of influence in Wanlockhead; and when he had done, a gentleman of the name of Sloan, who accompanied him, endorsed it in prose in these

words:—"J. Sloan's best compliments to Mr. Taylor, and it would be doing him and the Ayrshire Bard a particular favor, if he would oblige them instanter with his agreeable company. The road has been so slippery that the riders and the brutes were equally in danger of getting some of their bones broken. For the Poet, his life and limbs are of some consequence to the world; but for poor Sloan, it matters very little what may become of him. The whole of this business is to ask the favor of getting the horses' shoes sharpened.". On the receipt of this, Taylor spoke to the smith; the smith flew to his tools, sharpened the horses' shoes, and, it is recorded, lived thirty years to say he had never been "weel paid but ance, and that was by a poet, who paid him in money, paid him in drink, and paid him in verse.

LAMENT

OF

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS,

ON THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

I.

Now Nature hangs her mantle green
On every blooming tree,
And spreads her sheets o' daisies white
Out o'er the grassy lea:
Now Phœbus cheers the crystal streams,
And glads the azure skies;
But nought can glad the weary wight
That fast in durance lies.

II.

Now lav'rocks wake the merry morn,
Aloft on dewy wing;
The merle, in his noontide bow'r,
Makes woodland echoes ring;
The mavis wild wi' mony a note,
Sings drowsy day to rest:
In love and freedom they rejoice,
Wi' care nor thrall opprest.

III.

Now blooms the lily by the bank,
The primrose down the brae;
The hawthorn's budding in the glen,
And milk-white is the slae;
The meanest hind in fair Scotland
May rove their sweets amang;
But I, the Queen of a' Scotland,
Maun lie in prison strang!

IV.

I was the Queen o' bonnie France,
Where happy I hae been;
Fu' lightly rase I in the morn,
As blythe lay down at e'en:
And I'm the sov'reign of Scotland,
And mony a traitor there;
Yet here I lie in foreign bands,
And never-ending care.

V.

But as for thee, thou false woman!—
My sister and my fae,
Grim vengeance yet shall whet a sword
That thro' thy soul shall gae!
The weeping blood in woman's breast
Was never known to thee;
Nor th' balm that draps on wounds of woe
Frae woman's pitying e'e.

VI.

My son! my son! may kinder stars
Upon thy fortune shine;
And may those pleasures gild thy reign,
That ne'er wad blink on mine!
God keep thee frae thy mother's faes;
Or turn their hearts to thee:
And where thou meet'st thy mother's friend,
Remember him for me!

VII.

O! soon, to me, may summer-suns
Nae mair light up the morn!
Nae mair, to me, the autumn winds
Wave o'er the yellow corn!
And in the narrow house o' death
Let winter round me rave;
And the next flow'rs that deck the spring
Bloom on my peaceful grave!

The Lady Winifred Maxwell Constable, it is said, expressed a wish for a poem on the woes of Queen Mary; and Burns, touched with the pathos of Lord Maxwell's "Good-Night," composed the "Queen Mary's Lament" with his thoughts on that fine ballad. He has caught the olden air and tone rather than imitated the sentiments:—

"Adieu, madame, my mother dear,
But and my sisters three!
Adieu, fair Robert of Orchardstane,
My heart is wae for thee.
Adieu, the lily and the rose,
The primrose fair to see;
Adieu, my lady and only joy!
For I may not stay with thee.

Adieu! Dumfries, my proper place,
But and Carlaverock fair!
Adieu, my castle o' the Thrieve,
Wi' a' my buildings there;
Adieu, Lochmaben's gate sae fair,
And Langholme-holm where birks there be;
Adieu, my ladye and only joy!
For trust me I may not stay with thee."

The Poet was well pleased, it seems, with his performance.—"Whether it is," he says to Graham of Fintray, "that the story of our Mary Queen of Scots has a peculiar effect on the feelings of a poet, or whether I have, in the enclosed ballad, succeeded beyond my usual poetic success, I know not, but it has pleased me beyond any effort of my muse for a good while past." The poem was praised by Lady Winifred, and rewarded by a present of a valuable snuff-box, with the portrait of Queen Mary on the lid. When he visited Terreagles house, he was shown the bed in which that princess slumbered during one troubled night—

an original letter from Charles I., requesting the Earl of Nithsdale to arm and join him in England—and the account written by the Countess of Nithsdale of the last Earl's escape from the Tower in 1715.

Graham, in his drama of Mary Stewart, loves to dwell on the merits as well as the beauty of this unfortunate queen :—

ELIZABETH.—And does she touch the harp with equal skill !
MELVIL.—The chords, though struck with careless sweep, speak love,
Like Cupid's wing along Apollo's lyre ;
And with the notes so sweet is blent her voice
In magic harmony, that none may know
Which is the voice, and which the silver string.
ELIZABETH.—Good—good ; that she excels
In each external grace we know ;—but tell me,
Is she much versed in languages ?
MELVIL.—She speaks the tongues of Scotland and of France,
With equal grace ; Italia's is her sport ;
Each dialect her people use she knows ;
And to the humblest she so suits her phrase,
That rustic maids, at first abashed, look up,
Thinking they hear a sister cottager.

THE WHISTLE.

I SING of a whistle, a whistle of worth
I sing of a whistle, the pride of the North.
Was brought to the court of our good Scottish king,
And long with this whistle, all Scotland shall ring.

Old Loda,* still rueing the arm of Fingal,
The god of the bottle sends down from his hall—
"This whistle's your challenge—to Scotland get o'er,
"And drink them to hell, Sir ! or ne'er see me more !"

Old poets have sung, and old chronicles tell,
What champions ventur'd, what champions fell ;
The son of great Loda was conqueror still,
And blew on the whistle his requiem shrill.

* See Ossian's Caric-thura.

Till Robert, the lord of the Cairn and the Scaur,
Unmatch'd at the bottle, unconquer'd in war,
He drank his poor godship as deep as the sea,
No tide of the Baltic e'er drunker than he.

Thus Robert, victorious, the trophy has gain'd;
Which now in his house has for ages remain'd;
Till three noble chieftains, and all of his blood,
The jovial contest again have renew'd.

Three joyous good fellows with hearts clear of flaw;
Craigdarroch, so famous for wit, worth, and law;
And trusty Glenriddel, so skill'd in old coins;
And gallant Sir Robert, deep-read in old wines.

Craigdarroch began with a tongue smooth as oil,
Desiring Glenriddel to yield up the spoil;
Or else he would muster the heads of the clan,
And once more in claret, try which was the man.

"By the gods of the ancients!" Glenriddel replies,
"Before I surrender so glorious a prize,
I'll conjure the ghost of the great Rorie More,*
And bumper his horn with him twenty times o'er."

Sir Robert, a soldier, no speech would pretend,
But he ne'er turn'd his back on his foe—or his friend,
Said, toss down the whistle, the prize of the field,
And knee-deep in claret, he'd die, or he'd yield.

To the board of Glenriddel our heroes repair,
So noted for drowning of sorrow and care;
But for wine and for welcome not more known to fame
Than the sense, wit, and taste of a sweet lovely dame.

A bard was selected to witness the fray,
And tell future ages the feats of the day;
A bard who detested all sadness and spleen,
And wish'd that Parnassus a vineyard had been.

* See Johnson's Tour to the Hebrides.

The dinner being over, the claret they ply,
And ev'ry new cork is a new spring of joy;
In the bands of old friendship and kindred so set,
And the bands grew the tighter the more they were wet.

Gay pleasure ran riot as bumpers ran o'er;
Bright Phœbus ne'er witness'd so joyous a core,
And vow'd that to leave them he was quite forlorn,
Till Cynthia hinted he'd see them next morn.

Six bottles a-piece had well wore out the night,
When gallant Sir Robert, to finish the fight,
Turn'd o'er in one bumper a bottle of red,
And swore 'twas the way that their ancestor did.

Then worthy Glenriddel, so cautious and sage,
No longer the warfare ungodly would wage;
A high-ruling Elder to wallow in wine!
He left the foul business to folks less divine.

The gallant Sir Robert fought hard to the end;
But who can with fate and quart-bumpers contend?
Though fate said—a hero shall perish in light;
So up rose bright Phœbus—and down fell the knight.

Next up rose our bard, like a prophet in drink:—
"Craigdarroch, thou'lt soar when creation shall sink;
But if thou would flourish immortal in rhyme,
Come—one bottle more—and have at the sublime!

"Thy line, that have struggled for freedom with Bruce,
Shall heroes and patriots ever produce:
So thine be the laurel, and mine be the bay;
The field thou hast won, by yon bright god of day!"

"As the authentic prose history," says Burns, "of the 'Whistle' is curious, I shall here give it. In the train of Anne of Denmark, when she came to Scotland with our James the Sixth, there came over also a Danish gentleman of gigantic

stature and great prowess, and a matchless champion of Bacchus. He had a little ebony whistle, which at the commencement of the orgies he laid on the table, and whoever was the last able to blow it, every body else being disabled by the potency of the bottle, was to carry off the whistle as a trophy of victory. The Dane produced credentials of his victories, without a single defeat, at the courts of Copenhagen, Stockholm, Moscow, Warsaw, and several of the petty courts in Germany; and challenged the Scots Bacchanalians to the alternative of trying his prowess, or else of acknowledging their inferiority. After many overthrows on the part of the Scots, the Dane was encountered by Sir Robert Lawrie, of Maxwelton, ancestor of the present worthy baronet of that name; who, after three days and three nights' hard contest, left the Scandinavian under the table,

'And blew on the Whistle his requiem shrill.'

"Sir Walter, son to Sir Robert before mentioned, afterwards lost the whistle to Walter Riddel, of Glenriddel, who had married a sister of Sir Walter's.—On Friday, the 16th of October, 1790, at Friar's-Carse, the whistle was once more contended for, as related in the ballad, by the present Sir Robert of Maxwelton; Robert Riddel, Esq. of Glenriddel, lineal descendant and representative of Walter Riddel, who won the whistle, and in whose family it had continued; and Alexander Ferguson, Esq. of Craigdarroch, likewise descended of the great Sir Robert; which last gentleman carried off the hard-won honors of the field."

The jovial contest took place in the dining-room of Friar's-Carse, in the presence of the Bard, who drank bottle and bottle about with them, and seemed quite disposed to take up the conqueror when the day dawned. The peasants of the neighbourhood hearing of the pleasant strife, went in groups to inquire how matters went, and all wished that Glenriddel might win, though they lamented that an elder should engage in such a business. Friar's-Carse is now the residence of Mrs. Crichton: the haunts dear to the Poet are not neglected, nor are the antiquarian collections of the former proprietor molested:—it is one of the loveliest spots on Nith-side.

ELEGY

ON

MISS BURNET,

OF MONBODDO.

Life ne'er exulted in so rich a prize
As Burnet, lovely from her native skies;
Nor envious death so triumph'd in a blow,
As that which laid th' accomplish'd Burnet low.

Thy form and mind, sweet maid, can I forget?
In richest ore the brightest jewel set!
In thee, high Heaven above was truest shown,
As by his noblest work the Godhead best is known.

In vain ye flaunt in summer's pride, ye groves;
Thou crystal streamlet with thy flowery shore,
Ye woodland choir that chant your idle loves,
Ye cease to charm—Eliza is no more!

Ye heathy wastes immix'd with ready fens;
Ye mossy streams, with sedge and rushes stor'd;
Ye rugged cliffs, o'erhanging dreary glens,
To you I fly, ye with my soul accord.

Princes, whose cumb'rous pride was all their worth,
Shall venal lays their pompous exit hail?
And thou, sweet excellence! forsake our earth,
And not a muse in honest grief bewail?

We saw thee shine in youth and beauty's pride,
And virtue's light, that beams beyond the spheres;
But, like the sun eclips'd at morning tide,
Thou left'st us darkling in a world of tears.

The parent's heart that nestled fond in thee,
That heart how sunk, a prey to grief and care;
So deckt the woodbine sweet yon aged tree;
So from it ravish'd, leaves it bleak and bare.

The Poet thought so well of his verses on the death of the beautiful and accomplished Elizabeth Burnet, that he gave away many copies to his friends: two of these are now before me; but they offer no variations worthy of remark. Her father, Lord Monboddo, was at once whimsical and acute; odd in his manners and elegant. He asserted, in his Origin and Progress of Language, that men were originally no better than brutes: alike destitute of reason, language, conscience, and social affection. He maintained that civilized man is but an improved ourang-outang; that men formerly had tails; that beavers are social, reflective, and political animals, and, in their natural state, are superior to unistructed man, with whom all is the consequence of long experience, continued labor and application. He illustrated his strange opinions with many shrewd and acute remarks, but rejoiced in no converts; he found men were too vain to acknowledge such paternity as a baboon. He had the reputation of giving the most elegant entertainments during his day in the northern metropolis: he had flowers of all hues and wines of all qualities: odors as well as light were diffused by lamps, nor was his entertainments without the charm of music.

"In domestic circumstances," says Chambers, in his agreeable biography, "Monboddo was particularly unfortunate. His wife, a very beautiful woman, died in child-bed. His son, a promising boy, in whose education he took great delight, was likewise snatched from his affections by a premature death; and his second daughter, in personal loveliness one of the first women of the age, was cut off by consumption, when only twenty-five years old. The praise of the Poet was not considered extravagant:—

'Fair Burnet strikes th' adoring eye,
Heaven's beauties on my fancy shine;
I see the Sire of Love on high,
And own his work indeed divine."

LAMENT

FOR

JAMES, EARL OF GLENCAIRN.

I.

The wind blew hollow frae the hills,
By fits the sun's departing beam

Look'd on the fading yellow woods
That wav'd o'er Lugar's winding stream:
Beneath a craigy steep, a bard,
Laden with years and meikle pain,
In loud lament bewail'd his lord,
Whom death had all untimely ta'en.

II.

He lean'd him to an ancient aik,
Whose trunk was mould'ring down with years;
His locks were bleached white with time,
His hoary cheek was wet wi' tears;
And as he touch'd his trembling harp,
And as he tun'd his doleful sang,
The winds, lamenting thro' their caves,
To echo bore the notes alang.

III.

"Ye scatter'd birds that faintly sing
The reliques of the vernal quire!
Ye woods that shed on a' the winds
The honors of the aged year!
A few short months, and glad and gay,
Again ye'll charm the ear and e'e;
But nocht in all revolving time
Can gladness bring again to me.

IV.

"I am a bending aged tree,
That long has stood the wind and rain;
But now has come a cruel blast,
And my last hold of earth is gane:
Nae leaf o' mine shall greet the spring,
Nae simmer sun exalt my bloom;
But I maun lie before the storm,
And ithers plant them in my room.

V.

"I've seen sae mony changefu' years,
On earth I am a stranger grown;

I wander in the ways of men,
Alike unknowing and unknown:
Unheard, unpitied, unrelieved,
I bear alane my lade o' care,
For silent, low, on beds of dust,
Lie a' that would my sorrows share.

VI.

"And last (the sum of a' my griefs!)
My noble master lies in clay;
The flow'r amang our barons bold,
His country's pride! his country's stay—
In weary being now I pine,
For a' the life of life is dead,
And hope has left my aged ken,
On forward wing for ever fled.

VII.

"Awake thy last sad voice, my harp!
The voice of woe and wild despair;
Awake! resound thy latest lay—
Then sleep in silence evermair!
And thou, my last, best, only friend,
That fillest an untimely tomb,
Accept this tribute from the bard
Thou brought from fortune's mirkest gloom.

VIII.

"In poverty's low barren vale
Thick mists, obscure, involv'd me round;
Though oft I turn'd the wistful eye,
Nae ray of fame was to be found:
Thou found'st me, like the morning's sun,
That melts the fogs in limpid air,
The friendless bard and rustic song
Became alike thy fostering care.

IX.

"O! why has worth so short a date?
While villains ripen gray with time;

Must thou, the noble, gen'rous, great,
Fall in bold manhood's hardy prime!
Why did I live to see that day?
A day to me so full of woe!—
O! had I met the mortal shaft
Which laid my benefactor low!

X.

"The bridegroom may forget the bride,
Was made his wedded wife yestreen:
The monarch may forget the crown
That on his head an hour has been;
The mother may forget the child
That smiles sae sweetly on her knee;
But I'll remember thee, Glencairn,
And a' that thou hast done for me!"

With James Cunningham, Earl of Glencairn, perished the last hope of Burns, of obtaining "a pension, post, or place" in his native land. He was generous and accomplished, and admired the Poet through his poetry; the last of the male line of the family became extinct by the death of this Earl's brother; the title has lain dormant since. The Glencairn Cunninghams are descended from Warnebald de Cunningham, a Norman, the companion of Hugh de Morville, Constable of Scotland, who died in 1162. They were distinguished in the border-wars; and Alexander, the fifth Earl, a warrior, a poet, and a reformer, was one of the most active of the leaders of the Congregation, and undertook and accomplished some hazardous enterprises. Another of the line resisted with much gallanty the English under the Parliamentary leaders, and obtained the praise of Clarendon. The family, never rich, became very poor, and one of the Earls married a musician's daughter, with a handsome fortune. A son of this marriage, tradition says, was at a ball in Edinburgh, when a dispute arose between him and one of the Kennedys of Cassillis, regarding a suitable tune for the dance. "I wish," said Cassillis, "that we had your grandfather here; he was skilful, I have heard."—"Yes," retorted Glencairn, "he excelled all the west in playing Johnny Faa." A duel was the consequence.

Burns mourned the death of the Earl with melancholy sin-

cerity.—"As all the world knows," he says to Lady E. Cunningham, "my obligations to the late Earl of Glencairn, I would wish to show as openly that my heart glows, and shall ever glow, with the most grateful sense and remembrance of his Lordship's goodness. The sables I did myself the honor to wear to his Lordship's memory were not the 'mockery of woe.' Nor shall my gratitude perish with me. If, among my children, I shall have a son that has a heart, he shall hand it down to his child as a family honor, and a family debt, that my dearest existence I owe to the noble house of Glencairn." One of the Poet's sons, now a captain in the service of the East India company, was baptized James Glencairn, after his beloved patron.

LINES

SENT TO

SIR JOHN WHITEFOORD, BART., OF WHITEFOORD,

WITH THE FOREGOING POEM.

THOU, who thy honor as thy God rever'st,
Who, save thy mind's reproach, nought earthly fear'st,
To thee this votive offering I impart,
The tearful tribute of a broken heart.
The friend thou valued'st, I, the patron, lov'd;
His worth, his honor, all the world approv'd.
We'll mourn till we too go as he has gone,
And tread the dreary path to that dark world unkn own.

Sir John Whitefoord interested himself in the fortunes of Burns soon after the appearance of the first edition of his poems; for this the Poet was indebted to the active kindness of Dr. Mackenzie, who is still living to remember—and with silent pleasure—that he promoted his interest, spread his fame, and defended his character, in days when friends were few, and his great merits, were unknown beyond the limits of Kyle. It is true that Burns, in one of his letters, attributes his notice to the spontaneous impulse of Sir John's own heart; but it is no less true that Mackenzie smoothed the way

ADDRESS

TO

THE SHADE OF THOMSON,

ON CROWNING HIS BUST AT EDNAM, ROXBURGHSHIRE, WITH BAYS.

WHILE virgin Spring, by Eden's flood,
Unfolds her tender mantle green,
Or pranks the sod in frolic mood,
Or tunes Eolian strains between:

While Summer with a matron grace
Retreats to Dryburgh's cooling shade,
Yet oft, delighted, stops to trace
The progress of the spiky blade:

While Autumn, benefactor kind,
By Tweed directs his aged head,
And sees, with self-approving mind,
Each creature on his bounty fed:

While maniac Winter rages o'er
The hills whence classic Yarrow flows,
Rousing the turbin torrent's roar,
Or sweeping, wild, a waste of snows:

So long, sweet Poet of the year!
Shall bloom that wreath thou well hast won;
While Scotia, with exulting tear,
Proclaims that Thomson was her son.

"Lord Buchan has the pleasure to invite Mr. Burns to make one at the coronation of the bust of Thomson, on Ednam Hill, on the 22d of September; for which day perhaps his muse may inspire an ode suited to the occasion. Suppose Mr. Burns should, leaving the Nith, go across the country, and meet the Tweed at the nearest point from his farm, and, wandering along

the pastoral banks of Thomson's pure parent stream, catch inspiration in the devious walk, till he finds Lord Buchan sitting on the ruins of Dryburgh. There the Commendator will give him a hearty welcome, and try to light his lamp at the pure flame of native genius, upon the altar of Caledonian virtue." To request the Poet to lay down his sickle when his harvest was half reaped, and traverse one of the wildest and most untrodden ways in Scotland, for the purpose of looking at the fantastic coronation of the bad bust of an excellent poet, was worthy of the Earl of Buchan. The poor bard made answer, that a week's absence in the middle of his harvest was a step he durst not venture upon—but he sent this poem.

The Poet's manuscript affords the following interesting variations :—

"While cold-eyed Spring, a virgin coy,
Unfolds her verdant mantle sweet.
Or pranks the sod in frolic joy
A carpet for her youthful feet:

"While Summer, with a matron's grace,
Walks stately in the cooling shade,
And oft delighted loves to trace
The progress of the spiky blade:

"While Autumn, benefactor kind,
With age's hoary honors clad,
Surveys, with self-approving mind,
Each creature on his bounty fed."

TO

ROBERT GRAHAM, Esq.

OF FINTRAY.

Late crippl'd of an arm, and now a leg,
About to beg a pass for leave to beg:
Dull, listless, teas'd, dejected, and deprest,
Nature is adverse to a cripple's rest);
Will generous Graham list to his Poet's wail?
(It soothes poor misery, hearkening to her tale),
And hear him curse the light he first survey'd,
And doubly curse the luckless rhiming trade?

Thou, Nature, partial Nature! I arraign;
Of thy caprice maternal I complain.
The lion and the bull thy care have found,
One shakes the forests, and one spurns the ground:
Thou giv'st the ass his hide, the snail his shell,
Th' envenom'd wasp, victorious, guards his cell;
Thy minions, kings, defend, control, devour,
In all th' omnipotence of rule and power;
Foxes and statesmen, subtile wiles insure;
The cit and polecat stink, and are secure;
Toads with their poison, doctors with their drug,
The priest and hedgehog in their robes are snug;
Ev'n silly woman has her warlike arts,
Her tongue and eyes, her dreaded spear and darts;—
But, oh! thou bitter stepmother and hard,
To thy poor, fenceless, naked child—the Bard!
A thing unteachable in world's skill,
And half an idiot, too, more helpless still;
No heels to bear him from the op'ning dun;
No claws to dig, his hated sight to shun;
No horns, but those by luckless Hymen worn,
And those, alas! not Amalthea's horn:
No nerves olfact'ry, Mammon's trusty cur,
Clad in rich dullness' comfortable fur;—
In naked feeling, and in aching pride,
He bears the unbroken blast from ev'ry side:
Vampyre booksellers drain him to the heart,
And scorpion critics cureless venom dart.

Critics!—appall'd I venture on the name,
Those cut-throat bandits in the paths of fame:
Bloody dissectors, worse than ten Monroes!
He hacks to teach, they mangle to expose.

His heart by causeless wanton malice wrung,
By blockheads' daring into madness stung;
His well-won bays, than life itself more dear,
By miscreants torn, who ne'er one sprig must wear:

Foil'd, bleeding, tortur'd, in the unequal strife,
The hapless poet flounders on through life;
'Till fled each hope that once his bosom fir'd,
And fled each muse that glorious once inspir'd,
Low sunk in squalid, unprotected age,
Dead, even resentment, for his injur'd page,
He heeds or feels no more the ruthless critic's rage!

So, by some hedge, the gen'rous steed deceas'd,
For half-starv'd snarling curs a dainty feast:
By toil and famine wore to skin and bone,
Lies senseless o f each tugging bitch's son.

O dulness! portion of the truly blest!
Calm shelter'd haven of eternal rest!
Thy sons ne'er madden in the fierce extremes
Of fortune's polar frost, or torrid beams.
If mantling high she fills the golden cup,
With sober selfish ease they sip it up:
Conscious the bounteous meed they well deserve,
They only wonder "some folks" do not starve.
The grave sage hern thus easy picks his frog,
And thinks the mallard a sad worthless dog.
When disappointment snaps the clue of hope,
And thro' disastrous night they darkling grope,
With deaf endurance sluggishly they bear,
And just conclude that "fools are fortune's care."
So, heavy, passive to the tempest's shocks,
Strong on the sign-post stands the stupid ox.

Not so the idle muses' mad-cap train,
Not such the workings of their moon-struck brain;
In equanimity they never dwell,
By turns in soaring heav'n, or vaulted hell.

I dread thee, fate, relentless and severe,
With all a poet's, husband's, father's fear!
Already one strong hold of hope is lost,
Glencairn, the truly noble, lies in dust;
(Fled, like the sun eclips'd as noon appears,
And left us darkling in a world of tears:)

O! hear my ardent, grateful, selfish pray'r!—
Fintray, my other stay, long bless and spare!
Thro' a long life his hopes and wishes crown;
And bright in cloudless skies his sun go down!
May bliss domestic smooth his private path;
Give energy to life; and sooth his latest breath,
With many a filial tear circling the bed of death!

The Poet complains in this vigorous epistle that he is maimed leg and arm, and about to "beg a pass for leave to beg." This poem was written for the purpose of preparing the way for a humble request? Burns began to feel that his weekly expeditions in the ten parishes were matters of great toil as well as expense: he expressed a wish to be removed to a district of moderate bounds, that he might have more time for the service of the muse.

That Burns rode hard, some of his readers may have already surmised from his adventures with Jenny Geddes and Peg Nicholson. In a letter to Collector Mitchell, he speaks freely about his galloping; the kindness of John Campbell, Surgeon, Aberdeen, that gentleman's grandson, has enabled me to publish it for the first time—there is no date: but the allusion to the district of ten parishes gives the time.

"Sir,—I shall not fail to wait on Captain Riddel to-night—I wish and pray that the Goddess of Justice herself would appear to-morrow among our Hon. Gentlemen, merely to give them a word in their ear that, 'mercy to the thief is injustice to the honest man.' For my part I have galloped over my ten parishes these four days, until this moment that I am just alighted, or rather, that my poor jackass-skeleton of a horse has let me down; for the miserable devil has been on his knees half a score of times within the last twenty miles, telling me in his own way, 'Behold, am not I thy faithful jade of a horse, on which thou hast ridden these many years!' In short, Sir, I have broke my horse's wind, and almost broke my own neck, besides some injuries in a part that shall be nameless, owing to a hard-hearted stone for a saddle. I find that every offender has so many great men to espouse his cause that I shall not be surprised if I am committed to the stronghold of the law to-morrow, for insolence to the dear friends of the gentlemen of the country.

"I have the honor to be, Sir,

"Your obliged and obedient humble,

"Robert Burns."

TO

ROBERT GRAHAM, Esq.,

OF FINTRAY,

ON RECEIVING A FAVOR.

I CALL no goddess to inspire my strains,
A fabled muse may suit a bard that feigns;
Friend of my life! my ardent spirit burns,
And all the tribute of my heart returns,
For boons accorded, goodness ever new,
The gift still dearer, as the giver, you.

Thou orb of day! thou other paler light!
And all ye many sparkling stars of night;
If aught that giver from my mind efface;
If I that giver's bounty e'er disgrace;
Then roll to me, along your wandering spheres,
Only to number out a villain's years!

Robert Graham of Fintray has the merit of doing all that was done for Burns in the way of raising him out of the toiling humility of his condition, and enabling him to serve the muse without dread or want. Fintray had, indeed, little in his power; but he exercised his power willingly, and not only obtained the Poet an appointment in the Excise, but was instrumental in removing him to a district requiring less personal exertion. Nor should it be forgotten that he defended him with obstinate eloquence when imputations were thrown upon his loyalty. These verses were written on receiving the favor which the previous epistle prayed for.

A VISION.

As I stood by yon roofless tower,
Where the wa'-flower scents the dewy air,
Where th' howlet mourns in her ivy bower,
And tells the midnight moon her care;

The winds were laid, the air was still,
The stars they shot alang the sky;
The fox was howling on the hill,
And the distant-echoing glens reply.

The stream, adown its hazelly path,
Was rushing by the ruin'd wa's,
Hasting to join the sweeping Nith,*
Whose distant roaring swells and fa's.

The cauld blue north was streaming forth
Her lights, wi' hissing eerie din;
Athort the lift they start and shift,
Like fortune's favors, tint as win.

By heedless chance I turn'd mine eyes,
And, by the moonbeam, shook to see
A stern and stalwart ghaist arise,
Attir'd as minstrels wont to be.†

Had I a statue been o' stane,
His darin' look had daunted me;
And on his bonnet grav'd was plain,
The sacred posy—'Libertie!'

And frae his harp sic strains did flow,
Might rous'd the slumb'ring dead to hear;
But, oh! it was a tale of woe,
As ever met a Briton's ear.

He sang wi' joy the former day,
He weeping wail'd his latter times;
But what he said it was nae play,—
I winna ven tur't in my rhymes.

---

* *Variation.* To join yon river on the Strath.

† *Variation.* Now looking over firth and fauld,
Her horn the pale-fac'd Cynthia rear'd;
When, lo, in form of minstrel auld,
A stern and stalwart ghaist appear'd.

To the splendid vision of Liberty which Burns evoked among the ruins of old Lincluden, he was, perhaps, afraid of giving a song in character—the words might have been otherwise than pleasing to those who then held rule in the land. An imperfect copy of this noble poem was printed in Johnson's "Musical Museum," burthened at the close of every verse with a chorus, which interrupted the sentiment:—

"A lassie all alone,
Was making her moan,
Lamenting our lads beyond the sea:
In the bloody wars they fa',
And our honor's gane and a',
And broken-hearted we maun die."

The scene is chiefly copied from nature: but the wall-flower and the ivy, the distant roaring of the Nith, and the fox howling on the hill, seem rather to point to Sweetheart Abbey. Lincluden was a favorite resort of the Poet; and, indeed, a lovelier spot, or one more suitable for meditation, cannot well be imagined.—"To the south," says John Macdiarmid, in his pleasing account of the place, "appears the ancient town of Dumfries, distant little more than a mile, the spires of which are seen, and the chime of its bells distinctly heard: the Clouden laves the banks of what must have formed part of the Abbey garden, and, at a point within view, ends its pilgrimage as a separate stream, by murmuring placidly into the bed of the Nith. Beneath is a fertile haugh or holm, bounded by the newly united streams around: pointing to the south-east, are the remains of a bowling-green and flower-garden, the parterres and scrolls of which were visible in 1789; and beyond, an artificial mount, with its spiral walk, turf seat, and tufted trees, once the favorite resort of nuns and monks, and affording a delightful prospect of the surrounding country."

Lincluden was founded by one of the Lords of Galloway in the reign of Malcom the Fourth—very richly endowed, and tenanted till the year 1400 by Benedictine nuns. The licentious manners of those ladies so exasperated Archibald Douglas, surnamed The Grim, that he turned them out, and changed it to a college, with a provost and twelve bedesmen. The structure was once a noble one—the ruins are still majestic. It measured 162 feet from north to south, 116 from east to west, and its principal tower rose 100 feet in height. The style is pure Gothic; the choir was rich in carving and sculpture: the roof was treble, and the corbels, from which the ribs of the arches sprung, were grotesquely cut into heads or shields. The beauty of the whole,

however, is greatly impaired by the rubbish which chokes up the interior. This may be removed without danger, and were the top of the walls covered with thin freestone, or slate, it would keep the rain from soaking through the joints, and destroying the solid masonry. Marmaduke Constable Maxwell, to whom Lincluden belongs, should think of this; he cannot do a more acceptable action: let him not, however, attempt restoration.

TO

JOHN MAXWELL OF TERRAUGHTY,

ON HIS BIRTH-DAY.

HEALTH to the Maxwell's vet'ran chief!
Health, ay unsour'd by care or grief:
Inspir'd I turn'd Fate's sybil leaf
This natal morn;
I see thy life is stuff o' prief,
Scarce quite half worn.

This day thou metes threescore eleven,
And I can tell that bounteous Heaven
(The second sight, ye ken, is given
To ilka Poet,)
On thee a tack o' seven times seven
Will yet bestow it.

If envious buckies view wi' sorrow
Thy lengthen'd days on this blest morrow,
May desolation's lang teeth'd harrow,
Nine miles an hour,
Rake them like Sodom and Gomorrah,
In brunstane stoure—

But for thy friends, and they are mony,
Baith honest men and lassies bonnie,

May couthie fortune, kind and cannie,
In social glee,
Wi' mornings blythe and e'enings funny
Bless them and thee!

Fareweel, auld birkie! Lord be near ye,
And then the Deil he daur na steer ye:
Your friends ay love, your faes aye fear ye,
For me, shame fa' me,
If neist my heart I dinna wear ye
While Burns they ca' me!

John Maxwell of Terraughty and Munshes, to whom these verses are addressed, was one of the most remarkable men of his day. He was descended from the earls of Nithsdale: he shared also in the blood of the house of Herries: but he cared little about lineage, and claimed merit only from a judgment sound and clear—a knowledge of business which penetrated into all the concerns of life, and a skill in handling the most difficult subjects, which was considered unrivalled. He cared for no one's good word—he regarded no one's ill will—flattery and censure were alike lost on him: under an austere manner he hid much kindness of heart, and was in a fair way of doing an act of gentleness when he spoke sternly and peremptorily. He loved to meet Burns; not that he either cared for or comprehended poetry; but he was pleased with his knowledge of human nature, and with the keen and piercing remarks in which he indulged. The laird of Terraughty was seventy-one years old when these verses were written. He survived the Poet twenty years.

THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN.

AN OCCASIONAL ADDRESS SPOKEN BY MISS FONTENELLE ON HER BENEFIT NIGHT.

While Europe's eye is fix'd on mighty things,
The fate of empires and the fall of kings;
While quacks of state must each produce his plan,
And even children lisp the Rights of Man;

Amid this mighty fuss just let me mention,
The Rights of Woman merit some attention.

First, in the sexes' intermixed connexion,
One sacred Right of Woman is protection.
The tender flower that lifts its head, elate,
Helpless must fall before the blasts of fate,
Sunk on the earth, defac'd its lovely form,
Unless your shelter ward th' impending storm.

Our second right—but needless here is caution,
To keep that right inviolate's the fashion,
Each man of sense has it so full before him,
He'd die before he'd wrong it—'tis decorum.—
There was, indeed, in far less polish'd days,
A time, when rough rude man had naughty ways;
Would swagger, swear, get drunk, kick up a riot,
Nay even thus invade a lady's quiet.
Now, thank our stars! these Gothic times are fled;
Now, well-bred men—and you are all well-bred—
Most justly think (and we are much the gainers)
Such conduct neither spirit, wit nor manners.*

For Right the third, our last, our best, our dearest,
That right to fluttering female hearts the nearest,
Which even the Rights of Kings in low prostration!
Most humbly own—'tis dear, dear admiration!
In that blest sphere alone we live and move;
There taste that life of life—immortal love.—
Smiles, glances, sighs, tears, fits, flirtations, airs,
'Gainst such an host what flinty savage dares—
When awful Beauty joins with all her charms,
Who is so rash as rise in rebel arms?

But truce with kings and truce with constitutions,
With bloody armaments and revolutions,
Let majesty your first attention summon,
Ah! ca ira! THE MAJESTY OF WOMAN!

* Ironical allusion to the Saturnalia of the Caledonian Hunt.

Miss Fontenelle, for whom these verses were written, was one of Mr. Williamson's actresses; she was young and pretty, and indulged in levities both of speech and action. The Rights of Man had been advocated by Paine; the Rights of Woman had been urged with earnest vehemence by Mary Wolstonecroft, and nothing was talked of but moral and political regeneration. The Poet, with some skill, availed himself of the ruling sentiment of the time, and made the actress claim protection for the merits of tender, helpless woman—protection decorously bestowed, unaccompanied by rudeness. The address, one told me who was present, was well received by the audience; the ironical allusion to the annual Saturnalia of the Caledonian Hunt, was understood, and when reprehended by a solitary hiss or two, was rapturously applauded by pit and galleries.

The public mind was then in a yeasty state, and very easily moved: the line—

"But truce with kings, and truce with constitutions,"

was caught eagerly up, and had some sharp disapprobation bestowed on it, till the happy turn of the succeeding lines restored harmony.

MONODY,

ON A LADY FAMED FOR HER CAPRICE.

How cold is that bosom which folly once fired,
How pale is the cheek where the rouge lately glisten'd!
How silent that tongue which the echoes oft tired,
How dull is that ear which to flattery so listen'd!

If sorrow and anguish their exit await,
From friendship and dearest affection remov'd;
How doubly severer, Maria, thy fate,
Thou diedst unwept as thou livedst unlov'd.

Loves, Graces, and Virtues, I call not on you;
So shy, grave, and distant, ye shed not a tear:
But come, all ye offspring of Folly so true,
And flowers let us cull for Maria's cold bier.

We'll search through the garden for each silly flower,
We'll roam through the forest for each idle weed;
But chiefly the nettle, so typical, shower,
For none e'er approach'd her but rued the rash deed.

We'll sculpture the marble, we'll measure the lay;
Here Vanity strums on her idiot lyre;
There keen Indignation shall dart on her prey,
Which spurning Contempt shall redeem from his ire.

THE EPITAPH.

Here lies, now a prey to insulting neglect,
What once was a butterfly, gay in life's beam:
Want only of wisdom, denied her respect,
Want only of goodness, denied her esteem.

In this sharp lampoon, Burns satirizes a lady, young, beautiful, much of a wit, and something of a poetess—Mrs. Riddel of Woodlee-Park, now Goldielee. How she incurred his displeasure has been variously related: the all but general opinion is, that she smiled on those whom the Poet contemptuously called "epauletted coxcombs," more than he thought respectful to his own deserts, and he was not one likely to let neglect pass unnoticed. The copy of this lampoon, which Burns sent to John M'Murdo of Drumlanrig, is now before me: the name is written Maria, it differs in nothing save a single word from the common copy. The lady lived to forgive and forget the bitterness of the Bard: she had a fine library and lent him books; she was a fair scholar and sometimes translated from French or Italian, or Latin verse for his amusement, nor was she unwilling to write rhymes, and it must be confessed that she sometimes merited praise both for harmony and elegance. In the Inscription which she wrote for a hermitage in one of the West India isles, of which she was a native, there are many pretty lines:—

"Soon as Aurora wakes the dawn,
I press with nimble feet the lawn,
Eager to deck the favorite bower,
With every opening bud and flower;
Explore each shrub and balmy sweet,
To scatter o'er my mossy seat;

And teach around in wreaths to stray,
The rich pomegranates pliant spray;
At noon reclined in yonder glade,
Panting beneath the tamarind's shade;
Or where the palm-trees nodding head,
Guards from the sun my verdant bed.
I quaff to slake my thirsty soul,
The cocoa's full nectareous bowl,
At eve beneath some spreading tree,
I read the inspired poesie
Of Milton, Pope, or Spenser mild,
And Shakspeare, Fancy's brightest child;
To tender Sterne I lend an ear,
Or drop o'er Heloise the tear:
Sometimes with Anna tune the lay,
And doze in song the cheerful day."

That Mrs. Riddel lamented deeply the death of Burns, we have other evidence than the following verses, dated Nith-side, 1796; which point to his grave:—

"Despairing I rove by this still running stream,
While Corin's sad fate is for ever my theme;
For 'twas here we oft wander'd the long summer days,
And each vale *then* harmonious re-echoed his lays;
The woods with delight bowed their tops to his song.
While the streamlet responsive ran murmuring along:
The songsters were mute when he tuned his soft reed,
And fays danc'd round on the green chequer'd mead."

EPISTLE

FROM

ESOPUS TO MARIA.

From those drear solitudes and frowsy cells,
Where infamy with sad repentance dwells;
Where turnkeys make the jealous portal fast,
And deal from iron hands the spare repast;
Where truant 'prentices, yet young in sin,
Blush at the curious stranger peeping in;
Where strumpets, relics of the drunken roar,
Resolve to drink, nay half to whore no more;

Where tiny thieves not destin'd yet to swing,
Beat hemp for others, riper for the string:
From these dire scenes my wretched lines I date,
To tell Maria her Esopus' fate.

"Alas! I feel I am no actor here!"
'Tis real hangmen, real scourges bear!
Prepare, Maria, for a horrid tale
Will turn thy very rouge to deadly pale;
Will make thy hair, tho' erst from gipsy polled,
By barber woven, and by barber sold,
Though twisted smooth with Harry's nicest care,
Like hoary bristles to erect and stare.
The hero of the mimic scene, no more
I start in Hamlet, in Othello roar;
Or haughty Chieftain, 'mid the din of arms,
In Highland bonnet woo Malvina's charms;
While sans culottes stoop up the mountain high,
And steal from me Maria's prying eye
Blest Highland bonnet! Once my proudest dress,
Now prouder still, Maria's temples press.
I see her wave thy towering plumes afar,
And call each coxcomb to the wordy war.
I see her face the first of Ireland's sons,*
And even out-Irish his Hibernian bronze;
The crafty colonel † leaves the tartaned lines,
For other wars, where he a hero shines;
The hopeful youth, in Scottish senate bred,
Who owns a Bushby's heart without the head;
Comes, 'mid a string of coxcombs to display,
That veni, vidi, vici, is his way;
The shrinking bard adown an alley skulks,
And dreads a meeting worse than Woolwich hulks;
Though there, his heresies in church and state
Might well award him Muir and Palmer's fate:
Still she undaunted reels and rattes on,
And dares the public like a noontide sun.

* Gillespie. † Col. M'Dowal.

(What scandal called Maria's janty stagger,
The ricket reeling of a crooked swagger?
Whose spleen e'en worse than BURNS' venom when
He dips in gall unmixed his eager pen,—
And pours his vengence in the burning line,
Who christened thus Maria's lyre divine;
The idiot strum of vanity bemused,
And even th' abuse of poesy abused!
Who called her verse, a parish workhouse made
For motley, foundling fancies, stolen or strayed?

A workhouse! ah, that sound awakes my woes,
And pillows on the thorn my rack'd repose!
In durance vile here must I wake and weep,
And all my frowzy couch in sorrow steep;
That straw where many a rogue has lain of yore,
And vermined gipsies littered heretofore.

Why, Lonsdale thus, thy wrath on vagrants pour,
Must earth no rascal save thyself endure?
Must thou alone in guilt immortal swell,
And make a vast monopoly of hell?
Thou know'st, the virtues cannot hate thee worse,
The vices also, must they club their curse?
Or must no tiny sin to others fall,
Because thy guilt's supreme enough for all?

Maria, send me too thy griefs and cares;
In all of thee sure thy Esopus shares.
As thou at all mankind the flag unfurls,
Who on my fair one satire's vengeance hurls?
Who calls thee, pert, affected, vain coquette,
A wit in folly, and a fool in wit.
Who says, that fool alone is not thy due,
And quotes thy treacheries to prove it true?
Our force united on thy foes we'll turn,
And dare the war with all of woman born:
For who can write and speak as thou and I?
My periods that decyphering defy,
And thy still matchless tongue that conquers all reply.

The Esopus of this strange epistle was Williamson the actor, and the Maria to whom it is addressed was Mrs Riddel. The actor we may leave in the obscurity to which men of indifferent talents sink, who

"In Hamlet start, or in Othello roar;"

but the lady merits no such oblivion, were it only for her having forgiven the Poet for his lampoons—and sincerer still, perhaps—written a sensible, clear, heart-warm account of him when laid in the grave. Nor did her kindness stop there; she stirred herself actively in promoting the welfare of his widow and children: she maintained a long correspondence with the eminent sculptor, Banks, respecting a proper memorial to the memory of Burns—on which she displayed much good sense and good feeling, and she communicated to Currie many traits of his character, and habits of composition.

Not a little of the man is visible in this poem: Burns sees nothing in the poetry of "Maria," but

"Motley foundling fancies, stolen or strayed;"

and he hears nothing in her conversation, save her

"Still matchless tongue, that conquers all reply."

The poem is printed from his manuscript.

POEM

ON PASTORAL POETRY.

Hail Poesie! thou Nymph reserv'd!
In chase o' thee, what crowds hae swerv'd
Frae common sense, or sunk enerv'd
'Mang heaps o' clavers;
And och! o'er aft thy joes hae starv'd,
Mid a' thy favors!

Say, Lassie, why thy train amang,
While loud, the trump's heroic clang,
And sock or buskin skelp alang
To death or marriage;
Scarce ane has tried the shehperd-sang
But wi' miscarriage?

In Homer's craft Jock Milton thrives;
Eschylus' pen Will Shakspeare drives;
Wee Pope, the knurlin, 'till him rives
Horatian fame;
In thy sweet sang, Barbauld, survives
Even Sappho's flame.

But thee, Theocritus, wha matches?
They're no herd's ballats, Maro's catches;
Squire Pope but busks his skinklin patches
O' heathen tatters:
I pass by hunders, nameless wretches,
That ape their betters.

In this braw age o' wit and lear,
Will nane the Shepherd's whistle mair
Blaw sweetly in its native air
And rural grace;
And wi' the far-fam'd Grecian share
A rival place?

Yes! there is ane; a Scottish callan—
There's ane; come forrit, honest Allan!
Thou need na jouk behint the hallan,
A chiel sae clever;
The teeth o' time may gnaw Tantallan,
But thou's for ever!

Thou paints auld nature to the nines,
In thy sweet Caledonian lines;
Nae gowden stream thro' myrtles twines,
Where Philomel,
While nightly breezes sweeps the vines,
Her griefs will tell!

In gowany glens thy burnie strays,
Where bonnie lasses bleach their claes;
Or trots by hazelly shaws and braes,
Wi' hawthorns gray,
Where blackbirds join the shepherd's lays,
At close o' day.

Thy rural loves are nature's sel';
Nae bombast spates o' nonsense swell;
Nae snap conceits, but that sweet spell
O' witchin' love;
That charm that can the strongest quell,
The sternest move.

This poem was found by Dr. Currie among the papers of the Poet, and in his hand-writing: but Gilbert Burns says—"There is some doubt of its being his." The second verse alone would go far to remove all doubts: the lines, too, which characterize the Pastorals of Pope, and the concluding stanza of the poem, bear the Burns' stamp, which no one has been successful in counterfeiting. It is much to be regretted that one who felt so well, and knew so much, refrained from composing a pastoral or rural drama: to this object some of his correspondents directed his attention, he mused on subject and scene—and did no more.

Burns found many counsellors: the most prudent was Telford, the eminent engineer, a native of Dumfrieshire, and a poet as well as a man of science. In a poem of considerable merit, he pointed out several touching topics for the muse:—

"The parish-school—its curious site,
The master, who can clear indite,
And lead them on to count and write,
Demand thy care;
Nor pass the ploughman-school at night
Without a share.

"Nor yet the tentie curious lad,
Who o'er the ingle hangs his head,
And begs of neighbours books to read,
For hence arise
Thy country's sons, who far are spread,
Baith bauld and wise."

On Burns's death the land was deluged with pastoral lamentations for his loss: few of the rhymes merited preservation; yet to young memories poetry of a common kind will pertinaciously cling: I remember some lines which appeared at that time in print. Their truth is their chief beauty:—

"In waefu' notes, or in a canty sang,
He a' the bards o' Caledonia dang.
He was, I wat, a bauld undaunted chiel—
Safe me! he ev'n address'd the very de'il;

An' talked right gash an' free to grisly death,
An' then escaped his clutches free o' skaith;
But now, alake! he's caught him in his fangs.
But death will never, never seize his sangs
May nature's sel' the fate o' Burns bewail,
An' tears frae ilka e'e drap down like hail:
Thou sun, and moon, an' a' ye stars be dim,
O hide your rays in clouds, an' mourn for him!
Ye woods an' howes, an' ilka shady grove,
Where aft he pleasant sang of you and love;
Ye tunefu' birds, o' every size and wing,
His dirge in solemn—solemn quaverings, sing!"

SONNET,

WRITTEN ON THE 25TH JANUARY, 1793, THE BIRTHDAY OF THE AUTHOR, ON HEARING A THRUSH SING IN A MORNING WALK.

SING on, sweet thrush, upon the leafless bough,
Sing on, sweet bird, I listen to thy strain,
See aged Winter, 'mid his surly reign,
At thy blithe carol clears his furrow'd brow.

So in lone Poverty's dominion drear,
Sits meek Content with light unanxious heart,
Welcomes the rapid moments, bids them part,
Nor asks if they bring ought to hope or fear.

I thank thee, Author of this opening day!
Thou whose bright sun now gilds yon orient skies!
Riches denied, thy boon was purer joys,
What wealth could never gild nor take away!

Yet come, thou child of poverty and care
The mite high Heaven bestowed, that mite with thee
I'll share.

These lines were written opposite the College of Lincluden, close by the side of the Nith—the favorite winter as well as summer resort of the Poet. In the summer he loved it, for then the ground was covered with daisies and wild hyacinths: the odor of the honey-suckle came from the thorn, and the song of the birds from the romantic groves, which, as with a garland, enclose the ruins of Lincluden: and in the winter he loved to look on the mingling waters of the Cluden and Nith, see them swelling from bank to brae, bearing down trees they had rooted out, or sheets of ice which rains and thaws had loosened.

That Burns loved "Winter, with her angry howl," evidence may be almost every where found in his earlier poems. There was something of the farmer as well as the moralizing poet in this: labor was then almost at a stand; the plough was frozen up, the corn was stacked, and, probably thrashed and sold, and till spring came and pushed the ploughshare into the earth, the poet farmer might indulge in his musings by leafless woods, through which the wind was howling, or by river-banks when the streams were red and raving; or give his fancy an airing during an interval of wind and rain, when a thrush—

"Proud o' the height o' some bit half-lang tree,"

came forth like himself to sing from "fulness of heart."

SONNET,

ON

THE DEATH OF ROBERT RIDDEL, Esq.

OF GLENRIDDEL.

APRIL, 1794.

No more, ye warblers of the wood—no more!
Nor pour your descant grating, on my soul:
Thou young-eyed Spring, gay in thy verdant stole,
More welcome were to me grim Winter's wildest roar.

How can ye charm, ye flow'rs, with all your dyes?
Ye blow upon the sod that wraps my friend:
How can I to the tuneful strain attend?
That strain flows round th' untimely tomb where Riddel lies.

Yes, pour, ye warblers, pour the notes of woe!
And soothe the Virtues weeping on this bier:
The Man of Worth, and has not left his peer,
Is in his "narrow house" for ever darkly low.

Thee, Spring, again with joy shall others greet,
Me, mem'ry of my loss will only meet.

Robert Riddel, Esq. of Friar's-Carse, a very worthy character, and one to whom Burns thought himself under many obligations. It is a curious circumstance, that the two concluding lines express a sentiment exactly similar to one of the most beautiful passages in the "Pastor Fido," from the 7th to the 10th line of the Monologue, at the opening of the 3d Act: yet Burns had no acquaintance with Guarini's work. Feeling dictates to genius in all ages, and all countries, and her language must be often the same.

Riddel was one of those gentlemen who love to live on their own property, and unite the pursuits of literature with the improvement of their estates. He did more than this; he desired to augment the happiness and better the condition of his husbandmen and cotters, and also to spread knowledge among them. It is true that his dependants did not always appreciate his motives, or sympathize in his taste; he experienced to the full the vulgar prejudice entertained by the peasantry against all who indulge in antiquarian researches; the "queeer stones and hog-troughs" collected by the Laird of Friar's-Carse were matters of merriment to his neighbours.

IMPROMPTU,
ON MRS. R——'S BIRTHDAY.

Old Winter, with his frosty beard,
Thus once to Jove his prayer preferr'd,—
What have I done of all the year,
To bear this hated doom severe?
My cheerless suns no pleasure know;
Night's horrid car drags, dreary slow;
My dismal months no joys are crowning,
But spleeny English, hanging, drowning.

Now, Jove, for once be mighty civil,
To counterballance all this evil;
Give me, and I've no more to say,
Give me, Maria's natal day!
That brilliant gift shall so enrich me,
Spring, summer, autumn, cannot match me;
'Tis done! says Jove; so ends my story,
And Winter once rejoic'd in glory.

Compliments such as these lines bestow, enabled Mrs. Riddel, to whom they were addressed, to endure with better grace the sarcastic verses "To a Lady famed for her Caprice." It is said that she refrained from showing in any way the pain which the Poet's ungracious lampoons inflicted: she knew his nature, and that the hour of reconciliation was nigh.

LIBERTY.

A FRAGMENT.

THEE, Caledonia, thy wild heaths among,
Thee, famed for martial deed and sacred song,
To thee I turn with swimming eyes;
Where is that soul of freedom fled?
Immingled with the mighty dead!
Beneath the hallow'd turf where Wallace lies
Hear it not, Wallace, in thy bed of death!
Ye babbling winds, in silence sweep;
Disturb not ye the hero's sleep,
Nor give the coward secret breath.
Is this the power in freedom's war,
That wont to bid the battle rage?
Behold that eye which shot immortal hate,
Crushing the despot's proudest bearing!

This was the commencement of a poem intended to commemorate the liberty which America had achieved for herself under Washington and Franklin. Fragmentary strains were numerous among the Poet's papers:—"The following lines," says Cromek, "were found on looking over his library, written with a pencil on a blank leaf prefixed to an edition of Collins' Poems. The first part of the subject is wholly defaced, and the Poet does not seem to have written more than is here given. It is evidently a fragment of the drama of BRUCE, suggested by Lord Buchan, on the model of the "Masque of Alfred." This had ever been a favorite theme of Burns' muse, and he had transmitted to his lordship the epic song of "Bruce to his troops at Bannockburn," as earnest of his having commenced the undertaking. From so noble a specimen what might not have been expected! especially when we reflect that the subject is not only in itself a grand one, but perfectly in unison with the Poet's character and feelings:—

"* * * * * *

His Royal visage seamed with many a scar,
That Caledonian reared his martial form,
Who led the tyrant-quelling war,
Where Bannockburn's ensanguined flood
Swelled with mingling hostile blood,
Soon Edward's myriads struck with deep dismay,
And Scotia's troop of brothers win their way,
(O, glorious deed to bay a tyrant's band!
O, heavenly joy to free our native land!)
While high their mighty chief poured on the doubling storm."

These lines are descriptive rather than dramatic: they could not possibly belong to the drama which Burns told Ramsay he intended to write, on Rob Macquechan's thrusting his awl three inches up Robert Bruce's heel, when he undertook to repair his boot.

VERSES

TO A YOUNG LADY.

HERE, where the Scottish muse immortal lives,
In sacred strains and tuneful numbers join'd
Accept the gift;—tho' humble he who gives,
Rich is the tribute of the grateful mind.

So may no ruffian-feeling in thy breast,
  Discordant jar thy bosom-chords among;
But peace attune thy gentle soul to rest,
  Or love ecstatic wake his seraph song.

Or pity's notes in luxury of tears,
  As modest want the tale of woe reveals;
While conscious virtue all the strain endears,
  And heaven-born piety her sanction seals.

The Poet wrote these verses on the blank side of the title page of a copy of Thomson's Select Scottish Songs, and sent the volume in a present to the daughter of "a much honored and much valued friend, Mr. Graham of Fintray." "It were to have been wished," says Currie, "that instead of 'ruffian feeling,' the bard had used a less rugged epithet—*e. g.* ruder."

THE VOWELS.

A TALE.

'Twas where the birch and sounding thong are ply'd,
The noisy domicile of pedant pride;
Where ignorance her darkening vapor throws,
And cruelty directs the thickening blows;
Upon a time, Sir Abece, the great,
In all his pedagogic powers elate,
His awful chair of state resolves to mount,
And call the trembling vowels to account.—

First enter'd A, a grave, broad, solemn wight,
But, ah! deform'd, dishonest to the sight!
His twisted head look'd backward on his way,
And flagrant from the scourge he grunted, *ai!*

Reluctant, E stalked in; with piteous race
The justling tears ran down his honest face!

That name, that well-worn name, and all his own,
Pale he surrenders at the tyrant's throne!
The Pedant stifles keen the Roman sound
Not all his mongrel dipthongs can compound;
And next the title following close behind,
He to the nameless, ghastly wreteh assign'd.

The cobweb'd gothic dome resounded, Y!
In sullen vengeance, I, disdain'd reply:
The pedant swung his felon cudgel round,
And knock'd the groaning vowel to the ground!

In rueful apprehension enter'd O,
The wailing minstrel of despairing woe;
Th' Inquisitor of Spain, the most expert,
Might there have learnt new mysteries of his art;
So grim, deform'd, with horrors entering U,
His dearest friend and brother scarcely knew!

As trembling U stood staring all aghast,
The pedant in his left hand clutch'd him fast,
In helpless infants' tears he dipp'd his right,
Baptiz'd him *eu*, and kick'd him from his sight.

The kindness of Mr. Laidlaw, Depute Sheriff-Clerk of Berwickshire, has enabled me to add a characteristic note to this odd poem. The following, described by Burns as "Literary Scolding and Hints," forms part of a letter sent to a critic who had taken him to task about obscure language and imperfect grammar:—

"Thou eunuch of language: thou Englishman, who never was south the Tweed: thou servile echo of fashionable barbarisms: thou quack, vending the nostrums of empirical elocution: thou marriage-maker between vowels and consonants, on the Gretna-green of caprice: thou cobbler, botching the flimsy socks of bombast oratory: thou blacksmith, hammering the rivets of absurdity: thou butcher, embruing thy hands in the bowels of orthography: thou arch-heretic in pronunciation: thou pitch-pipe of affected emphasis: thou carpenter, mortising the

awkward joints of jarring sentences: thou squeaking dissonance of cadence; thou pimp of gender: thou Lyon Herald to silly etymology: thou antipode of grammar: thou executioner of construction: thou brood of the speech-distracting builders of the Tower of Babel: thou lingual confusion worse confounded: thou scape-gallows from the land of syntax: thou scavenger of mood and tense: thou murderous accoucheur of infant learning: thou *ignis fatuus*, misleading the steps of benighted ignorance: thou pickle-herring in the puppet-show of nonsense: thou faithful recorder of barbarous idiom: thou persecutor of syllabication: thou baleful meteor, foretelling and facilitating the rappid approach of Nox and Erebus." The Poet might have exclaimed during this fit of scolding "O for breath to utter!"

VERSES
TO JOHN RANKINE.

Ae day, as Death, that grusome carl,
Was driving to the tither warl'
A mixtie-maxtie motley squad,
And mony a guilt-bespotted lad;
Black gowns of each denomination,
And thieves of every rank and station,
From him that wears the star and garter,
To him that wintles in a halter:
Asham'd himsel' to see the wretches,
He mutters, glowrin' at the bitches,
"By G—d I'll not be seen behint them,
Nor 'mang the sp'ritual core present them,
Without, at least, ae honest man,
To grace this d—d infernal clan."
By Adamhill a glance he threw,
"L—d G—d!" quoth he, "I have it now,
There's just the man I want, i'faith!"
And quickly stoppit Rankine's breath.

The person to whom these lines refer was the "rough, rude ready-witted Rankine" of Adamhill, and it is said they were suggested to Burns by the odd sarcastic dream about his being refused admission to the infernal regions because he was one of Lord K——'s damned brutes! Cromek imagines, plausibly enough, that the first thought of the poem was suggested by Falstaff's account of his ragged recruits,—

"I'll not pass through Coventry with them, that's flat!"

This poem and some others of the same stamp have induced critics to say that the wit of Burns consisted in coarse railing, calling names, and profane swearing. There is, no doubt, much that is objectionable in his language: but the conception of his invective is generally original; death in the lines before us refuses to march his scoundrel victims into the other world

"Without, at least, ae honest man
To grace this d—d infernal clan.'

And in the epigram on Grose, the devil is so astonished at the antiquarian's weight and rotundity, that he resolves to want him rather than strain himself with such a frightful load.

TO

MY DEAR AND MUCH HONORED FRIEND,

MRS. DUNLOP,

OF DUNLOP.

ON SENSIBILITY.

SENSIBILITY how charming,
Thou, my friend, canst truly tell:
But distress with horrors arming,
Thou hast also known too well!

Fairest flower, behold the lily,
Blooming in the sunny ray:
Let the blast, sweep o'er the valley,
See it prostrate on the clay.

Hear the wood-lark charm the forest,
Telling o'er his little joys:
Hapless bird! a prey the surest,
To each pirate of the skies.

Dearly bought the hidden treasure,
Finer feelings can bestow;
Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure,
Thrill the deepest notes of woe.

The Poet one day received a letter from Mrs. Dunlop, of which some of the sentiments charmed him so much that he immediately wrote these verses on Sensibility, and sent them addressed as they now appear.

It was about this time that Burns became acquainted with the poetry of Cowper; he loved The Task so much that he carried a copy of it usually in his pocket:—"Now that I talk of authors," he says to Mrs. Dunlop, "how do you like Cowper; is not The Task a glorious poem? The religion of The Task, bating a few scraps of Calvinistic divinity, is the religion of God and Nature: the religion that exalts, that ennobles man."

LINES

SENT TO A GENTLEMAN WHOM HE HAD OFFENDED.

THE friend whom wild from wisdom's way,
The fumes of wine infuriate send;
(Not moony madness more astray;)
Who but deplores that hapless friend?

Mine was th' insensate frenzied part,
Ah, why should I such scenes outlive!
Scenes so abhorrent to my heart!
'Tis thine to pity and forgive.

" "The insensate frenzied part," which the Poet intimates he had acted under the influence of wine, was at the too hospitable table of Mrs. Riddel: he was unsparing in speech, and on this occasion spoke of thrones and dominations, and "epauletted puppies" with a sarcastic vehemence offensive to many. These midnight quarrels when the wine is lord of the ascendant, should

be allowed to pass unless they are personal. Burns had suffered much, and was then suffering on account of his unbridled licence of speech: the power of utterance was not given to him that he might conceal his thoughts. The reparation offered in these lines was warmly accepted, and the current of friendship ran smooth as before.

ADDRESS,

SPOKEN BY MISS FONTENELLE ON HER BENEFIT-NIGHT.

STILL anxious to secure your partial favor,
And not less anxious, sure, this night, than ever,
A Prologue, Epilogue, or some such matter,
'Twould vamp my bill, said I, if nothing better;
So sought a Poet, roosted near the skies,
Told him I came to feast my curious eyes;
Said, nothing like his works was ever printed;
And last my Prologue-buisiness slily hinted.
"Ma'am, let me tell you," quoth my man of rhymes
"I know your bent—these are no laughing times:
Can you—but, Miss, I own I have my fears,
Dissolve in pause—and sentimental tears
With laden sighs, and solemn-rounded sentence,
Rouse from his sluggish slumbers, fell Repentance;
Paint Vengence as he takes his horrid stand,
Waving on high the desolating brand,
Calling the storms to bear him o'er a guilty land?"

I could no more—askance the creature eyeing,
D'ye think, said I, this face was made for crying?
I'll laugh, that's poz—nay more, the world shall know it;
And so, your servant! gloomy Master Poet!
Firm as my creed, Sirs, 'tis my fix'd belief,
That Misery's another word for Grief;
I also think—so may I be a bride!
That so much laughter, so much life enjoy'd.

Thou man of crazy care and ceaseless sigh,
Still under bleak Misfortune's blasting eye;
Doom'd to that sorest task of man alive—
To make three guineas do the work of five:
Laugh in Misfortune's face—the beldam witch!
Say, you'll be merry, tho' you can't be rich.

Thou other man of care, the wretch in love,
Who long with jiltish arts and airs hast strove;
Who, as the bows all temptingly project,
Measur'st in desperate thought—a rope- thy neck—
Or, where the beetling cliff o'erhangs the deep,
Peerest to meditate the healing leap:
Would'st thou be cur'd, thou silly, moping elf?
Laugh at her follies—laugh e'en at thyself:
Learn to despise those frowns now so terrific,
And love a kinder—that's your grand specific.

To some up all, be merry, I advise;
And as we're merry, may we still be wise.

On the 4th of December, 1795, this address was spoken by Miss Fontenelle, at the Dumfries theatre. Some of the audience who knew or guessed the poetic condition of the Bard's affairs sympathized in the lines on Misfortune:—

> "Thou man of crazy care and ceaseless sigh,
> Still under bleak Misfortune's blasting eye;
> Doomed to the sorest task of man alive—
> To make three guineas do the work of five."

At this time be it remembered that Burns had suffered much affliction in the loss of a favorite child, and from ill-health in his own person, and in his own words:—

> "In faith sma' heart had he to sing."

"We have had a brilliant theatre here this season," the Poet writes to Mrs. Dunlop; "only, as all other business does, it experiences a stagnation of trade from the epidemical complaint of the country, *want of cash*. I mention our theatre merely to lug in an Occasional Address which I wrote for the benefit night of one of the actresses."

ON

SEEING MISS FONTENELLE

IN A FAVORITE CHARACTER.

Sweet naïveté of feature,
Simple, wild, enchanting elf,
Not to thee, but thanks to nature,
Thou art acting but thyself.

Wert thou awkward, stiff, affected,
Spurning nature, torturing art;
Loves and graces all rejected,
Then indeed thou'd'st act a part.

R. B.

Miss Hyslop of Dumfries—to whom these volumes are under other obligations than this—transmitted to the Editor these clever lines: the original in the Poet's own hand is still preserved. I know not to what character Burns alludes; but he was a person not easily pleased; he loved natural acting, such as we are not often favored with.

TO CHLORIS.

'Tis Friendship's pledge, my young, fair friend,
Nor thou the gift refuse,
Nor with unwilling ear attend
The moralizing muse.

Since thou, in all thy youth and charms,
Must bid the world adieu,
(A world 'gainst peace in constant arms)
To join the friendly few.

Since thy gay morn of life o'ercast,
Chill came the tempest's lower;
(And ne'er misfortune's eastern blast
Did nip a fairer flower.)

Since life's gay scenes must charm no more,
Still much is left behind;
Still nobler wealth hast thou in store—
The comforts of the mind!

Thine is the self-approving glow,
On conscious honor's part;
And, dearest gift of heaven below,
Thine friendship's truest heart.

The joy's refin'd of sense and taste,
With every muse to rove:
And doubly were the poet blest,
These joys could he improve.

Of the lady of these lines we shall have occasion to speak when we come to the lyrical compositions of Burns: her poetic elevation is great, but her real situation calls for our sympathy. These lines were written on the blank leaf of a copy of his poems, and presented to Chloris; she retained the volume long and prized it much: nor was she insensible of the light which the muse shed around her. That she did not seem so lovely in the sight of others as in the eyes of Burns, is well known; but the Poet looked not at bloom alone; he had something of the taste of an artist: he admired the elegance of her form, the harmony of her motion as she danced, and the sweetness of her voice.

POETICAL INSCRIPTION

FOR AN ALTAR TO INDEPENDENCE.

Thou of an independent mind,
With soul resolv'd, with soul resign'd;

Prepar'd Power's proudest frown to brave,
Who wilt not be, nor have a slave;
Virtue alone who dost revere,
Thy own reproach alone dost fear,
Approach this shrine, and worship here.

Heron of Kerroughtree, at whose seat in Galloway the altar stood on which these lines were inscribed, was one of those friends whom the Poet's politics rather than genius procured. It was the fashion of those feverish times to raise altars to Freedom, and plant trees to Liberty: even one of our ablest sculptors audaciously modelled a monarch, offered up as a sacrifice, on the altar of independence. Burns wrote the inscription during the summer of 1795; Heron was about to engage in an election contest, and these noble verses of the Poet served as an advertisement of the candidate's sentiments concerning freedom —a subject which was then fiercely agitating the earth.

THE HERON BALLADS.

[BALLAD FIRST.]

I.

Whom will ye send to London town,
To Parliament and a' that?
Or wha in a' the country round
The best deserves to fa' that?
For a' that' and a' that,
Thro' Galloway and a' that;
Where is the laird or belted knight
That best deserves to fa' that?

II.

Wha sees Kerroughtree's open yett,
And wha is't never saw that?
Wha ever wi' Kerroughtree meets
And has a doubt of a' that?

For a' that, and a' that,
Here's Heron yet for a' that;
The independent patriot,
The honest man an' a' that.

III.

Tho' wit and worth in either sex,
St. Mary's Isle can shaw that;
Wi' dukes an' lords let selkirk mix,
And weel does Selkirk fa' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
Here's Heron yet for a' that!
The independent commoner
Shall be the man for a' that.

IV.

But why should we to nobles jouk,
And its against the law that;
For why, a lord may be a gouk
Wi' ribbon, star, an' a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
Here's Heron yet for a' that!
A lord may be a lousy loun
Wi' ribbon, star, an' a' that.

V.

A beardless boy comes o'er the hills,
Wi' uncle's purse an' a' that;
But we'el hae ane frae 'mang oursels,
A man we ken, an' a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
Here's Heron yet for a' that!
For we're not to be bought an' sold
Like naigs, an' nowt, an' a' that.

VI.

Then let us drink the Stewartry,
Kerroughtree's laird an' a' that;
Our representative to be,
For weel he's worthy a' that.

For a' that, an' a' that,
Here's Heron yet for a' that!
A House of Commons such as he,
They would be blest that saw that.

This is the first of several songs which Burns wrote to serve Patrick Heron of Kerroughtree, in two elections, in which he was opposed, first by Gordon of Balmaghie, and secondly by the Hon. Montgomery Stewart. They are known to the peasantry by the name of the "Heron Ballads." The Poet seems at first to have contemplated some such harmless and laughable effusions as those which he wrote on Miller's election. The first ballad, now published through the kindness of Mr. King of Glasgow, is gentle and moderate: it is a song of eulogium on Heron—not of eproof to his opposers. These ballads were printed at the time on one side of a sheet, and widely disseminated over the country: they were understood merely as election squibs, and none of the gentlemen lampooned looked otherwise upon them than as productions of poetic art. In this spirit they are included now in the Poet's works and the Editor feels persuaded that some will smile and none be displeased.

THE

HERON BALLADS.

[BALLAD SECOND.]

THE ELECTION.

I.

Fy, let us a' to Kirkcudbright,
For there will be bickerin' there;
For Murray's light-horse are to muster,
And O, how the heroes will swear!
An' there will be Murray commander,
And Gordon the battle to win;
Like brothers they'll stand by each other,
Sae knit in alliance an' kin.

II.

An' there will be black-lippit Johnnie,
The tongue o' the trump to them a';
An he get na hell for his haddin'
The Deil gets na justice ava';
An' there will be Kempleton's birkie,
A boy sae black at the bane,
But, as for his fine nabob fortune,
We'el e'en let the subject alane.

III.

An' there will be Wighton's new sheriff,
Dame Justice fu' brawlie has sped,
She's gotten the heart of a Bushby,
But, Lord, what's become o' the head?
An' there will be Cardoness, Esquire,
Sae mighty in Cardoness' eyes;
A wight that will weather damnation,
For the devil the prey will despise.

IV.

An' there will be Douglasses doughty,
New christ'ning towns far and near;
Abjuring their democrat doings,
By kissing the—o' a peer;
An' there will be Kenmure sae gen'rous,
Whose honor is proof to the storm,
To save them from stark reprobation,
He lent them his name to the firm.

V.

But we winna mention Redcastle,
The body e'en let him escape!
He'd venture the gallows for siller,
An' 'twere na the cost o' the rape.
An' where is our king's lord lieutenant,
Sae fam'd for his gratefu' return?
The billie is gettin' his questions,
To say in St. Stephen's the morn.

VI.

An' there will be lads o' the gospel,
Muirhead wha's as guide as he's true ;
An' there will be Buittle's apostle,
Wha's more o' the black than the blue ;
An' there will be folk from St. Mary's,
A house o' great merit and note,
The deil ane but honors them highly,—
The deil ane will gie them his vote !

VII.

An' there will be wealthy young Richard,
Dame Fortune should hing by the neck ;
For prodigal, thriftless, bestowing,
His merit had won him respect :
An' there will be rich brother nabobs,
Tho' nabobs yet men of the first,
An' there will be Collieston's whiskers,
An' Quintin, o' lads not the worst.

VIII.

An' there will be stamp-office Johnnie,
Tak tent how ye purchase a dram ;
An there will be gay Cassencarrie,
An' there will be gleg Colonel Tam ;
An' there will be trusty Kerroughtree,
Whose honor was ever his law,
I the virtues were packed in a parcel,
His worth might be sample for a'.

IX.

An' can we forget the auld major,
Wha'll ne'er be forgot in the Greys,
Our flatt'ry we'll keep for some other,
Him only 'tis justice to praise.
An' there will be maiden Kilkerran,
And also Barskimming's gude knight,
An' there will be roarin' Birtwhistle,
Wha, luckily roars in the right.

X.

An' there, frae the Niddisdale's borders,
Will mingle the Maxwells in droves;
Teugh Johnnie, staunch Geordie, an' Walie,
That griens for the fishes an' loaves;
An' there will be Logan Mac Douall,
Sculdudd'ry an' he will be there,
An' also the wild Scot of Galloway,
Sodgerin', gunpowder Blair.

XI.

Then hey the chaste interest o' Broughton,
An' hey for the blessings 'twill bring!
It may send Balmaghie to the Commons,
In Sodom 'twould make him a king;
An' hey for the sanctified M——y,
Our land who wi' chapels has stor'd;
He founder'd his horse among harlots,
But gied the auld naig to the Lord.

The election had taken a serious turn against Heron, when Burns wrote ballad second; the verses are severe in most instances, and in some parts venomous: worthier men than several of those lampooned were not then alive, but he desired to help his friend and regarded not what weapons he used provided they were sharp. The names of those who figure in the lampoon are before me, but they are sufficiently plain in the song to those who reside in "Green Galloway," and require no farther emblazonment: while to the world at large, no explanation could give light to purely provincial things—the interpretation would be as dark as the text. Suffice it to say that the gentlemen named were the most active canvassers on both sides; praise is lavished on the adherent of Heron; satiric abuse is bestowed on the friends of the Gordon. In another ballad—a sort of parody on "The Life and Age of Man," the Poet turns with fierce indignation on John Bushby of Tinwald-downs: a man of great natural talents, and makes him pour forth his lamentation:—

"'Twas in the seventeen hundred year,
O' Christ and ninety-five,
That year I was the saddest man,
Of any man alive.
In March the three and twentieth day,
The sun raise clear and bright,
But O, I was a woeful man,
Ere toofa' of the night.

Yerl Galloway lang did rule the land,
Wi' equal right an' fame;
And thereto was his kinsman joined,
The Murray's noble name.
Yerl Galloway lang did rule the land,
Made me the judge o' strife;
But now Yerl Galloway's sceptre's broke,
And eke my hangman's knife."

The succeeding verses of the "Lamentation" are too personal for insertion.

THE

HERON BALLADS.

[BALLAD THIRD.]

AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG.

Tune.—"*Buy broom besoms.*"

WHA will buy my troggin,
Fine election ware;
Broken trade o' Broughton,
A' in high repair.
Buy braw troggin,
Frae the banks o' Dee;
Wha wants troggin
Let him come to me.

There's a noble Earl's
Fame and high renown,
For an auld sang—
Its thought the gudes were stown.
Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here's the worth o' Broughton
In a needle's ee;
Here's a reputation
Tint by Balmaghie
Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here's an honest conscience
Might a prince adorn;
Frae the downs o' Tinwald—
So was never worn.
Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here's its stuff and lining,
Cardoness' head;
Fine for a sodger
A' the wale o' lead.
Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here's a little wadset
Buittles scrap o' truth,
Pawn'd in a gin-shop
Quenching holy drouth.
Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here's armorial bearings
Frae the manse o' Urr;
The crest, an auld crab-apple
Rotten at the core.
Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here is Satan's picture,
Like a bizzard gled,
Pouncing poor Redcastle
Sprawlin' as a taed.
Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here's the worth and wisdom
Collieston can boast;
By a thievish midge
They had been nearly lost.
Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here is Murray's fragments
O' the ten commands;
Gifted by black Jock
To get them aff his hands.
Buy braw troggin, &c.

Saw ye e'er sic troggin?
If to buy ye're slack,
Hornie's turnin' chapman,—
He'll buy a' the pack.
Buy braw troggin
Frae the banks o' Dee;
Wha wants troggin
Let him come to me.

This third and last ballad refers to the contest between Heron and Stewart: the former was successful on the hustings, but was unseated by a Committee of the Commons, and took the disappointment so much to heart, that he died—some say by his own hands—on his way back to Scotland. It was one of the dreams of his day, in which Burns indulged, that, by some miraculous movement, the Tory counsellors of the king would be dismissed, and the Whigs, with the Prince of Wales at their head, rule and reign in their stead. That Heron aided in strengthening this "devout imagination" is certain: but then the laid of Kerroughtree was the victim of the delusion himself—the faith for which a man dies he must feel sincerely. All explanation of names is avoided, for the reasons already assigned. The Editor has been bold—he hopes not too bold. To those who urge him—and such have not been wanting—to give Burns as he found him he may make answer in the Poet's own, and hitherto unprinted, words:—

"Many verses on which an author would by no means rest his reputation in print, may yet amuse an idle moment in manuscript; and many poems, from the locality of the subject, may be unentertaining or unintelligible to those who are strangers to that locality. Most of, if not all, the following poems, are in one or other of these predicaments; and the author begs, into whose hands they may fall, that they will do him the justice not to publish what he himself thought proper to suppress.—R. B." These remarkable words are on the first page of a manuscript

collection of the poems which Burns wrote in Ellisland: his meaning must not be interpreted too strictly: "Tam o' Shanter," and the "Inscription on Friar's-Carse Hermitage," are among them.

POEM,

ADDRESSED TO MR. MITCHELL, COLLECTOR OF EXCISE, DUMFRIES, 1796.

FRIEND of the Poet, tried and leal,
Wha, wanting thee, might beg or steal;
Alake, alake, the meikle deil
Wi' a' his witches
Are at it, skelpin' jig and reel,
In my poor pouches!

I modestly fu' fain wad hint it,
That one pound one, I sairly want it;
If wi' the hizzie down ye sent it,
It would be kind;
And while my heart wi' life-blood dunted
I'd bear't in mind.

So may the auld year gang out moaning
To see the new come laden, groaning,
Wi' double plenty o'er the loanin
To thee and thine;
Domestic peace and comforts crowning
The hale design.

POSTSCRIPT.

YE'VE heard this while how I've been licket,
And by fell death was nearly nicket;
Grim loon! he got me by the fecket,
And sair me sheuk;
But by guid luck I lap a wicket,
And turn'd a neuk.

But by that health, I've got a share o't,
And by that life, I'm promised mair o't,
My hale and weel I'll tak a care o't,
A tentier way:
Then farewell folly, hide and hair o't'
For ance and aye!

In this modest and affecting way Burns reminded his superior officer that he was a poor man suffering from ill health, and that his salary then due would be very acceptable. Collector Mitchell was a kind and generous man, and befriended the Poet on many occasions; but he was not aware that

"Hungry ruin had him in the wind,"

or that his family were enduring privations such as preyed with double force on the sensitive and feeling heart of Burns.

TO

MISS JESSY LEWARS,

DUMFRIES,

WITH BOOKS WHICH THE BARD PRESENTED HER.

THINE be the volumes, Jessy fair,
And with them take the Poet's prayer;
That fate may in her fairest page,
With every kindliest, best presage,
Of future bliss enrol thy name:
With native worth, and spotless fame,
And wakeful caution still aware
Of ill—but chief, man's felon snare;
All blameless joys on earth we find,
And all the treasures of the mind—
These be thy guardian and reward;
So prays thy faithful friend, The Bard.

Miss Jessy Lewars, as has been related in the Poet's life, watched over him and his little household during his declining days with all the affectionate reverence of a daughter. For this she has received the silent thanks of all who admire the genius of Burns, or look with sorrow on his setting sun; she has received more—the undying thanks of the Poet himself: his songs to her honor, and his simple gifts of books and verse, will keep her name and fame long in the world.

POEM ON LIFE,

ADDRESSED TO

COLONEL DE PEYSTER,

DUMFRIES, 1796.

My honored colonel, deep I feel
Your interest in the Poet's weal:
Ah! now sma' heart hae I to speel
The steep Parnassus,
Surrounded thus by bolus pill,
And potion glasses.

O what a canty warld were it,
Would pain and care, and sickness spare it;
And fortune favor wort and merit,
As they deserve!
(And aye a rowth, roast beef and claret;
Syne, wha wad starve?)

Dame Life, tho' fiction out may trick her,
And in paste gems and frippery deck her;
Oh! flickering, feeble, and unsicker
I've found her still,
Ay wavering like the willow-wicker,
'Tween good and ill.

Then that curst carmagnole, auld Satan,
Watches, like baudrons by a rattan,
Our sinfu' saul to get a claut on
Wi' felon ire;
Syne, whip! his tail ye'll ne'er cast saut on—
He's aff like fire.

Ah Nick! ah Nick! it is na fair,
First showing us the tempting ware,
Bright wines and bonnie lasses rare,
To put us daft;
Syne weave, unseen, thy spider snare
O' hell's damn'd waft.

Poor man, the flie, aft bizzies bye,
And aft as chance he comes thee nigh,
Thy auld damn'd elbows yeuks wi' joy,
And hellish pleasure;
Already in thy fancy's eye,
Thy sicker treasure!

Soon heels-o'er-gowdie! in he gangs,
And like a sheep head on a tangs,
Thy girning laugh enjoys his pangs
And murd'ring wrestle,
As, dangling in the wind, he hangs
A gibbet's tassel.

But lest you think I am uncivil,
To plague you with this draunting drivel,
Abjuring a' intentions evil,
I quat my pen:
The Lord preserve us frae the devil!
Amen! amen!

Arentz de Peyster, Colonel of the Gentleman Volunteers of Dumfries, was a rigid disciplinarian: he had distinguished himself during the colonial war in America, and defended Detroit against the united efforts of the Indians and Republicans. He

was regarded by many as a person harsh and stern: but this belonged rather to his manners than to his heart. Save that he wrote indifferent rhymes, he was in every respect a soldier. He thought the science of war the noblest of all sciences; a parade day the most glorious of all days, save that of victory: and a soldier, in the words of Prior,—

"No godhead but the first of men."

His voice was rough and commanding; his eye brightened up whenever he looked along the glittering ranks which he ruled; he forgot that he was eighty years old, and

"Bold, soldier-featured, undismayed,
He strode along."

This good old soldier befriended the Poet as far as the Poet would permit; for Burns was not without friends in his last moments. His cousin, James Burness of Montrose, not only sent by return of post ten pounds, the loan of which the dying Bard requested, but sent more after his death, and offered to take his eldest son into his house and educate him like one of his own children. This should have been told in the Life, but the author was ignorant till lately of a fact which he would have had much pleasure in relating. The letters will be given in the proper place.

EPITAPHS, EPIGRAMS,

ETC. ETC.

The epigrams of Burns are numerous: they are sharp and personal, and partake of the character of the natural rather than the artificial man. They abound in no polished inferences, elegant implications, or courteous insinuations. He differs from other wits of his time; and, because he does so, his invective has been pronounced harsh and acrimonious, and his sarcasms coarse and savage. He is not indeed one of those who

"Hint a fault and hesitate dislike."

He grapples at once with his enemy and prostrates him, not so much by science as by robust strength. In polished life it has been said, that hostility is delicate and generous: that courtesy forbids us to strike the defenceless or to mangle the slain, and that when tried by this standard the epigrams and lampoons of Burns will appear offensive from their extreme coarseness and violence, and contemptible from their want of wit and brilliancy. It might have been objected with more propriety that his wit sometimes inclines to the profane, and that his humor deals too much in Scriptural allusions.

I.

ON THE AUTHOR'S FATHER.

O ye whose cheek the tear of pity stains,
Draw near with pious rev'rence and attend!
Here lie the loving husband's dear remains,
The tender father and the gen'rous friend.
The pitying heart that felt for human woe;
The dauntless heart that feared no human pride;
The friend of man, to vice alone a foe;
"For ev'n his failings lean'd to virtue's side."

William Burness merited his eminent son's eulogiums; early suffering made him somewhat austere, and a consciousness of declining strength and sinking fortunes hindered him from mixing much in the world's mirth; but he set his children an example of piety, patience and fortitude, and deserves to be named whenever humble worth is remembered.

II.

ON R. A., Esq.

Know thou, O stranger to the fame
Of this much lov'd, much honor'd name!
(For none that knew him need be told)
A warmer heart death ne'er made cold.

The R. A. of this epitaph was Robert Aiken, Esq., the gentleman to whom the "Cotter's Saturday Night" is addressed—one of the Poet's earliest patrons. He was so anxious to make his friend's merits known, that wherever he went he recited his witty or serious poems, with so much taste and effect, that Burns said "I was unknown, Sir, till you read me into reputation."

III.

ON A FRIEND.

An honest man here lies at rest
As e'er God with his image blest!
The friend of man, the friend of truth;
The friend of age, and guide of youth;
Few hearts like his, with virtue warm'd,
Few heads with knowledge so inform'd:
If there's another world, he lives in bliss;
If there is none, he made the best of this.

This is one of those works which Johnson calls an epitaph to let. The name of the individual is neither mentioned in it nor alluded to in any of the author's productions. This is the more to be regretted, for Burns seldom praised without reason.—"To no man," he observed in a note to John M'Murdo, "whatever his station in life, or his power to serve me, have I ever paid a compliment at the expense of truth."

IV.

FOR GAVIN HAMILTON.

The poor man weeps—here Gavin sleeps,
Whom canting wretches blam'd:
But with such as he, where'er he be,
May I be sav'd or damn'd!

These lines allude to the persecution which Gavin Hamilton endured for riding on Sunday, and speaking irreverently in the presence of a clergyman. The church should be merciful in all frivolous matters; disputes about trifles tend to pull dignity down. The day is past for a minister being expelled from his kirk for writing a virtuous drama, or a hearer being rebuked for galloping on Sunday.

V.

ON WEE JOHNNY.

HIC JACET WEE JOHNNY.

WHOE'ER thou art, O reader, know,
That death has murder'd Johnny!
An' here his body lies fu' low—
For saul he ne'er had ony.

"Wee Johnny" was John Wilson, printer of the Kilmarnock edition of the Poet's works. He was so unconscious of the worth of what he was working upon, that he doubted the success of the speculation, upon which Burns said he was a "silly saulless body," and wrote this sarcastic epitaph, which he printed without being aware that it was his own forlorn *hic jacet*. He had his revenge,—when Burns proposed a second edition Wee Johnny demurred, unless some "good man" would guarantee payment: Parker offered to do this at once.—"It is like you to offer," said the Poet, "and like me to refuse."

VI.

ON JOHN DOVE,

INNKEEPER, MAUCHLINE.

HERE lies Johnny Pidgeon;
What was his religion?
Wha e'er desires to ken,
To some other warl'
Maun follow the carl,
For here Johnny Pidgeon had nane!

Strong ale was ablution—
Small beer, persecution,
A dram was *memento mori;*
But a full flowing bowl
Was the saving his soul,
And port was celestial glory.

This person kept the Whitefoord Arms, at the entrance of the Cowgate in Mauchline. The honest landlord's religion is made out to be a comparative appreciation of his various liquors.

VII.

ON A WAG IN MAUCHLINE.

LAMENT him, Mauchline husbands a',
He often did assit ye;
For had ye staid whole weeks awa,
Your wives they ne'er had missed ye.
Ye Mauchline bairns, as on ye press
To school in bands thegither,
O tread ye lightly on this grass,—
Perhaps he was your father.

This laborious wag was James Smith, whose history has been related in the note to that exquisite epistle beginning "Dear Smith, the sleest pawkie thief!" He failed in all his speculations in Scotland, and emigrated and died in the West Indies.

VIII.

ON A CELEBRATED RULING ELDER.

HERE souter Hood in death does sleep;—
To h—ll, if he's gane thither,
Satan, gie him thy gear to keep,
He'll haud it weel thegither.

This ruling elder was one of those who examined anxiously into the poetical delinquencies of Burns, and hoped to find that the spiritual artillery of the kirk could be levelled at profane rhymers. He got hold, it it said, of some indecorous verses,

which in a mirthful moment had dropt from the pen of the Poet, and as he read them in the Session, he paused at every verse, exclaiming "A wild lad! a wild lad!"

IX.

ON A NOISY POLEMIC.

Below thir stanes lie Jamie's banes:
O Death, it's my opinion,
Thou ne'er took such a bleth'rin' b—ch
Into thy dark dominion!

This person's name is James Humphrey: he is by trade a mason, is now grown old and infirm, but loves to talk of Burns and of the warm debates between them on Effectual Calling and Free Grace. Cromek said that he found him at work in a quarry, with a fox-skin cap and wooden clogs on, and stirred him up to talk on devotional matters, which he did with a natural eloquence and a quick acuteness that surprised him.

X.

ON MISS JEAN SCOTT.

Oh! had each Scot of ancient times
Been, Jeany Scott, as thou art,
The bravest heart on English ground
Had yielded like a coward!

The young lady, the subject of these complimentary lines, dwelt in Ayr, and cheered the Poet not only with her sweet looks, but with her sweet voice. Tradition relates no more. The name of Stuart is sometimes substituted for Scott, but with little propriety, for the point is lost by the change.

XI.

ON A HENPECKED COUNTRY SQUIRE.

As father Adam first was fool'd,
A case that's still too common,
Here lies a man a woman rul'd,
The d—vil rul'd the woman.

The Poet was not satisfied with these lines—in a second attempt he varied the satire.

XII.

ON THE SAME.

O DEATH, had'st thou but spared his life,
Whom we this day lament,
We freely wad exchang'd the wife,
And a' been well content!

Ev'n as he is, cauld in his graf,
The swap we yet will do't;
Take thou the carlin's carcase aff,
Thou'se get the soul to boot.

He was not, however, satisfied with his second epigram on this parsimonious dame; he turned the matter over in his mind, brought in a little learning, and sharpened the point of his satire.

XIII.

ON THE SAME.

ONE Queen Artemisia, as old stories tell,
When depriv'd of her husband she loved so well,

In respect for the love and affection he'd shown her,
She reduc'd him to dust and she drank up the powder.
But Queen Netherplace, of a diff'rent complexion,
When call'd on to order the fun'ral direction,
Would have eat her dear lord, on a slender pretence,
Not to show her respect, but to save the expense.

All that seems necessary to be said of this sordid lady has been told by the Poet. The name of her residence was, it appears, Netherplace.

XIV.

THE HIGHLAND WELCOME.

When Death's dark stream I ferry o'er,
A time that surely shall come;
In Heaven itself I'll ask no more
Than just a Highland welcome.

Tradition says that Burns, on repassing the Highland border, turned round and bade farewell to the hospitalities of the north in these happy lines: another account states that he was called on for a toast at table, and gave "The Highland Welcome," much to the pleasure of all who heard him. Both accounts may be true.

XV.

ON WILLIAM SMELLIE.

Shrewd Willie Smellie to Crochallan came,
The old cock'd hat, the grey surtout, the same;
His bristling beard just rising in its might,
'Twas four long nights and days to shaving night;

His uncomb'd grizzly locks wild staring, thatch'd
A head for thought profound and clear, unmatch'd:
Yet tho' his caustic wit was biting, rude,
His heart was warm, benevolent, and good.

William Smellie, a distinguished name, was author of the Philosophy of Natural History, a work which made him widely known. He was a member of the Antiquarian and Royal Societies of Edinburgh; moreover, he belonged to a club of which Burns was a member, called the Crochallan Fencibles. He was a singular person, disregarded nicety of dress, loved wine and sociality, and sallies of humor:—

> "Yet tho' his caustic wit was biting, rude,
> His heart was warm, benevolent, and good."

XVI.

VERSES

WRITTEN ON A WINDOW OF THE INN AT CARRON.

We came na here to view your warks
In hopes to be mair wise,
But only, lest we gang to hell,
It may be nae surprise:
But whan we tirl'd at your door,
Your porter dought na hear us;
Sae may, shou'd to hell's-yets come,
Your billy Satan sair us!

The reason I have heard assigned for refusing to show the Carron Foundries to Burns was that he called on a Sunday. This could hardly be: he knew that the labor which rendered the place interesting had ceased; that the furnaces were mostly extinguished and the "warks" not to be seen. He perhaps sought admittance without an introduction. On his second visit he was received with a civility that soothed him: he made one remark—"The blazing furnaces and melting iron realized the description of the giants forging thunderbolts.'

XVII.

THE BOOK-WORMS.

THROUGH and through the inspired leaves,
Ye maggots make your windings;
But, oh! respect his lordship's taste,
And spare his golden bindings.

The origin of these lines is singular. Burns, on a visit to a nobleman, was shown into the library, where stood a Shakspeare splendidly bound, but unread, and much worm-eaten. Long after the Poet's death, some one happened to open, accidentally perhaps, the same neglected book, and found the epigram in the handwriting of Burns.

XVIII.

LINES ON STIRLING.

HERE Stuarts once in glory reigned,
And laws for Scotland's weal ordained;
But now unroofed their palace stands,
Their sceptre's swayed by other hands;
The injured Stuart line is gone,
A race outlandish fills their throne.

When Burns visited Stirling in 1787, and beheld the ruins of that princely place where Scottish parliaments once assembled, and princes dispensed justice, he was stung to the heart, and vented his indignation in these verses. The concluding couplet, forming the epigrammatic sting, is cut out. What was improper in the days of Burns is not proper now.

XIX.

THE REPROOF.

RASH mortal, and slanderous Poet. thy name
Shall no longer appear in the records of fame;
Dost not know that old Mansfield, who writes like the Bible,
Says the more 'tis a truth, Sir, the more 'tis a libel?

The imprudence of the lines on Stirling was hinted to the Poet by a friend; on which he took out his diamond, saying, "O, I mean to reprove myself," walked to the window, and scratched "The Reproof" on the pane.

XX.

THE REPLY.

LIKE Esop's lion, Burns' says, sore I feel
All others scorn—but damn that ass's heel.

The minister of Gladsmuir wrote a rhyming censure of the Stirling lines, and intimated that the race of the Poet was run, and the shades of oblivion about to receive him. Burns took out a pencil, and added his "Reply" to the reverend bard's expostulation.

XXI.

LINES

WRITTEN UNDER THE PICTURE OF THE CELEBRATED MISS BURNS.

CEASE, ye prudes, your envious railings,
Lovely Burns has charms—confess:
True it is, she had one failing—
Had a woman ever less?

The Miss Burns of these lines was well known to the bucks of Edinburgh in the days of the Poet's abode in the metropolis. There is a letter still extant, addressed by Burns, in behalf of his beauteous namesake, to the magistrates of Edinburgh, in which she is made ironically to claim their protection for a laxer system of social morality, and a freer intercourse betwixt youth and beauty.

XXII.

EXTEMPORE IN THE COURT OF SESSION.

LORD A——TE.

He clench'd his pamphlets in his fist,
  He quoted and he hinted,
'Till in a declamation-mist,
  His argument he tint it:
He gaped for't, he graped for't,
  He fand it was awa, man;
But what his common sense came short,
  He eked out wi' law, man.

MR. ER—NE.

Collected Harry stood awee,
  Then open'd out his arm, man;
His lordship sat wi' ruefu' e'e,
  And ey'd the gathering storm, man:
Like wind-driv'n hail it did assail,
  Or torrents owre a linn man,
The Bench sae wise lift up their eyes,
  Half-wauken'd wi' the din, man.

These are two of the portraits which Burns drew of his Edinburgh acquaintances. That of the Lord Advocate is admirable for breadth and character: Harry Erskine is not so happy. He was a wit, a punster, and a poet; and one of the most companionable, intelligent, and eloquent men of his time.

XXIII.

THE HENPECK'D HUSBAND.

CURS'D be the man, the poorest wretch in life,
The crouching vassal to the tyrant wife!
Who has no will but by her high permission;
Who has not sixpence but in her possession;
Who must to her dear friend's secret tell;
Who dreads a curtain lecture worse than hell!
Were such the wife had fallen to my part,
I'd break her spirit, or I'd break her heart;
I'd charm her with the magic of a switch,
I'd kiss her maids, and kick the preverse b—h.

It is related that one day the lady of a house where the Poet dined expressed herself with less civility than he expected about the depth of her husband's potations and his habits of extravagance. Her freedom of tongue was rewarded by these sharp verses.

XXIV.

WRITTEN AT INVERARY.

WHOE'ER he be that sojourns here,
I pity much his case,
Unless he come to wait upon
The Lord their god, his Grace.

There's naething here but Highland pride,
And Highland cauld and hunger;
If Providence has sent me here,
'Twas surely in an anger.

During the first Highland tour of the Poet, he halted at Inverary; but on finding himself neglected by the innkeeper, whose house was filled with visiters to his Grace the Duke of Ar-

gyll, he expressed in these verses his sense of the incivility with which he was treated. Tradition speaks of a pursuit which took place on the part of "The Campbell," and of a determination not to be soothed on the part of the Poet

XXV.

ON

ELPHINSTONE'S TRANSLATIONS

OF

MARTIAL'S EPIGRAMS.

O THOU, whom poesy abhors,
Whom prose has turned out of doors,
Heard'st thou that groan? proceed no further;
'Twas laurelled Martial roaring murther!

Burns has himself related the origin of this sally:—
"Stopping at a merchant's shop, a friend of mine, in Edinburgh, one day put Elphinstone's Translation of Martial into my hand, and desired my opinion of it. I asked permission to write my opinion on a blank leaf of the book; which being granted, I wrote this epigram."

XXVI.

INSCRIPTION

ON THE HEADSTONE OF FERGUSSON.

Here lies
ROBERT FERGUSSON, Poet.
Born, September 5, 1751;
Died, Oct. 15, 1774.

No sculptured marble here, nor pompous lay,
"No storied urn nor animated bust;"
This simple stone directs pale Scotia's way
To pour her sorrows o'er her poet's dust.

Some social friends of both bards have added monumental iron-work to the simple head-stone which Burns erected over Fergusson's grave. The taste cannot be commended—though done for the purpose of preserving, it is more likely to destroy, the precious memorial.

XXVII.

ON A SCHOOLMASTER.

HERE lie Willie Michie's banes;
O, Satan! when ye tak him,
Gi' him the schoolin' o' your weans,
For clever de'ils he'll mak them.

Willie Michie was schoolmaster of Cleish parish, in Fifeshire, and became acquainted with Burns during his visit to Edinburgh, in 1787. His name is not mentioned in all the correspondence of the Poet, nor is he numbered amongst his admirers or friends.

XXVIII.

A GRACE BEFORE DINNER.

O THOU, who kindly dost provide
For every creature's want!
We bless thee, God of Nature wide,
For all thy goodness lent:
And, if it please thee, Heavenly Guide,
May never worse be sent;
But, whether granted or denied,
Lord, bless us with content!
Amen.

The distinction of this Grace has been given to several houses. It was a favorite practice to ask the Poet for a blessing, even

where he was a guest. His readiness was generally known; and whatever he said was gratefully remembered.

XXIX.

ON WAT.

Sic a reptile was Wat,
Sic a miscreant slave,
That the very worms damned him
When laid in his grave.
"In his flesh there's a famine,"
A starv'd reptile cries;
"An' his heart is rank poison,"
Another replies.

The name of the person on whom this terrible epitaph was composed is not known. I heard the late Mr. Cromek recite it, and say that he had sought in vain to discover who the Walter was against whom it was directed. The name might be found; but, in gratifying idle curiosity, much pain would be inflicted.

XXX.

ON CAPTAIN FRANCIS GROSE.

The devil got notice that Grose was a-dying,
So whip! at the summons, old Satan came flying;
But when he approach'd where poor Francis lay moaning,
And saw each bed-post with its burden a-groaning,
Astonish'd! confounded! cry'd Satan, "By God!
I'll want 'im, ere I take such a damnable load!"

It is related that one evening, at table, when wine and wit were flowing, Grose, delighted with some of the sallies of Burns,

requested the honor of a couplet upon himself. The Poet eyed the corpulent antiquarian for a minute's space or so, and then repeated this epigram amid roars of laughter.

XXXI.

THE KIRK OF LAMINGTON.

As cauld a wind as ever blew,
A caulder kirk, and in't but few;
As cauld a minister's e'er spak,
Ye'se a' be het ere I come back.

The Poet was stopped by a storm once in Clydesdale, and on Sunday went to Lamington Kirk: the day was so rough, the kirk so cold, and the sermon so little to his liking, that he left his poetic protest on the window.

XXXII.

THE LEAGUE AND COVENANT.

The Solemn League and Covenant
Cost Scotland blood—cost Scotland tears:
But it sealed freedom's sacred cause—
If thou'rt a slave, indulge thy sneers.

This was spoken in reply to a gentleman who sneered at the sufferings of Scotland for conscience' sake, and called the Solemn League and Covenant of the Lords and People ridiculous and fanatical.

XXXIII.

WRITTEN ON A PANE OF GLASS,

IN THE INN AT MOFFATT.

Ask why God made the gem so small,
And why so huge the granite?
Because God meant mankind should set
A higher value on it.

One day, while Burns was at Moffat, "The charming lovely Davies" of one of his songs rode past, accompanied by a lady tall and portly: on a friend asking the Poet why God made one lady so large, and Miss Davies so little, he replied in the words of the epigram. No one has apologized so handsomely for "scrimpit stature."

XXXIV.

SPOKEN,

ON BEING APPOINTED TO THE EXCISE.

Searching auld wives barrels,
Och—hon! the day!
That clarty barm should stain my laurels;
But—what'll ye say!
These movin' things ca'd wives and weans
Wad move the very hearts o' stanes!

That the Poet delighted not in the name of gauger is well known: yet he would allow no one to speak ill of the Excise but himself. He was strict, but merciful: the smuggler had no chance of escape from him, while to the country purchaser he was very indulgent.

XXXV.

LINES ON MRS. KEMBLE.

KEMBLE, thou cur'st my unbelief
Of Moses and his rod;
At Yarico's sweet notes of grief
The rock with tears had flow'd.

When Mrs. Kemble performed, in 1794, the part of Yarico at the Dumfries theatre, Burns was in Mrs. Riddel's box, and was deeply moved by her natural and pathetic acting. He took out a bit of paper, wrote these lines with a pencil, and had them handed to her at the conclusion of the piece.

XXXVI.

TO MR. SYME.

No more of your guests, be they titled or not,
And cook'ry the first in the nation;
Who is proof to thy personal converse and wit,
Is proof to all other temptation.

John Syme, of Ryedale, was the constant companion of Burns, and these lines were spoken to him in answer to an invitation to dine, in which he promised the "first of company, and the first of cookery." He was a gentleman of education and talent, difficult to please in the pleasures of the table; a wit in his way, an epigrammatist and rhymer, an admirable teller of a story, and altogether a convivial and well-informed man.

XXXVII.

TO MR. SYME.

WITH A PRESENT OF A DOZEN OF PORTER.

O, HAD the malt thy strength of mind,
Or hops the flavor of thy wit,
'Twere drink for first of human kind,
A gift that e'en for Syme were fit.

Jerusalem Tavern, Dumfries

It cannot be denied that Burns had a happy knack at paying compliments; nor can it soon be forgotten that Syme abounded in humor, and in dry sarcastic sallies such as the Poet loved. In the deeper sensibilities of heart he was more deficient. It is to him that Ramsay of Ochtertyre alludes, when he says the pathos of Burns' conversation brought tears even to the cheeks of Mr. S., "albeit unused to the melting mood."

XXXVIII.

INSCRIPTION ON A GOBLET.

THERE's death in the cup—sae beware!
Nay, more—there is danger in touching;
But wha can avoid the fell snare?
The man and his wine's sae bewitching!

One day after dinner, at Ryedale, Burns wrote these lines on a goblet with his diamond. Syme would seem to have been less affected with the compliment than with defacing his crystal service, for he threw the goblet behind the fire. We are not told what the Poet thought; but it is said that Brown, the clerk of "Stamp-office Johnny," snatched the goblet out of the fire uninjured and kept it as a relique till his death.

XXXIX.

THE INVITATION.

THE King's most humble servant I,
Can scarcely spare a minute ;
But I'll be wi' you by and bye,
Or else the devil's in it.

It was in verses such as these that the Poet answered invitations and replied to civilities : he was rarely at a loss, and had a happy knack in escaping from difficulties whenever he attempted to escape in rhyme.

XL.

THE CREED OF POVERTY.

IN politics if thou would'st mix,
And mean thy fortunes be ;
Bear this in mind—be deaf and blind;
Let great folks hear and see.

When the Board of Excise informed Burns that his business was to act, and not to think and speak, he read the order to a friend, turned the paper, and wrote what he called "The Creed of Poverty."

XLI.

WRITTEN IN A LADY'S POCKET-BOOK.

GRANT me, indulgent Heav'n, that I may live
To see the miscreants feel the pains they give,
Deal freedom's sacred treasures free as air,
Till slave and despot be but things which were.

That Burns sympathized with the lovers of liberty in the first outburst of the French Revolution, these verses, as well as others, sufficiently testify. That freedom was darkening down into despotism in France, he lived partly to see; nor was his muse silent in support of order and independence in his native land.

XLII.

THE PARSON'S LOOKS.

THAT there is falsehood in his looks
I must and will deny;
They say their master is a knave—
And sure they do not lie.

Some one said to Burns that he saw falsehood in a certain Rev. Doctor B.'s very looks: the Poet considered for a moment, and gave his answer in this epigram.

XLIII.

THE TOAD-EATER.

WHAT of earls with whom you have supt,
And of dukes that you dined with yestreen?
Lord! a louse, Sir, is still but a louse,
Though it crawl on the curls of a queen.

At the table of Maxwell of Terraughty, when it was the pleasure of one of the guests to talk only of dukes with whom he had drank, and of earls with whom he had dined, Burns silenced him with this epigram.

XLIV.

ON ROBERT RIDDEL.

To Riddel, much-lamented man,
This ivied cot was dear;
Reader, dost value matchless worth?
This ivied cot revere.

The first time that Burns rode up Nith-side, after the death of his friend of Friars-Carse, he gave a boy his horse to hold, went into the Hermitage in the wood, threw himself on a seat, and remained for a full half hour. I copied these lines from the window where they were traced by the diamond of Burns.

XLV.

THE TOAST.

Instead of a song boys, I'll give you a toast—
Here's the memory of those on the twelfth that we lost!—
That we lost, did I say? nay, by Heav'n, that we found;
For their fame it shall last while the world goes round.
The next in succession, I'll give you—the King!
Whoe'er would betray him, on high may he swing;
And here's the grand fabric, our free Constitution,
As built on the base of the great revolution;
And longer with politics not to be cramm'd,
Be Anarchy curs'd, and be Tyranny damn'd;
And who would to Liberty e'er prove disloyal,
May his son be a hangman, and he his first trial.

Burns was called upon for a song at a dinner of the Dumfries Volunteers, in honor of Rodney's victory of the 12th of April, 1782, he replied to the call by saying

"Instead of a song, boys, I'll give you a toast."

XLVI.

ON A PERSON NICKNAMED THE MARQUIS.

HERE lies a mock Marquis whose titles were shamm'd ;
If ever he rise, it will be to be damn'd.

This personage was landlord of a respectable public-house in Dumfries, which Burns frequented ; in a place where to-names abound, he obtained that of the Marquis ; and the little court or alley where his change-house stood, is still called "The Marquis's Close." In a moment when vanity prevailed against prudence, he desired Burns to write his epitaph. He did it at once —little to the pleasure of the landlord.

XLVII.

LINES WRITTEN ON A WINDOW.

YE men of wit and wealth, why all this sneering,
'Gainst poor Excisemen ? give the cause a hearing ;
What are your landlords' rent-rolls ? teazing ledgers :
What premiers—what ? even monarchs' mighty guagers :
Nay, what are priests, those seeming godly wise men?
What are they, pray, but spiritual Excisemen ?

The origin of these lines is curious and accidental. One day, while in the King's Arms Tavern, Dumfries, Burns overheard a country gentleman talking wittily rather than wisely concerning excisemen ; the Poet went to a window, and on one of the panes wrote the "Rebuke" with his diamond. It was taken in good part, as indeed it could not well be otherwise, and remained long on the window an attraction to travellers.

XLVIII.

LINES

WRITTEN ON A WINDOW OF THE GLOBE TAVERN, DUMFRIES.

THE graybeard, old Wisdom, may boast of his treasures,
Give me with gay Folly to live;
I grant him calm blooded, time-settled pleasures,
But Folly has raptures to give.

The Poet ever looked widely abroad: he took no narrow-souled views of any thing: he saw that even in the company of Folly a wise man might sit down and be edified. "Out of the nettle Danger he could pluck the flower Safety." There was no hypocrisy or cant in his composition.

XLIX.

THE SELKIRK GRACE.

SOME hae meat and canna eat,
And some wad eat that want it,
But we hae meat and we can eat,
And sae the Lord be thanket.

On a visit to St. Mary's Isle, the Earl of Selkirk requested Burns to say grace at dinner. These were the words he uttered —they were applauded then, and have since been known in Galloway by the name of "The Selkirk Grace."

L.

ON THE POET'S DAUGHTER.

HERE lies a rose, a budding rose,
Blasted before its bloom;
Whose innocence did sweets disclose
Beyond that flower's perfume.

To those who for her loss are griev'd,
This consolation's given—
She's from a world of woe reliev'd,
And blooms a rose in heaven.

These tender and affecting lines were written, it is said, on the death of the Poet's daughter, in 1795. He loved the child dearly, and mourned her loss with many tears. His own health was giving way—he was fading before his time.

LI.

EPITAPH.

HERE brewer Gabriel's fires extinct,
And empty all his barrels:
He's blest—if as the brew'd he drink—
In upright honest morals.

Gabriel Richardson, a worthy man and a good brewer, lived in Dumfries, and at his hospitable table Burns spent many pleasant hours. His son, Dr. Richardson, the distinguished traveller, said the last mark of civilization which he found on his expedition to the north, was poetry—and that by Burns. These lines were written on a goblet, still preserved in the family.

LII.

ON THE DEATH OF A LAP-DOG,

NAMED ECHO.

In wood and wild, ye warbling throng,
Your heavy loss deplore;
Now half extinct your powers of song,
Sweet Echo is no more.

Ye jarring screeching things around,
Scream your discordant joys;
Now half your din of tuneless sound
With Echo silent lies.

Burns wrote these lines at Kenmore Castle, an ancient seat of the Gordons. It happened that Mrs. Gordon's lap-dog died on the day of the Poet's arrival. She requested an epitaph for him. "This," says Syme, "was setting Hercules to his distaff: he disliked the subject, but to please the lady he would try."

LIII.

ON SEEING THE BEAUTIFUL SEAT OF LORD GALLOWAY.

What dost thou in that mansion fair?—
Flit, Galloway, and find
Some narrow, dirty, dungeon cave,
The picture of thy mind!

LIV.

ON THE SAME.

No Stewart art thou, Galloway,
The Stewarts all were brave;
Besides, the Stewarts were but fools,
Not one of them a knave.

LV.

ON THE SAME.

Bright ran thy line, O Galloway,
Thro' many a far-fam'd sire!
So ran the far-fam'd Roman way,
So ended in a mire.

LVI.

TO THE SAME,

ON THE AUTHOR BEING THREATENED WITH HIS RESENTMENT.

Spare me thy vengeance, Galloway,
In quiet let me live:
I ask no kindness at thy hand,
For thou hast none to give.

These sharp squibs were launched against the house of Galloway, during the Heron contest. Though "The Stewart" at first felt offended, he smiled, it is said, when he considered how wayward the muse is, and how hot even the calmest blood grows during an election.

LVII.

ON A COUNTRY LAIRD.

BLESS Jesus Christ, O Cardoness,
With grateful lifted eyes,
Who said that not the soul alone,
But body too, must rise:
For had he said, "the soul alone
From death I will deliver;"
Alas! alas! O Cardoness,
Then thou hadst slept for ever.

The hero of these merciless verses was, it is said, a very worthy person, Sir David Maxwell of Cardoness, who had offended the Poet in the heat of the Heron election. What the offence was has not been stated; but contradiction is enough in election matters, when the wisest men justify the sarcasm of the Frenchman, that the British go stark mad every seven years.

LVIII.

ON JOHN BUSHBY.

HERE lies John Bushby, honest man!—
Cheat him Devil, gin ye can.

This person has already been mentioned. He was a good lawyer, keen, acute, fertile in expedients, and full of resources in all pressing emergencies. The peasantry, who hate all stirring attornies, regarded him with much malevolence; and as he crossed the Poet in the thorny path of politics, it was reckoned a service rendered the cause of virtue when Burns lampooned him. It is said that as he lay on his death-bed, knock followed knock at his door, and creditor succeeded creditor so fast, demanding money, that the sinking man turned his face sullenly away, and muttered, "They winna let me die, by G-d!"

LIX.

THE TRUE LOYAL NATIVES.

YE true "Loyal Natives" attend to my song,
In uproar and riot rejoice the night long;
From envy or hatred your corps is exempt,
But where is your shield from the darts of contempt?

The origin of these lines is related by Cromek. When politics ran high, the Poet happened to be in a tavern, and the following lines—the production of one of "The True Loyal Natives" were handed over the table to Burns :—

"Ye sons of sedition give ear to my song,
Let Syme, Burns, and Maxwell pervade every throng;
With Craken th' attorny, and Mundell the quack,
Send Willie the monger to hell with a smack."

The Poet took out a pencil and instantly wrote his reply to "The True Loyal Natives."

LX.

ON A SUICIDE.

EARTH'D up here lies an imp o'hell,
Planted by Satan's dibble—
Poor silly wretch, he's damn'd himsel'
To save the Lord the trouble.

A melancholy person of the name of Glendinning having taken away his own life, was interred at a place called "The Old Chapel," close beside Dumfries. My friend, Dr. Copland Hutchinson, happened to be walking out that way: he saw Burns with his foot on the grave, his hat on his knee, and paper laid on his hat on which he was writing. He then took the paper, thrust it with his finger into the red mould of the grave, and went away. This was the above epigram, and such was the Poet's mode of publishing it.

LXI.

LINES TO JOHN RANKINE.

He who of Rankine sang lies stiff and dead,
And a green grassy hillock haps his head;
Alas! alas! a devilish change indeed.

'These lines, it is said, were written to Rankine and forwarded to Adamhill immediately after the Poet's death. Inquiries into the accuracy of this account have been made in vain. The statement was made in a thin octavo volume, published at Glasgow in 1801, which contained the "Jolly Beggars" and other posthumous poems.

LXII.

JESSY LEWARS.

Talk not to me of savages
From Afric's burning sun,
No savage e'er could rend my heart
As, Jessy, thou hast done.
But Jessy's lovely hand in mine,
A mutual faith to plight,
Not even to view the heavenly choir
Would be so blest a sight.

During the last illness of the Poet, Mr. Brown, the surgeon who attended him, came in, and stated that he had been looking at a collection of wild beasts just arrived, and pulling out the list of the animals, held it out to Jessy Lewars. The Poet snatched it from him, took up a pen, and with red ink wrote these verses on the back of the advertisement, saying, "Now it is fit to be presented to a lady." This precious relique is still in her possession.

LXIII.

THE TOAST.

FILL me with the rosy wine,
Call a toast—a toast divine;
Give the Poet's darling flame,
Lovely Jessy by the name;
Then thou mayest freely boast,
Thou hast given a peerless toast.

One day while the Poet was much indisposed, he observed Jessy Lewars moving, with a light foot, about the house, lest she should disturb him. He took up a crystal goblet containing wine and water for moistening his lips, wrote "The Toast" upon it with a diamond, and presented it to her.—"She was," says Gilbert Burns, "a deservedly great favorite of the Poet's, and a soothing friend to Mrs. Burns at the time of his death."

LXIV.

ON MISS JESSY LEWARS.

SAY, sages, what's the charm on earth
Can turn Death's dart aside?
It is not purity and worth,
Else Jessy had not died.

R. B.

The constancy of her attendance and the anxiety of her mind, made Jessy Lewars suffer a slight indisposition.—"You must not die yet," said the Poet with a smile; "however, I shall provide for the worst. Give me that goblet, and I'll write your epitaph." He wrote these four lines with his diamond, and, presenting the goblet, said, "That will be a companion to 'The Toast.'"

LXV.

THE RECOVERY OF JESSY LEWARS.

BUT rarely seen since Nature's birth,
The natives of the sky;
Yet still one seraph's left on earth,
For Jessy did not die.

R. B.

A little repose brought health back to the young lady. On this Burns said, smiling, "I knew you would get better; you have much to do before you die, believe me. Besides, there is a poetic reason for your recovery." So saying, he took up a pen and wrote the above.

SONGS AND BALLADS.

The Songs and Ballads of Burns are now gathered together for the first time. They have been much scattered: some continued in manuscript; others, printed with his initials, escaped the notice of the public; while a number, published anonymously, became popular without being known as his compositions. The Poet inserted very few of his lyrics in his works: it is believed that he contemplated their publication separately: he wrote carefully and corrected anxiously many fine songs for the national work of Thomson, and he supplied Johnson's Musical Museum with a fourth and more of the songs which compose the six volumes of that equally curious and valuable work. The communications to the latter consist of old songs, with amended and additional verses—of choruses and other snatches of the olden minstrelsy, eked out and completed in their own peculiar spirit—and of original songs wholly from his own hand, and mostly published with his name annexed. Some of these amended strains are of great beauty, and many of the original songs are unequalled for pathos and spirit. The Editor has observed something like chronological order of composition in the arrangement, and added notes explanatory or illustrative, in which scraps of ancient or contemporary song have been introduced, as often as they afforded light to the accompanying strains of the Poet.

SONGS AND BALLADS.

HANDSOME NELL.

Tune.—"*I am a man unmarried.*"

O once I lov'd a bonnie lass,
Ay, and I love her still;
And whilst that honor warms my breast,
I'll love my handsome Nell.

As bonnie lasses I hae seen,
And mony full as braw;
But for a modest gracefu' mien
The like I never saw.

A bonnie lass I will confess
Is pleasant to the e'e,
But without some better qualities
She's no a lass for me.

But Nelly's looks are blithe and sweet,
And what is best of a',
Her reputation is complete,
And fair without a flaw.

She dresses ay sae clean and neat,
Both decent and genteel:
And then there's something in her gait
Gars ony dress look weel.

A gaudy dress and gentle air
May slightly touch the heart;
But it's innocence and modesty
That polishes the dart.

'Tis this in Nelly pleases me,
'Tis this enchants my soul;
For absolutely in my breast
She reigns without control.

Of this song the Poet's own account is the best that can be given:—"For my own part, I never had the least inclination of turning poet till I once got heartily in love, and then rhyme and song were in a manner the spontaneous language of my heart. This composition was the first of my performances, and done at an early period of life, when my heart glowed with honest warm simplicity; unacquainted and uncorrupted with the ways of a wicked world. The performance is, indeed, very puerile and silly, but I am always pleased with it, as it recals to my mind those happy days when my heart was yet honest, and my tongue was sincere. The subject of it was a young girl who really deserved all the praises I have bestowed on her. I not only had this opinion of her then, but I actually think so still, now that the spell is long since broken, and the enchantment at end."

LUCKLESS FORTUNE.

O Raging fortune's withering blast
Has laid my leaf full low, O!
O raging fortune's withering blast
Has laid my leaf full low, O!
My stem was fair, my bud was green,
My blossom sweet did blow, O;
The dew fell fresh, the sun rose mild,
And made my branches grow, O.
But luckless fortune's northern storms
Laid a' my blossoms low, O;
But luckless fortune's northern storms
Laid a' my blossoms low, O.

Burns tells us that he attempted to compose an air in the true Scottish style; but was not master of the science of music

enough to enable him to prick down the notes, though they remained long on his memory. The tune consisted, he said, of three parts, and these words were the offspring of the same period, and echoed the air.—"My poor country muse," he says, in the memoranda where this song is inserted, "all rustic, awkward, and unpolished as she is, has more charms for me than any other of the pleasures of life beside—as I hope she will not desert me in misfortune. I may even then learn to be, if not happy, at least easy, and *south a sang* to soothe my misery."—(March, 1784.)

I DREAM'D I LAY.

I.

I Dream'd I lay where flowers were springing
Gaily in the sunny beam;
List'ning to the wild birds singing,
By a falling, crystal stream:
Straight the sky grew black and daring;
Thro' the woods the whirldwinds rave;
Trees with aged arms were warring,
O'er the swelling drumlie wave.

II.

Such was my life's deceitful morning,
Such the pleasure I enjoy'd;
But lang or noon, loud tempests storming,
A' my flowery bliss destroy'd.
Tho' fickle fortune has deceiv'd me,
She promis'd fair, and perform'd but ill;
Of mony a joy and hope bereav'd me,
I bear a heart shall support me still.

The Poet was some seventeen years old when he wrote this melancholy song. The early days of Burns were typical of the latter. To-day, lively—to-morrow, desponding: depressed in the morning by labor, he brightened up as the sun went down, and was ready for "a cannie hour" with the lass of his love

—for a song vehemently joyous with his comrades—or a mason-meeting, where care was discharged, and merriment abounded.

TIBBIE, I HAE SEEN THE DAY.

Tune.—"*Invercald's Reel.*"

CHORUS.

O Tibbie, I hae seen the day,
Ye wad na been sae shy;
For lack o' gear ye lightly me,
But, trouth, I care na by.

YESTREEN I met you on the moor,
Ye spak na, but gaed by like sto ure;
Ye geck at me because I'm poor,
But fient a hair care I.

I doubt na, lass, but ye may think,
Because ye hae the name o' clink,
That ye can please me at a wink,
Whene'er ye like to try.

But sorrow tak him that's sae mean,
Altho' his pouch o' coin were clean,
Wha follows ony saucy quean,
That looks sae proud and high.

Altho' a lad were e'er sae smart,
If that he want the yellow dirt,
Ye'll cast your head anither airt,
And answer him fu' dry.

But if he hae the name o' gear,
Ye'll fasten to him like a brier,
Tho' hardly he, for sense or lear,
Be better than the kye.

But, Tibbie, lass, tak my advice,
Your daddie's gear maks you sae nice;
The deil a ane wad spier your price,
Were ye as poor as I.

There lives a lass in yonder park,
I would nae gie her in her sark,
For thee, wi' a' thy thousan' mark;
Ye need na look sae high.

This is one of the earliest of the Poet's compositions. The Tibbie wha "spak na, but gaed by like stoure," was the daughter, it is said, of a portioner of Kyle—a man with three acres of peat moss—an inheritance which she thought entitled her to treat a landless wooer with disdain. The Bard was very young when this adventure happened, and perhaps she neither looked for sweet song nor such converse as maidens love from one of such tender years.

MY FATHER WAS A FARMER.

Tune.—"*The Weaver and his Shuttle, O.*"

I.

My father was a farmer
Upon the Carrick border, O,
And carefully he bred me
In decency and order, O;
He bade me act a manly part,
Though I had ne'er a farthing, O;
For without an honest manly heart,
No man was worth regarding, O.

II.

Then out into the world
My course I did determine, O;
Tho' to be rich, was not my wish,
Yet to be great was charming, O:

My talents, they were not the worst,
Nor yet my education, O;
Resolv'd was I, at least to try,
To mend my situation, O.

III.

In many a way, and vain essay,
I courted fortune's favor, O;
Some cause unseen still stept between,
To frustrate each endeavor, O:
Sometimes by foes I was o'erpower'd;
Sometimes by friends forsaken, O;
And when my hope was at the top,
I still was worst mistaken, O.

IV.

Then sore harass'd, and tir'd at last,
With fortune's vain delusion, O,
I dropt my schemes, like idle dreams,
And came to this conclusion, O:
The past was bad, and the future hid;
Its good or ill untried, O;
But the present hour was in my pow'r,
And so I would enjoy it, O.

V.

No help, nor hope, nor view had I,
Nor person to befriend me, O;
So I must toil, and sweat and broil,
And labor to sustain me, O:
To plough and sow, to reap and mow,
My father bred me early, O;
For one, he said, to labor bred,
Was a match for fortune, fairly, O.

VI.

Thus all obscure, unknown, and poor,
Thro' life I'm doom'd to wander O,
Till down my weary bones I lay,
In everlasting slumber, O.

No view nor care, but shun whate'er
Might breed me pain or sorrow, O:
I live to-day as well's I may,
Regardless of to-morrow, O.

VII.

But cheerful still, I am as well,
As a monarch in a palace, O,
Tho' fortune's frown still hunts me down,
With all her wonted malice, O:
I make indeed my daily bread,
But ne'er can make it farther, O;
But, as daily bread is all I need,
I do not much regard her, O.

VIII.

When sometimes by my labor
I earn a little money, O,
Some unforeseen misfortune
Comes gen'rally upon me, O:
Mischance, mistake, or by neglect,
Or my goodnatur'd folly, O;
But come what will, I've sworn it still,
I'll ne'er be melancholy, O.

IX.

All you who follow wealth and power
With unremitting ardor, O,
The more in this you look for bliss,
You leave your view the farther, O:
Had you the wealth Potosi boasts,
Or nations to adore you, O,
A cheerful-honest-hea rted clown
I will prefer before you, O.

Little poetic fervor found its way into this chaunt; yet it abounds with manly sentiments, and exhibits fortitude of mind amid the sorrows of the disastrous year 1784.—"The following song," says the Poet, "is a wild rhapsody, miserably deficient

in versification; but as the sentiments are the genuine feelings of my heart, for that reason I have a particular pleasure in conning it over." He feels what many have felt—

"When sometimes by my labor
I earn a little money, O,
Some unforeseen misfortune
Comes gen'rally upon me, O."

Amid all his distresses and woes—

"Ill har'sts, daft bargains, cutty stools,"

he had still some consolation—

"To plough and sow, and reap and mow,
My father bred my early, O;
For one, he said, to labor bred,
Was a match for fortune fairly, O."

Much of the early history of the Poet may be traced in these rude verses.

JOHN BARLEYCORN:

A BALLAD.

THERE were three kings into the east,
Three kings both great and high;
An' they ha'e sworn a solemn oath,
John Barleycorn should die.

They took a plough and plough'd him down,
Put clods upon his head;
And they ha'e sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn was dead.

But the cheerful spring came kindly on,
And show'rs began to fall;
John Barleycorn got up again,
And sore surpris'd them all.

The sultry suns of summer came,
And he grew thick and strong;
His head weel arm'd wi' pointed spears,
That no one should him wrong.

The sober autumn enter'd mild,
When he grew wan and pale;
His bending joints and drooping head
Show'd he began to fail.

His color sicken'd more and more,
He faded into age;
And then his enemies began
To show their deadly rage.

They've ta'en a weapon, long and sharp,
And cut him by the knee;
Then ty'd him fast upon a cart,
Like a rogue for forgerie.

They laid him down upon his back,
And cudgell'd him full sore;
They hung him up before the storm,
And turn'd him o'er and o'er.

They filled up a darksome pit
With water to the brim;
They heaved in John Barleycorn,
There let him sink or swim.

They laid him out upon the floor,
To work him farther woe;
And still, as signs of life appear'd,
They toss'd him to and fro.

They wasted o'er a scorching flame
The marrow of his bones;
But a miller us'd him worst of all,
For he crush'd him between two stones.

And they ha'e ta'en his very heart's blood
And drank it round and round;
And still the more and more they drank,
Their joy did more abound.

John Barleycorn was a hero bold,
Of noble enterprise;
For if you do but taste his blood,
'Twill make your courage rise.

'Twill make a man forget his woe;
'Twill heighten all his joy:
'Twill make the widow's heart to sing,
Tho' the tear were in her eye.

Then let us toast John Barleycorn,
Each man a glass in hand;
And may his great posterity
Ne'er fail in old Scotland!

It is intimated by Burns that John Barleycorn is partly composed on the plan of an old song known by the same name; the ancient ballad is printed by Jamieson, who gives it, he says, from his own recollection as he learned it in Morayshire, when he was a boy, and before the poems of Burns appeared. The merit of originality belongs to the old bard. Some of the verses are word for word the same, and those which are altered, have suffered little change in the sentiment. A few specimens will suffice to show this:—

"There came three merry men from the east,
And three merry men they be;
And they have sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn shall die."

The effect of spring on honest John is well described; the summer heat, too, does its duty:—

"But the spring time it came on at last,
And showers began to fall;
John Barleycorn sprung up again,
Which did surprise them all.

"Then the summer heat on him did beat,
And he grew pale and wan;
John Barleycorn has got a beard
Like any other man."

To John's merits when he is cut by the sickle, thrashed, winnowed, ground, and brewed, the old bard bears explicit testimony:—

"He'll gar the huntsman shoot his dog,
His gold a miser scorn;
He'll gar a maiden dance stark naked,
Wi' the tooming of a horn."

The version of Burns is more consistent, but not more graphic than the old strain.

THE RIGS O' BARLEY.

Tune—"*Corn Rigs are bonnie.*"

I.

It was upon a Lammas night,
When corn rigs are bonnie,
Beneath the moon's unclouded light,
I held away to Annie:
The time flew by wi' tentless heed,
Till 'tween the late and early,
Wi' sma' persuasion she agreed,
To see me thro' the barley.

II.

The sky was blue, the wind was still,
The moon was shining clearly;
I set her down wi' right good will,
Amang the rigs o' barley:
I ken't her heart was a' my ain;
I lov'd her most sincerely;
I kiss'd her owre and owre again,
Amang the rigs o' barley.

III.

I lock'd her in my fond embrace!
Her heart was beating rarely;
My blessings on that happy place,
Amang the rigs o' barley!
But by the moon and stars so bright,
That shone that hour so clearly!
She aye shall bless that happy night,
Amang the rigs o' barley.

IV.

I hae been blithe wi' comrades dear;
I hae been merry drinkin';
I hae been joyfu' gath'rin' gear;
I hae been merry thinkin':
But a' the pleasures e'er I saw,
Tho' three times doubl'd fairly,
That happy night was worth them a',
Amang the rigs o' barley.

CHORUS.

Corn rigs, an' barley rigs,
An' corn rigs are bonnie:
I'll ne'er forget that happy night,
Amang the rigs wi' Annie.

It is generally believed in the west of Scotland that Annie Ronald, afterwards Mrs. Paterson of Aikenbrae, was the inspirer of this charming song. The freedom and warmth of the words probably induced her to disown it in her latter days. The Poet was a frequent visiter at her father's house while he continued in Mossgiel: and Mr. Ronald liked so much the conversation of his eloquent neighbour, that he sat late with him on many occasions. This seems to have displeased another of his daughters, who said she "could na see ought about Robert Burns that could tempt her to sit up wi' him till twal o'clock at night." It is not known how far Annie Ronald joined in her sister's dislike of the Bard. She probably thought on these matters like a young girl on Nith-side, who said, with much simplicity, "I wonder what my brother John sees in the lasses, that he likes them sae weel;—for my part, I wad na gie the company o' ae lad for twenty lasses."

MONTGOMERY'S PEGGY.

Tune.—"*Galla-Water.*"

Altho' my bed were in yon muir,
Amang the heather, in my plaidie,
Yet happy, happy would I be,
Had I my dear Montgomery's Peggy.

When o'er the hill beat surly storms,
And winter nights were dark and rainy;
I'd seek some dell, and in my arms
I'd shelter dear Montgomery's Peggy.

Were I a baron proud and high,
And horse and servants waiting ready,
Then a' 'twad gie o' joy to me,
The sharin't with Montgomery's Peggy.

"This fragment is done," says Burns, "in imitation of the manner of a noble old Scottish piece, called M'Millan's Peggy. My Montgomery's Peggy was my deity for six or eight months. She had been bred in a style of life rather elegant; but, as Vanbrugh says, 'My damned star found me out there, too:' for though I began the affair merely in a *gaiete de cœur*, or to tell the truth, which will scarcely be believed, a vanity of shewing my parts in courtship, particularly my abilities at a *billet doux*, on which I always piqued myself, made me lay siege to her; and when, as I always do in my foolish gallantries, I had battered myself into a very warm affection for her, she told, in a flag of truce, that her fortress had been for some time before the rightful property of another. It cost me some heart-aches to get rid of the affair. I have even tried to imitate, in this extempore thing, that irregularity in the rhyme which, when judiciously done, has such a fine effect on the ear."

Of M'Millan's Peggy various verses are yet remembered:—

"O I wad gie my gude brade sword,
And sae wad I my tartan plaidie,
Gin I were twenty miles o'er the Forth,
And along wi' me my bonnie Peggie.

"He's mounted her on a milk-white steed,
And himself upon a good grey naigie;
And he rode over hills, and he rode through howes,
And he rode quite away wi' the bonnie Peggie.

"Until that he came to a lone, lone glen,
Enough to frighten the bauldest bodie;
This glen's thy room, and thy lamp yon moon—
Light down, light down, my bonnie Peggie.

"He's made her bed o' the brekans green,
And her covering o' his tartan plaidie;
And the simmer moon looked smiling down,
To see him watch his sleeping lady."

Other verses might be added, and some curious variations given—more curious than decorous.

THE MAUCHLINE LADY.

Tune.—"*I had a Horse and I had nae Mair.*"

When first I came to Stewart Kyle,
My mind it was nae steady;
Where'er I gaed, where'er I rade,
A mistress still I had ay:

But when I came roun' by Mauchline town,
Not dreadin' any body,
My heart was caught before I thought,
And by a Mauchline lady.

The Mauchline lady who caught the Poet's heart was Jean Armour. The way in which they became acquainted is thus related:—Jean had laid some linen webs down to bleach, and was sprinkling them among the gowans with water, when Luath, the Poet's dog, ran across them with his dirty feet and fawned upon her. She was ill pleased, and—

"E'en as he fawned, she strak the poor dumb tyke."

Burns reproached her in the words of Ramsay; she smiled, and so a friendship commenced, which was doomed to an early termination, and to give much of joy and woe.

THE HIGHLAND LASSIE.

Tune.—"*The Deuks dang o'er my Daddy!*"

Nae gentle dames, tho' e'er sae fair,
Shall ever be my muse's care:
Their titles a' are empty show;
Gie me my highland lassie, O.
Within the glen sae bushy, O,
Aboon the plains sae rushy O,
I set me down wi' right good will,
To sing my highland lassie, O,

Oh, were yon hills and vallies mine,
Yon palace and yon gardens fine!
The world then the love should know
I bear my my highland lassie, O.

But fickle fortune frowns on me,
And I maun cross the raging sea;
But while my crimson currents flow,
I'll love my highland lassie, O.

Altho' thro' foreign climes I range,
I know her heart will never change,
For her bosom burns with honor's glow,
My faithful highland lassie, O.

For her I'll dare the billows' roar,
For her I'll trace a distant shore,
That Indian wealth may lustre throw
Around my highland lassie, O.

She has my heart, she has my hand,
By sacred truth and honor's band!
'Till the mortal stroke shall lay me low,
I'm thine, my highland lassie O.

Farewell the glen sae bushy, O!
Farewell the plain sae rushy, O!
To other lands I now must go,
To sing my highland lassie, O.

The Highland Lassie of this song, was the Mary Campbell of whose too early death the Poet sung afterwards with such eloquent pathos.—"My Highland Lassie," observes Burns, "was a warm-hearted, charming young creature, as ever blessed a man with generous love. After a pretty long tract of the most ardent reciprocal attachment, we met by appointment on the second Sunday of May, in a sequestered spot by the banks of the Ayr, where we spent the day in taking a farewell, before she should embark for the West Highlands, to arrange matters among her friends for our projected change of life. At the close of autumn she crossed the sea to meet me at Greenock, where she had scarce landed when she was seized with a malignant fever which hurried my dear girl to the grave, before I could even hear of her illness."

PEGGY.

Tune—"*I had a Horse, I had nae mair.*"

I.

Now westlin winds and slaught'ring guns
Bring autumn's pleasant weather;
The moorcock springs, on whirring wings,
Amang the blooming heather:
Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain,
Delights the weary farmer;
And the moon shines bright, when I rove at night
To muse upon my charmer.

II.

The partridge loves the fruitful fells;
The plover loves the mountains;
The woodcock haunts the lonely dells;
The soaring her'n the fountains:
Thro' lofty groves the cushat roves
The path of man to shun it;
The hazel bush o'erhangs the thrush,
The spreading thorn the linnet.

III.

Thus ev'ry kind their pleasure find,
The savage and the tender,
Some social join, and leagues combine;
Some solitary wander:
Avaunt, away! the cruel sway,
Tyrannic man's dominion;
The sportsman's joy, the murd'ring cry,
The flutt'ring gory pinion.

IV.

But Peggy, dear, the ev'ning's clear,
Thick flies the skimming swallow;
The sky is blue, the fields in view,
All fading-green and yellow:

Come, let us stray our gladsome way,
And view the charms of nature;
The rustling corn, the fruited thorn,
And every happy creature.

V.

We'll gently walk, and sweetly talk,
Till the silent moon shine clearly;
I'll grasp thy waist, and, fondly prest,
Swear how I love thee dearly,
Not vernal show'rs to budding flow'rs,
Not autumn to the farmer,
So dear can be as thou to me,
My fair, my lovely charmer!

The heroine of this song was "Montgomery's Peggy," who permitted the Poet to lavish on her all the choicest things of prose and verse, and then quietly said she was sorry her charms had made such havoc in his heart, for she was the lawful property of another, and had not the power of rewarding his raptures. The song is more beautiful than impassioned, and it is likely the Poet composed it less from deep regard than to show that he could work her name as charmingly into the web of song, as he could captivate her attention by his eloquence.

THE RANTIN DOG THE DADDIE O'T.

Tune—"*East nook o' Fife.*"

I.

O WHA my babie-clouts will buy?
O wha will tent me when I cry?
Wha will kiss me where I lie?—
The rantin dog the daddie o't.

II

O wha will own he did the fau't?
O wha will buy the groanin' maut?
O wha will tell me how to ca't?—
The rantin dog the daddie o't.

III.

When I mount the creepie chair,
Wha will sit beside me there?
Gie me Rob, I'll seek nae mair,
The rantin dog the daddie o't.

IV.

Wha will crack to me my lane?
Wha will mak me fidgin fain?
Wha will kiss me owre again?—
The rantin dog the daddie o't.

The hapless heroine of this humorous ditty was the mother of "Sonsie, smirking, dear-bought Bess."—"I composed it," says the Poet, "pretty early in life, and sent it to a young girl, a very particular acquaintance of mine, who was at that time under a cloud."

Our old songs abound in allusions to the "creepie chair" and penitence in sackcloth. Burns, who modelled his strains on the rustic lyrics of the north, has shown more than their wit, with something of their indelicacy. One Nithsdale ditty commences thus:—

"I am a silly auld man
Gaun hirplin' owre a tree;
And for wooing a lass i' the dark
The kirk came haunting me.

"If a' my duds were aff,
An' nought but hale claes on,
I trow I could kiss a young lass
As weel as a wiser man.

Pennycuik, a bard who has scarcely ceased to be popular among the peasantry, wrote "Rome's Legacy to the Kirk of Scotland; or, a Satire on the stool of Repentance." Some of his verses are sharp and bitter: he places a sinner on the stool, and makes no little mirth with him.

MY HEART WAS ANCE.

Tune—"*To the Weavers gin ye go.*"

I.

My heart was ance as blythe and free
As simmer days were lang,
But a bonnie westlin weaver lad
Has gart me change my sang.
To the weavers gin ye go, fair maids,
To the weavers gin ye go;
I rede you right gang ne'er at night,
To the weavers gin ye go.

II.

My mither sent me to the town,
To warp a plaiden wab;
But the weary, weary warpin o't
Has gart me sigh and sab.

III.

A bonnie westlin weaver lad
Sat working at his loom;
He took my heart as wi' a net,
In every knot and thrum.

IV.

I sat beside my warpin-wheel,
And ay I ca'd it roun';
But every shot and every knock,
My heart it gae a stoun.

V.

The moon was sinking in the west
Wi' visage pale and wan,
As my bonnie westlin weaver lad
Convoy'd me thro' the glen.

VI.

But what was said, or what was done,
Shame fa' me gin I tell;
But, oh! I fear the kintra soon
Will ken as weel's mysel.
To the weavers gin ye go, fair maids,
To the weavers gin ye go;
I rede you right gang ne'er at night,
To the weavers gin ye go.

"The chorus of this song is old," says Burns in his notes on the Musical Museum; "the rest of it is mine." He might have added, that the lass whom it celebrates belonged to Mauchline; and that one summer evening, when he desired to escort her home from an expedition which she had made with yarn for a web, he found himself anticipated by

"A bonnie westlin weaver lad,"

and wrote the song in consequence. He did not consider it one of his happiest.—"Here, once for all," he writes, "let me apologize for many silly compositions of mine in this work Many beautiful airs wanted words; and, in the hurry of other avocations, if I could string a parcel of rhymes together any thing near tolerable, I was fain to let them pass."

No one unacquainted with the domestic economy of Scotland can understand some of the allusions in this song. Thrift, in the days of Burns, was not wholly abandoned: the wives of our husbandmen spun their wool and flax, and sent the yarn and thread to the weaver to be manufactured into cloth—not for sale, but home consumption. In this way sackcloth for the corn, plaiding for the beds, linen for the body, and broad-cloth and stuffs for daily or even holiday wear, were produced. To purchase cloth for every-day use was, in my youthful days, reckoned extravagant. The heroine of the song was despatched with yarn to the weavers; and the warping alluded to is the act of preparing it for the loom.

NANNIE.

Tune—"*My Nannie, O.*"

I.

Behind yon hills where Lugar flows,
'Mang moors an' mosses many, O,
The wintry sun the day has clos'd,
And I'll awa to Nannie, O.

II.

The westlin wind blaws loud an' shrill;
The night's baith mirk and rainy, O;
But I'll get my plaid, an' out I'll steal,
An' owre the hills to Nannie, O.

III.

My Nannie's charming, sweet, an' young;
Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O:
May ill befa' the flattering tongue
That wad beguile my Nannie, O.

IV.

Her face is fair, her heart is true,
As spotless as she's bonnie, O:
The op'ning gowan, wet wi' dew,
Nae purer is than Nannie, O.

V.

A country lad is my degree,
An' few there be that ken me, O;
But what care I how few they be?
I'm welcome ay to Nannie, O.

VI.

My riches a's my penny-fee,
An' I maun guide it cannie, O;
But warl's gear ne'er troubles me,
My thoughts are a' my Nannie, O.

VII.

Our auld guidman delights to view
His sheep an' kye thrive bonnie, O;
But I'm as blythe that hauds his pleugh,
An' has nae care but Nannie, O.

VIII.

Come weel, come woe, I care na by,
I'll tak what Heav'n will sen' me, O;
Nae ither care in life have I,
But live, an' love my Nannie, O.

Nannie Fleming, a servant in Calcothill, near Lochlea, was the heroine of this fine song. She died unmarried and well advanced in life, and when questioned about the Poet's attachment said, "Aye, atweel he made a great wark about me."—"Like most of the favorites of Burns," says an observing friend, "she was more remarkable for the symmetry of her limbs than the beauty of her face. She was modest and cheerful, and had a winning manner." Burns says, concerning this song: "As I have been all along a miserable dupe to love, and have been led into a thousand weaknesses and follies by it, for that reason I put more confidence in my critical skill in distinguishing foppery and conceit from real passion and nature. Whether 'My Nannie, O!' will stand the test I will not pretend to say, because it is my own; only I can say, it was at the time genuine from the heart."

This fine air attracted minstrels before the days of Burns. The "Nannie, O!" of Allan Ramsay will be long remembered, both for its singular faults and its great beauties: among the latter may be reckoned this verse—

"How joyfully my spirits rise
When, dancing, she moves finely, O!
I guess what heaven is by her eyes,
They sparkle so divinely, O."

Older words still linger in the land: they must have been known both to Ramsay and Burns:—

"As I came in by Embro' town,
By the side o' the bonny city, O,
I heard a young man mak his moan,
And O! it was a pity, O.
For aye he cried his Nannie, O!
His handsome, charming Nannie, O!
Nor friend nor foe can tell, O—ho,
How dearly I love Nannie, O."

A FRAGMENT.

Tune—"*John Anderson my Jo.*"

ONE night as I did wander,
When corn begins to shoot,
I sat me down to ponder,
Upon an auld tree root:
Auld Ayr ran by before me,
And bicker'd to the seas;
A cushat crowded o'er me,
That echoed thro' the braes.

Burns sometimes hit upon one happy stanza, but, not falling readily again into the same track of feeling, allowed it to remain a fragment. Such precious things must not, however, be thrown away. Some gifted son of song, on a future day, may take a liking for the verse, and eke it out in the same spirit and feeling with which the Poet of Ayr has commenced it. That Burns completed many of our melodies in the same manner, this and the succeeding volume will sufficiently show.

BONNIE PEGGY ALISON.

Tune—"*Braes o' Balquhidder.*"

CHORUS.

I'll kiss thee yet, yet,
An' I'll kiss thee o'er again;
An' I'll kiss thee yet, yet,
My bonnie Peggy Alison!

I.

ILK care and fear, when thou art near,
I ever mair defy them, O;
Young kings upon their hansel throne
Are no sae blest as I am, O!

II.

When in my arms, wi' a' thy charms,
I clasp my countless treasure, O,
I seek nae mair o' Heaven to share
Than sic a moment's pleasure, O!

III.

And by thy een, sae bonnie blue,
I swear I'm thine for ever, O!
And on thy lips I seal my vow,
And break it shall I never, O!
I'll kiss thee yet, yet,
An' I'll kiss thee o'er again;
An' I'll kiss thee yet, yet,
My bonnie Peggy Alison

Peggy Alison, the editor has been told by a friend in the west of Scotland, was Montgomery's Peggy, the subject of other songs and the object of eight months' fruitless wooing. The Poet, it is said, exhausted all his knowledge in the art of courting to win the affections of his coy dame; he was to be seen sauntering about, watching her windows during the evening, musing in her favorite walks during the day, and, when in some propitious moment she consented to meet him after night-fall, he might be observed lingering nigh the "trysting-tree" an hour before the appointed time. He sought the acquaintance of all whom he imagined could influence her, and urged and wooed with all his impassioned eloquence. Peggie was pleased with all this—she loved praise, and loved the Poet's company. The cause of her coldness has already been related.

It was an early communication, though unacknowledged, to the Museum. Clark the composer was fond of it; Cromek, who had all Johnson's correspondence through his hands, saw it in the handwriting of Burns, and inserted it in the Reliques.

THERE'S NOUGHT BUT CARE.

Tune—"*Green, grow the Rashes.*"

CHORUS.

Green grow the rashes, O!
Green grow the rashes, O!
The sweetest hours that e'er I spend
Are spent amang the lasses, O.

I.

THERE's nought but care on ev'ry han',
In every hour that passes, O:
What signifies the life o' man,
An' 'twere na for the lasses, O.

II

The warly race may riches chase,
An' riches still may fly them, O;
An' tho' at last they catch them fast,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.

III.

But gie me a cannie hour at e'en.
My arms about my dearie, O;
An' warly cares, an' warly men,
May a' gae tapsalteerie, O.

IV.

For you sae douce, ye sneer at this,
Ye're nought but senseless asses, O:
The wisest man the warl' e'er saw,
He dearly lov'd the lasses, O.

V.

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes, O:
Her 'prentice han' she try'd on man,
An' then she made the lasses, O.

Green grow the rashes, O!
Green grow the rashes, O!
The sweetest hours that e'er I spend
Are spent amang the lasses, O.

The "Green grow the Rashes" of our ancestors had both spirit and freedom. The chorus may he taken as a sample:—

"Green grow the rashes, O,
Green grow the rashes, O;
Nae feather-bed was e'er sae saft
As a bed amang the rashes, O."

"Pou thou me the Rushes Green," mentioned in "The Complaynt of Scotland," is likely of the same lineage as these rustic words. Burns calls his inimitable song a fragment, and says it speaks the genuine language of his heart, The incense in the concluding verse is the richest any poet ever offered at the shrine of beauty.

Something akin may be found in the verses of Arbuthnot—a grave reformer, and principal of Aberdeen College:—

"When God made all of nought,
He did this weel declare;
The last thing that he wrought,
It was ane woman fair.
In warkes we see, the last to be
Maist plesand and preclair,
Ane help to man, God made her than;
What will ye I say mair?"

A passage of "Cupid's Whirlygig," published in 1607, contains the express sentiments of the Poet of Scotland:

"How have I wronged thee? Oh! who would abuse your sex which truly knows ye? O women, were we not born of you? Should we not, then, honor you? Nursed by you, and not regard you? Made for you, and not seek you? And since we were made before you, should we not love and admire you as the last, and therefore perfect work of nature? Man was made when nature was but an apprentice; but woman, when she was a skilful mistress of her art; therefore, cursed is he that doth not admire those paragons, those models of heaven—angels on earth, goddesses in shape."

MY JEAN!

Tune—"*The Northern Lass.*"

THOUGH cruel fate should bid us part,
Far as the pole and line,
Her dear idea round my heart,
Should tenderly entwine.
Though mountains rise, and deserts howl,
And oceans roar between;
Yet, dearer than my deathless soul,
I still would love my Jean.

Jean Armour is the heroine of this touching song. It was composed when the Poet contemplated the West India voyage and an eternal separation from the land and the people he loved. It is written to the air of a song of the same name; some of the verses are pleasing:—

"Come, take your glass, the Northern Lass
So prettily advised;
I drank her health, and really was
Agreeably surprised.
Her shape so neat, her voice so sweet,
Her air and mien so free;
The syren charm'd me from my meat,—
But take your drink, said she.

"If from the North such beauty came,
How is it that I feel
Within my breast that glowing flame
No tongue can e'er reveal?
Though cold and raw the north winds blow,
All summer's in her breast;
Her skin is like the driven snow,
But summer all the rest."

ROBIN.

Tune—"*Daintie Davie.*"

I.

THERE was a lad was born in Kyle,
But whatna day o' whatna style
I doubt it's hardly worth the while
To be sae nice wi' Robin.
Robin was a rovin' boy,
Rantin' rovin,' rantin' rovin';
Robin was a rovin' boy,
Rantin' rovin' Robin!

II.

Our monarch's hindmost year but ane
Was five-and-twenty days begun,
'Twas then a blast o' Janwar win'
Blew hansel in on Robin.

III.

The gossip keekit in his loof,
Quo' scho wha lives will see the proof,
This waly boy will be nae coof,
I think we'll ca' him Robin.

IV.

He'll hae misfortunes great and sma',
But ay a heart aboon them a';
He'll be a credit 'till us a',
We'll a' be proud o' Robin.

V.

But sure as three times three mak nine,
I see by ilka score and line,
This chap will dearly like our kin',
So leeze me on thee, Robin.

VI.

Guid faith, quo' scho, I doubt you gar,
The bonnie lasses lie aspar,
But twenty fauts ye may hae waur,
So blessin's on thee, Rob in!
Robin was a rovin' boy,
Rantin' rovin, rantin' rovin';
Robin was a rovin' boy,
Rantin' rovin' Robin!

This mirthsome chaunt was an early composition. All who are acquainted with humble life in the north will see at once the truth and force of the Poet's picture. A man child has been born—the gossips are gathered about the bed—and a cummer, skilful in palmistry, reads his fortune from his fist. She sees much of the dark, but more of the bright; and as the gossip-cup has probably run to her head, she dilates with much freedom on his future exploits. A classical commentator might perceive a similar train of sentiment in the second satire of Persius:—

"Our superstitions with our life begin;
Th' obscure old grandam, or the next of kin,
The new-born infant from the cradle takes,
And first of spittle a lustration makes,
Then dandles him with many a muttered prayer
That heav'n would make him some rich miser's heir,
Lucky to ladies, and in time a king,
Which to ensure, she adds a length of navel-string.
But no fond nurse is fit to make a prayer,
And Jove, if Jove be wise, will never hear;
Not though she prays in white with lifted hands;
A body, made of brass, the crone demands
For her loved nursling, strung with nerves of wire,
Tough to the last, and with no toil to tire."

Stothard painted a small picture from this clever ditty. The cannie wife stood with little Robin laid backwards in her left arm; with her right hand she had opened his palm, and it was quite evident that she saw something which tickled her: a curious intelligence sparkled in the faces of her gossips, and they said, or seemed to say—

"Blessings on thee, Robin!"

HER FLOWING LOCKS.

Tune—(unknown).

HER flowing locks, the raven's wing,
Adown her neck and bosom hing;
How sweet unto that breast to cling,
And round that neck entwine her!
Her lips are roses wat wi' dew,
O, what a feast her bonnie mou'!
Her cheeks a mair celestial hue,
A crimson still diviner.

Tradition relates of these fine lines, that one day Burns had his foot in the stirrup ready to mount his horse, and return from Ayr to Mauchline, when a young lady of great beauty rode up to the inn, and caused some refreshments to be given to her servants. The Poet composed these lines at the moment, merely, he said, to keep so much loveliness on his memory, and on the same principle that a painter contents himself with a sketch, when he has not leisure for a finished picture. The fragment was found as it is printed, among his papers: it is probable that he never found the muse in a mood for carrying description farther.

O LEAVE NOVELS!

Tune—"*Mauchline Bells.*"

I.

O LEAVE novels, ye Mauchline belles,
Ye're safer at your spinning-wheel;
Such witching books are baited hooks
For rakish rooks, like Rob Mossgiel.

II.

Your fine Tom Jones and Grandisons,
They make your youthful fancies reel;
They heat your brains, and fire your veins,
And then you're prey for Rob Mossgiel.

III.

Beware a tongue that's smoothly hung,
A heart that warmly seems to feel;
That feeling heart but acts a part—
'Tis rakish art in Rob Mossgiel.

IV.

The frank address, the soft caress,
Are worse than poisoned darts of steel;
The frank address and politesse
Are all finesse in Rob Mossgiel.

Who the belles of Mauchline were, Rob of Mossgiel elsewhere informs us :—

"In Mauchline there dwells six proper young belles,
The pride o' the place and its neighbourhood a';
Their carriage and dress, a stranger would guess,
In Lon'on or Paris they'd gotten it a' :
Miss Miller is fine, Miss Markland's divine,
Miss Smith she has wit, and Miss Betty is braw;
There's beauty and fortune to get wi' Miss Morton,
But Armour's the jewel for me o' them a'."

That Burns was intimately acquainted with the somewhat romantic mode of wooing which prevails among the peasantry, and had practised all its mysteries, we have evidence both in verse and prose.—"A country lad," he says, to Dr. Moore, "seldom carries on a love adventure without an assisting confidant. I possessed a curiosity, zeal, and intrepid dexterity, that recommended me as a proper second on these occasions; and I dare say I felt as much pleasure in being in the secret of half the loves of the parish of Tarbolton as ever did statesman in knowing the intrigues of half the courts of Europe. The very goose-feather in my hand seems to know instinctively the well-worn path of my imagination, the favorite theme of my song, and is with difficulty restrained from giving you a couple of paragraphs on the love adventures of my compeers, the humble inmates of the farm-house and cottage. The grave sons of science, ambition, or avarice baptize these things by the name of follies—to the sons and daughters of labor and poverty they are matters of the most serious nature; to them the ardent hope, the stolen interview, the tender farewell, are the greatest and most delicious parts of their enjoyments."

YOUNG PEGGY.

Tune—"*Last time I cam o'er the Muir.*"

I.

Young Peggy blooms our bonniest lass,
Her blush is like the morning,
The rosy dawn, the springing grass,
With early gems adorning:
Her eyes outshine the radient beams
That gild the passing shower,
And glitter o'er the crystal streams,
And cheer each fresh'ning flower.

II.

Her lips, more than the cherries bright,
A richer dye has graced them;
They charm th' admiring gazer's sight,
And sweetly tempt to taste them:
Her smile is, as the evening, mild,
When feather'd tribes are courting,
And little lambkins wanton wild,
In playful bands disporting.

III.

Where fortune lovely Peggy's foe,
Such sweetness would relent her
As blooming spring unbeds the braw
Of surly, savage winter.
Detraction's eye no aim can gain,
Her winning powers to lessen;
And fretful envy grins in vain
The poison'd tooth to fasten.

IV.

Ye powers of honor, love, and truth,
From every ill defend her;
Inspire the highly-favor'd youth,
The destinies intend her:

Still fan the sweet connubial flame
Responsive in each bosom,
And bless the dear parental name
With many a filial blossom.

In these flattering stanzas Burns bade farewell to one whom he had wooed for eight months, and solicited much by speech and song. Montgomery's Peggy seems to have been little moved by the sweet things of verse and prose: she, perhaps, preferred a swain who, like the miller, in another ditty, could bring in money and meal to one who seemed skilful only at courting and complimenting. Peggy, in her marriage, showed that she preferred "corn-rigs" to music and poetry.

THE CURE FOR ALL CARE.

Tune—"*Prepare, my dear Brethren, to the Tavern let's fly.*"

I.

No churchman am I for to rail and to write,
No statesman nor soldier to plot or to fight,
No sly man of business contriving a snare—
For a big-bellied bottle's the whole of my care.

II.

The peer I don't envy, I give him his bow;
I scorn not the peasant, tho' ever so low;
But a club of good fellows, like those that are here,
And a bottle like this, are my glory and care.

III.

Here passes the squire on his brother—his horse;
There centum per centum, the cit with his purse;
But see you The Crown, how it waves in the air!
There a big-bellied bottle still eases my care.

IV.

The wife of my bosom, alas! she did die;
For sweet consolation to church I did fly;
I found that old Solomon proved it fair,
That a big-bellied bottle's a cure for all care.

V.

I once was persuaded a venture to make;
A letter informed me that all was to wreck;—
But the pursy old landlord just waddled up stairs,
With a glorious bottle that ended my cares.

VI.

"Life's cares they are comforts,"*—a maxim laid down
By the bard, what d'ye call him, that wore the black gown;
And faith I agree with th' old prig to a hair;
For a big-bellied bottle's a heav'n of care.

VII.

ADDED IN A MASON LODGE.

Then fill up a bumper and make it o'erflow,
And honors masonic prepare for to throw;
May every true brother of the compass and square
Have a big-bellied bottle when harass'd with care!

The masonic lyrics form a class by themselves; they are generally about the pleasures of the table, or other friendly socialities, and deal in dark allusions to the

"Mason's mystic word and grup."

Some of them perceive freemasonry in all things; and one, in particular, hesitate not to claim Eve as a comrade of the mystic order, for—

"A fig-leaf apron she put on,
To show her masonrie."

Tarbolton Lodge of which the Poet was a member, had considerable fame in the west for its socialities, and also for its deep knowledge in the mysteries of masonry. The reputation of the Lodge of Kilmarnock is of old standing; indeed, the west of Scotland has long been famous for its associations, social, political, and religious. "The heretic blast" of the Reformation was first blown there, and some of its most distinguished leaders belonged to that land.

* Young's Night Thoughts.

ELIZA.

Tune—"*Gilderoy.*"

I.

From thee, Eliza, I must go,
And from my native shore;
The cruel Fates between us throw
A boundless ocean's roar:
But boundless oceans roaring wide,
Between my love and me,
They never, never can divide
My heart and soul from thee!

II.

Farewell, farewell, Eliza dear,
The maid that I adore!
A boding voice is in mine ear,
We part to meet no more!
The latest throb that leaves my heart,
While death stands victor by,
That throb, Eliza, is thy part,
And thine that latest sigh!

To the heroine of this song the Poet's thoughts turned when, rejected of Jean Armour he wrote his pathetic "Lament." She is the Miss Betty of one of his epigrams, where he praises her taste in dress; and she figures in the first edition of the "Vision." He is speaking of Coila:—

"Down flowed her robe, a tartan sheen,
'Till half a leg was scrimply seen;
And such a leg! my Bess I ween
Could only peer it;
Sae straught, sae taper, tight and clean,
Nane else came near it."

My friend John Galt informs me that this lady was his relative: her name was Elizabeth Barbour; she was handsome rather than beautiful, very lively, and of a ready wit.

The Poet seems to have realized in his loves the fortune of the

"wight of Homer's craft," in the "Jolly Beggars." When change of mind, marriage, or other casualties, carried away one of his heroines, he could sing with justice,

"I've lost but ane, I've twa behin."

Or, if not content with what remained, his youth and eloquence soon supplied the vacancy with a lass from Lugar, or from Cessnock-bank. When he made his appearance among the polished dames of Edinburgh, he found that the language which caused the maids to listen on the Ayr and the Doon wrought the same enchantment elsewhere.

THE SONS OF OLD KILLIE.

Tune—"*Shawnboy.*"

I.

Ye sons of old Killie, assembled by Willie,
To follow the noble vocation;
Your thrifty old mother has scarce such another
To sit in that honored station.
I've little to say, but only to pray,
As praying's the ton of your fashion;
A prayer from the muse you well may excuse,
'Tis seldom her favorite passion.

II.

Ye powers who preside o'er the wind and the tide,
Who marked each element's border;
Who formed this frame with beneficent aim,
Whose sovereign statute is order;
Within this dear mansion may wayward contention
Or withered envy ne'er enter;
May secresy round be the mystical bound,
And brotherly love be the centre.

The original, in the Poet's handwriting, belongs to Gabriel Neil, Glasgow, and has the following interesting note attached to it:—"This song, wrote by Mr. Burns, was sung by him in the Kilmarnock Kilwinning Lodge, in 1786, and given by him to Mr. Parker, who was Master of the Lodge."

MENIE.

Tune—"*Johnny's grey Breeks.*"

AGAIN rejoicing nature sees
Her robe assume her vernal hues,
Her leafy locks wave in the breeze,
All freshly steep'd in morning dews.
And maun I still on Menie doat,
And bear the scorn that's in her e'e?
For it's jet, jet black, and like a hawk,
And winna let a body be.

II.

In vain to me the cowslips blaw,
In vain to me the vi'lets spring;
In vain to me, in glen or shaw,
The mavis and the lintwhite sing.

III.

The merry ploughboy cheers his team,
Wi' joy the tentie seedsman stalks;
But life to me 's a weary dream,
A dream of ane that never wauks.

IV.

The wanton coot the water skims,
Amang the reeds the ducklings cry,
The stately swan majestic swims,
And every thing is blest but I.

V.

The sheep-herd steeks his faulding slap,
And owre the moorlands whistles shill;
Wi' wild, unequal, wand'ring step,
I meet him on the dewy hill.

VI.

And when the lark, 'tween light an dark,
Blythe waukens by the daisy's side,
And mounts and sings on flittering wings,
A woe-worn ghaist I hameward glide.

VII.

Come winter with thine angry howl,
And raging bend the naked tree:
Thy gloom will sooth my cheerless soul,
When nature all is sad like me!
And maun I still on Menie doat,
And bear the scorn that's in her e'e?
For it's jet, jet black, and like a hawk,
And winna let a body be.

The chorus was composed by a wit in Edinburgh, and adopted by Burns because it contained the name of Menie, which is, he says, the abbreviation of Mariamne. It jars with the ruling sentiment of the song, and has been discarded by some editors as superfluous: if we regard the lyric as a poem to be read or recited, the chorus may be spared; but if we look upon it as a composition to be sung, the omission maims the performance. Yet it cannot be denied that some of the old chorusses, which Burns adopted in his lyrics, injure the feeling and unity of his strain. He rose into a higher mood very frequently. The Lass of Craigie-burn-wood and the Lincluden Vision may be named as instances of this.

Of the lady who inspired this strain no one has given any account. It was first printed in the second edition of the Poet's works.

THE

FAREWELL

TO THE

BRETHREN OF ST. JAMES'S LODGE,

TARBOLTON.

Tune—"*Good-night, and Joy be wi' you a'!*"

I.

Adieu! a heart-warm, fond adieu!
Dear brothers of the mystic tie!
Ye favor'd, ye enlighten'd few,
Companions of my social joy!

Tho' I to foreign lands must hie,
Pursuing Fortune's slidd'ry ba',
With melting heart, and brimful eye,
I'll mind you still, tho' far awa'.

II.

Oft have I met your social band,
And spent the cheerful, festive night;
Oft, honor'd with supreme command,
Presided o'er the sons of light;
And by that hieroglyphic bright,
Which none but craftsmen ever saw!
Strong mem'ry on my heart shall write
Those happy scenes when far awa'.

III.

May freedom, harmony, and love
Unite you in the grand design,
Beneath th' omniscient Eye above,
The glorious Architect divine!
That you may keep th' unerring line,
Still rising by the plummet's law,
Till order bright completely shine,
Shall be my pray'r when far awa'.

IV.

And you farewell! whose merits claim,
Justly, that highest badge to wear!
Heav'n bless your honor'd, noble name,
To masonry and Scotia dear!
A last request permit me here,
When yearly ye assemble a',
One round—I ask it with a tear,
To him, the Bard that's far awa'.

The Poet, it is said, recited or rather chaunted this "Farewell" in the St. James's Lodge of Tarbolton, when his chest was on the way to Greenock, and he had measured the last song he expected to measure in Caledonia. The concluding

verse affected his friends greatly. The voice of Burns was low, strong, and musical; when in the church he usually joined in the bass, and good singers observed that he was ever in harmony. This song was first printed in the Kilmarnock edition:—several of the gentlemen who heard the Poet chaunt it, are still living in the west of Scotland.

The mason lodge was a favorite haunt of Burns; and he alludes to the mysteries of the institution, and the socialities of the brethren, on various occasions. Thus, in the "Address to the Deil:"—

"When masons' mystic word an' grip,
In storms an' tempests raise ye up,
Some cock or cat your rage maun stop,
Or, strange to tell!
The youngest brother ye whad whup
Aff straught to hell."

And also in Tam Samson's Elegy:—

"The brethren o' the mystic level
May hing their heads in wofu' bevel,
While by their nose the tears will revel,
Like ony bead;
Death's gi'en their lodge an unco devel—
Tam Samson's dead!"

ON CESSNOCK BANKS.

Tune—"*If he be a Butcher neat and trim.*"

I.

On Cessnock banks there lives a lass,
Could I describe her shape and mien;
The graces of her weelfar'd face,
And the glancin' of her sparklin' een!

II.

She's fresher than the morning dawn
When rising Phœbus first is seen,
When dew-drops twinkle o'er the lawn;
An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' een.

III.

She's stately like yon youthful ash,
That grows the cowslip braes between,
And shoots its head above each bush;
An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' een.

IV.

She's spotless as the flow'ring thorn,
With flow'rs so white and leaves so green,
When purest in the dewy morn;
An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' een.

V.

Her looks are like the sportive lamb,
When flow'ry May adorns the scene,
That wantons round its bleating dam;
An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' een.

VI.

Her hair is like the curling mist
That shades the mountain-side at e'en,
When flow'r-reviving rains are past;
An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' een.

VII.

Her forehead's like the show'ry bow,
When shining sunbeams intervene,
And gild the distant mountain's brow;
An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' een.

VIII.

Her voice is like the ev'ning thrush
That sings in Cessnock banks unseen,
While his mate sits nestling in the bush;
An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' een.

IX.

Her lips are like the cherries ripe
That sunny walls from Boreas screen—
They tempt the taste and charm the sight;
An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' een.

X.

Her teeth are like a flock of sheep,
With fleeces newly washen clean,
That slowly mount the rising steep;
An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' een.

XI.

Her breath is like the fragrant breeze
That gently stirs the blossom'd bean,
When Phœbus sinks beneath the seas;
An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' een.

XII.

But it's not her air, her form, her face,
Tho' matching beauty's fabled queen,
But the mind that shines in ev'ry grace,
An' chiefly in her sparklin' een.

The lass of Cessnock banks inspired a song of similies. The Poet had read his Bible, for he likened her looks to those of the sportive lamb, and her teeth to the white fleeces of a newly washen flock of sheep; and he had read Ossian also, for he compares her locks to the curling mist of the mountain. To these he added his own observations—he looked into nature for himself; he felt in her breath the fragrance of the summer wind among the blossomed beans, and heard in her voice the note of the thrush,

"That sings in Cessnock banks unseen."

Burns seldom indulged in such oriental strains as these: his song is usually simple, and his praise natural: he loved little that was far-fetched and ornate.

The name of the heroine has not transpired; she was tall, for he compares her to a stately ash-tree; and her eyes were bright, for their sparkling forms the "o'er word of the song."

MARY!

Tune—"*Blue Bonnets.*"

I.

Powers celestial! whose protection
Ever guards the virtuous fair,
While in distant climes I wander,
Let my Mary be your care:
Let her form sae fair and faultless,
Fair and faultless as your own,
Let my Mary's kindred spirit
Draw your choicest influence down.

II.

Make the gales you waft around her
Soft and peaceful as her breast;
Breathing in the breeze that fans her,
Sooth her bosom into rest:
Guardian angels! O protect her,
When in distant lands I roam;
To realms unknown while fate exiles me,
Make her bosom still my home.

In the manuscript of the Poet this fine song is called "A Prayer for Mary"—but no farther explanation is given. He contemplated an arrangement of all his lyric compositions sometime before his death, and it was his intention to add notes indicating the circumstances under which they were composed, and the names of the heroines.

The faultless form and gentle spirit of the inspirer of these verses incline us to believe that Highland Mary was intended. Burns put almost every event of his early life, and every throb of his heart into verse. He was shut out from knowledge; his society consisted of men of ordinary minds, from whom little could be learned; he saw nothing of the polite, of the learned, or the mercantile world; he seems not to have aspired to imitate the strains of the southern bards; he allowed his muse to do as she listed, and her song was of the maidens of Kyle and his humble compeers of the hamlet. The air of the song is true old pastoral.

THE

LASS OF BALLOCHMYLE.

Tune—"*Miss Forbes' Farewell to Banff.*"

I.

'Twas even—the dewy fields were green,
On every blade the pearls hang,
The zephyr wanton'd round the bean,
And bore its fragrant sweets alang:
In ev'ry glen the mavis sang,
All nature listening seem'd the while,
Except where greenwood echoes rang,
Amang the braes o' Ballochmyle.

II.

With careless step I onward stray'd,
My heart rejoic'd in nature's joy,
When musing in a lonely glade,
A maiden fair I chanc'd to spy;
Her look was like the morning's eye,
Her air like nature's vernal smile,
Perfection whisper'd, passing by,
Behold the lass o' Ballochmyle!

III.

Fair is the morn in flow'ry May,
And sweet is night in autumn mild;
When roving thro' the garden gay,
Or wand'ring in the lonely wild:
But woman, nature's darling child!
There all her charms she does compile;
Even there her other works are foil'd
By the bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.

IV.

O had she been a country maid,
And I the happy country swain,
Tho' shelter'd in the lowest shed
That ever rose on Scotland's plain,

Thro' weary winter's wind and rain,
With joy, with rapture, I would toil;
And nightly to my bosom strain
The bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.

V.

Then pride might climb the slipp'ry steep,
Where fame and honors lofty shine;
And thirst of gold might tempt the deep,
Or downward seek the Indian mine;
Give me the cot below the pine,
To tend the flocks, or till the soil,
And ev'ry day have joys divine
With the bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.

"The whole course of the Ayr," says Currie, "is fine; but the banks of that river, as it bends to the eastward above Mauchline, are singularly beautiful: and they were frequented, as may be imagined, by our Poet in his solitary walks. Here the muse often visited him. In one of those wanderings he met among the woods a celebrated beauty of the west of Scotland; a lady of whom it is said that the charms of her person corresponded with the character of her mind. This incident gave rise, as might be expected, to a poem of which an account will be found in the following letter, in which he enclosed it to the object of his inspiration."

The letter is dated November 18, 1786: it intimates that the song of the Lass of Ballochmyle was nearly taken from real life.—"Though I dare say, madam," observes the Poet, "you do not recollect it, as I believe you scarcely noticed the poetic *reveur* as he wandered by you. I had roved out as chance directed in the favorite haunts of my muse, on the banks of the Ayr, to view nature in all the gaiety of the vernal year. The evening sun was flaming over the distant western hills: not a breath stirred the crimson opening blossom, or the verdant spreading leaf. It was a golden moment for a poetic heart. Such was the scene, and such the hour—when, in a corner of my prospect, I spied one of the fairest pieces of nature's workmanship that ever crowned a poetic landscape or met a poet's eye. Had Calumny or Villany taken my walk, they had at that moment sworn eternal peace with such an object. The en-

closed song was the work of my return home; and perhaps it but poorly answers what might have been expected from such a scene."

Fair friends and anxious biographers have endeavoured to defend Miss Alexander—the lass of Ballochmyle—from the imputation of neglect recorded by the Poet against her; her silence wounded his self-love. She was very young, say the former, and almost a stranger in the land; and she might not know, say the latter, that the muse of Tibullus breathed in this rustic poet; and she might be offended at the audacity of his strains. To the first it may be answered that the Poet met this beauty of the west among the woods in June, and sent her the poem in November; she was not, therefore, quite a stranger; and to the other it may be said, that if she failed to perceive the merit of the song at first, her taste improved by time, for she lived to admire it so much that she carried it about with her wherever she went, and looked upon it as a sort of charm to preserve her name to future generations.

The Poet bestowed more than common pains on this lyric—the manuscript offers but few variations. The conclusion of the second verse, in one of the copies, reads thus:—

> "The lily's hue and rose's dye
> Bespoke the lass o' Ballochmyle."

THE GLOOMY NIGHT.

Tune—"*Roslin Castle.*"

I.

THE gloomy night is gath'ring fast,
Loud roars the wild inconstant blast;
Yon mirky cloud is foul with rain,
I see it driving o'er the plain;
The hunter now has left the moor,
The scatter'd coveys meet secure;
While here I wander, prest with care,
Along the lonely banks of Ayr.

II.

The autumn mourns her rip'ning corn,
By early winter's ravage torn;
Across her placid, azure sky,
She sees the scowling tempest fly:
Chill runs my blood to hear it rave—
I think upon the stormy wave,
Where many a danger I must dare,
Far from the bonnie banks of Ayr.

III.

'Tis not the surging billow's roar,
'Tis not that fatal deadly shore;
Tho' death in ev'ry shape appear,
The wretched have no more to fear!
But round my heart the ties are bound,
That heart transpierc'd with many a wound;
These bleed afresh, those ties I tear,
To leave the bonnie banks of Ayr.

IV.

Farewell old Coila's hills and dales,
Her heathy moors and winding vales;
The scenes where wretched fancy roves,
Pursuing past, unhappy loves!
Farewell, my friends! farewell, my foes!
My peace with these, my love with those—
The bursting tears my heart declare;
Farewell the bonnie banks of Ayr!

The history of this affecting lyric is related by the author.—"I had been for some time skulking from covert to covert under all the terrors of a jail, as some ill-advised people had uncoupled the merciless pack of the law at my heels. I had taken the last farewell of my few friends: my chest was on the road to Greenock, and I had composed the last song I should ever measure in Caledonia—

'The gloomy night is gath'ring fast;'

when a letter from Dr. Blacklock to a friend of mine overthrew all my schemes, by opening new prospects to my poetic ambition." Professor Walker adds some interesting touches to the Poet's account.—"I requested him to communicate some of his unpublished poems; and he recited his farewell song to the Banks of Ayr, introducing it with a description of the circumstances in which it was composed, more striking than the poem itself. He had left Dr. Laurie's family, after a visit, which he expected to be the last, and on his way home had to cross a wide stretch of solitary moor. His mind was strongly affected by parting for ever with a scene where he had tasted so much elegant and social pleasure; and, depressed by the contrasted gloom of his prospects, the aspect of nature harmonized with his feelings; it was a lowering and heavy evening in the end of autumn. The wind was up and whistled through the rushes and long spear-grass which bent before it. The clouds were driving across the sky; and cold pelting showers at intervals added discomfort of body to cheerlessness of mind. Under these circumstances, and in this frame, Burns composed his poem."

O, WHAR DID YE GET.

Tune—"*Bonnie Dundee.*"

I.

O, WHAR did ye get that hauver meal bannock?
O silly blind body, O dinna ye see?
I gat it frae a brisk young sodger laddie,
Between Saint Johnston and bonnie Dundee.
O gin I saw the laddie that gae me 't!
Aft has he doudl'd me up on his knee;
May Heaven protect my bonnie Scots laddie,
And send him safe hame to his babie and me!

II.

My blessin's upon thy sweet wee lippie,
My blessin's upon thy bonnie e'e brie!
Thy smiles are sae like my blythe sodger laddie,
Thou's ay the dearer and dearer to me!

But I'll big a bower on yon bonnie banks,
Where Tay rins wimplin' by sae clear;
And I'll cleed thee in the tartan sae fine,
And mak thee a man like thy daddie dear.

Part of this song is old: all that is natural or tender in it was added by Burns. The title is very old: when the accession of James to the English throne carried many Scotsmen to the south, several northern songs were travestied by the London ballad-makers, and made to throw ridicule on Scotland. Bonnie Dundee, as well as others, was compelled to utter strange words:—

"Where got'st thou that haver meal bonack?
Blind booby! canst thou not see?
Ise got it out of a Scotchman's wallet,
As he lig lousing him under a tree."

The story proceeds in a similar strain of elegance:—

"With sword ready drawn they rode to the gate,
Where being denied an entrance thro',
The master and man they fought at that rate,
That some ran away, and others they slew;
Thus Jockey the laird, and Sawney the man,
They valiantly fought, as Highlanders can;
In spite of the loons they set themselves free,
And so bid adieu to bonnie Dundee."

And so they achieved their escape from durance, and were rewarded by the love of their mistresses.

THE JOYFUL WIDOWER.

Tune—"*Maggy Lauder.*"

I.

I MARRIED with a scolding wife
The fourteenth of November;
She made me weary of my life,
By one unruly member.
Long did I bear the heavy yoke,
And many griefs attended;
But, to my comfort be it spoke,
Now, now her life is ended.

II.

We liv'd full one-and-twenty years
A man and wife together;
At length from me her course she steer'd,
And gone I know not whither:
Would I could guess, I do profess,
I speak, and do not flatter,
Of all the women in the world,
I never could come at her.

III.

Her body is bestowed well,
A handsome grave does hide her;
But sure her soul is not in hell,
The deil would ne'er abide her.
I rather think she is aloft,
And imitating thunder:
For why,—methinks I hear her vo ice
Tearing the clouds asunder.

The old Scottish lyric bards loved to sing of the sorrows of wedlock and the raptures of single blessedness. "The Auld Gudeman" is an admirable specimen of matrimonial infelicity; it forms a sort of rustic drama, and the surly pair scold verse and verse about. Burns, when he wrote "The Joyful Widower," thought on the strains of his elder brethren, and equalled, if he did not surpass them. It was printed in the Musical Museum.

COME DOWN THE BACK STAIRS.

Tune—"*Whistle, and I'll come to you, my Lad.*"

CHORUS.

O whistle, and I'll come
To you, my lad;
O whistle, and I'll come
To you my lad:

Tho' father and mither
Should baith gae mad,
O whistle, and I'll come
To you, my lad.

Come down the back stairs
When ye come to court me;
Come down the back stairs
When ye come to court me;
Come down the back stairs,
And let naebody see,
And come as ye were na
Coming to me.

Burns wrote a better version of this lyric for Thomson; it is founded on the old fragment, but he poured his own feeling and fancy so happily through the whole, that not a single line of it remains entire, nor can the new be pronounced free of the language of the older minstrel. The air was composed by John Bruce, an excellent fiddler, who lived in Dumfries.

I AM MY MAMMY'S AE BAIRN.

Tune—"*I'm o'er young to marry yet.*"

I.

I am my mammy's ae bairn,
Wi, unco folk I weary, Sir;
And lying in a man's bed,
I'm fley'd it make me eerie, Sir.
I'm o'er young to marry yet;
I'm o'er young to marry yet;
I'm o'er young—'twad be a sin
To tak me frae my mammy yet.

II.

Hallowmas is come and gane,
The nights are lang in winter, Sir;
And you an' I in ae bed,
In trouth, I dare na venture, Sir.

III.

Fu' loud and shrill the frosty wind,
Blaws thro' the leafless timmer, Sir;
But if ye come this gate again,
I'll aulder be gin simmer, Sir.
I'm o'er young to marry yet;
I'm o'er young to marry yet;
I'm o'er youn—'gtwad be a sin
To tak me frae my mammy yet.

The title of this song and a part of the chorus are old: the rest is by Burns: of the old words, snatches still remain on men's memories:—

"My mither coft me a new gown,
The kirk maun hae the gracing o't;
Were I to meet wi' you, kind sir,
I'm rad I'd spoil the lacing o't.
I'm owre young, I'm owre young,
I'm far owre young to marry yet;
I'm sae young t'wad be a sin
To tak me frae my mammy yet."

Yet there is a remedy for all things: she archly suggests that winter passes away, that spring is at hand, and that she will be older should he happen to come her way in summer.

BONNIE LASSIE, WILL YE GO.

Tune—"*The Birks of Aberfeldy.*"

CHORUS.

Bonnie lassie, will ye go,
Will ye go, will ye go;
Bonnie lassie, will ye go,
To the birks of Aberfeldy?

I.

Now simmer blinks on flowery braes,
And o'er the crystal streamlet plays;
Come let us spend the lightsome days
In the birks of Aberfeldy.

II.

The little birdies blithely sing,
While o'er their heads the hazels hing,
Or lightly flit on wanton wing
In the birks of Aberfeldy.

III.

The braes ascend like lofty wa's,
The foamy stream deep-roaring fa's,
O'erhung wi' fragrant spreading shaws,
The birks of Aberfeldy.

IV.

The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers,
White o'er the linns the burnie pours,
And rising, weets wi' misty showers
The birks of Aberfeldy.

V.

Let fortune's gift at random flee,
They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,
Supremely blest wi' love and thee,
In the birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonnie lassie, will ye go,
Will ye go, will ye go;
Bonnie lassie, will ye go
To the birks of Aberfeldy?

Many of the songs of Burns had their origin in the snatches of verse and fragments of choruses current during his day in Scotland. "The Birks of Abergeldie" was the forerunner of this sweet song:—

"Bonnie lassie, will ye go,
Will ye go, will ye go;
Bonnie lassie, will ye go
To the birks of Abergeldie?
Ye shall get a gown o' silk,
A gown o' silk, a gown o' silk;
Ye shall get a gown o' silk,
And coat o' calimanco.

"Na, kind sir, I dare na gang,
I dare na gang, I dare na gang:
Na, kind sir, I dare na gang—
My minnie she'll be angry.
Sair, sair wad she flyte,
Wad she flyte, wad she flyte,
Sair sair wad she flyte,
And sair wad she ban me."

Burns says he wrote his song of "The Birks of Aberfeldy" while standing under the Falls of Aberfeldy, near Moness, in Perthshire, in September, 1787. He was on his way to Inverness. The air is very old and very sprightly; those who are curious in such matters will find it in Playford's "Dancing Master," where it is recorded as "A Scotch Ayre."

MACPHERSON'S FAREWELL.

Tune—"*Macpherson's Rant.*"

I.

Farewell, ye dungeons dark and strong,
The wretch's destinie!
Macpherson's time will not be long
On yonder gallows-tree.
Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
Sae dauntingly gaed he;
He play'd a spring, and danc'd it round,
Below the gallows-tree.

II.

Oh, what is death but parting breath?
On many a bloody plain
I've dar'd his face, and in this place
I scorn him yet again!

III.

Untie these bands from off my hands,
And bring to me my sword;
And there's no man in all Scotland,
But I'll brave him at a word.

IV.

I've liv'd a life of sturt and strife;
I die by treacherie:
It burns my heart I must depart,
And not avenged be.

V.

Now farewell light—thou sunshine bright,
And all beneath the sky!
May coward shame distain his name,
The wretch that dares not die!
Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
Sae dauntingly gaed he;
He play'd a spring, and danc'd it round,
Below the gallows-tree.

Inverness and Banff alike claim the honor of furnishing scene and subject for this very vehement and daring song. It owes little save the name to the ballad published in Herd, and not much to the traditional chant still remembered in the north.—"Macpherson's Lament," says Scott, "was a well-known song many years before the Ayrshire Bard wrote these additional verses, which constitute its principal merit. This noted freebooter was executed at Inverness about the beginning of the last century. When he came to the fatal tree, he played the tune to which he has bequeathed his name, upon a favorite violin: and holding up the instrument he offered it to any one of his clan who would undertake to play the tune over his body at his lykewake. As none answered, he dashed it to pieces on the executioner's head, and flung himself from the ladder.

The Banff tradition relates that Macpherson was chief of a branch of the clan Chattan: a freebooter by choice or chance, and of unequalled strength and courage. He imagined, as he descended with his followers from the mountains, that he was but asserting the independence of his wild tribe; and believed, when he harried the vales, that he was taking a lawful prey. Macduff, of Braco, was not of this opinion: he resisted the spoliation of his lands, and, in several encounters with Macpherson, ascertained that stratagem was more likely to be successful than open force. Having heard that the freebooter was at the fair of Keith, with only one companion, he instantly en-

tered the town, singled him out, and attacked him in the market place. Macpherson fought with the most desperate courage—several fell by his hand, and he made his way through all opposition to the churchyard, but, stumbling as he was defending himself, was overpowered and captured, conveyed to Banff, and condemned to die. His execution was attended by those romantic circumstances related by Scott; his body was buried on the Gallow-hill, beneath the gallows-tree.

"The sword and shield of Macpherson," says an ingenious correspondent, Alexander M'Innes, "are deposited in the Earl of Fife's armory at Duff-House, near Banff, and are in a state of tolerable preservation, though it is evident they had undergone much tear and wear while in the hands of their original owner. The sword is double-handed, six feet in length, and waved or scalloped along the edge of the blade, which is about the breadth of a common scythe. The shield is composed of wood, bull's hide, and brass nails, with the latter of which it is curiously ornamented. Such a ponderous weapon required a powerful man—and such, indeed, he was; for when his grave was opened some years ago, his bones exceeded in strength those common to nature. The shield is hacked and dinted in several places; one or two bullets, too, have passed through the thick studding and the massive wood, and are lodged in the outside coating of leather."

Some of the verses of the local ballad are interesting:—

"Old Braco Duff, in rage and wrath,
First laid a snare for me;
But if I live to bruik my life,
Avenged I will be.

"Untie these bands frae off my hands,
And gie my back my sword;
And Braco Duff, and all his kin,
Shall feel I am no cow'rd.

"But vengeance I did never wreak,
When power was in my hand;
An' you, dear friends, no vengeance seek—
It is my last command.

"Forgive the man whose rage bereaves
Macpherson of his life;
When I am dead, be it not said
My legacy was strife.

"My father was a gentleman,
Of fame and lineage hie:
O place me in the field like him—
Like him to fight and die."

It seems perfectly certain that, into whatever counties this freebooter carried his depredations, his final exit took place at Banff. His indictment is still in existence: besides, be it remembered that Inverness is the land of the Macphersons, and a Highland saying aver that its jail could never hold a prisoner belonging to a clan!

BRAW LADS OF GALLA WATER.

Tune—"*Galla Water.*"

CHORUS.

Braw, braw lads of Galla Water;
O braw lads of Galla Water:
I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee,
And follow my love thro' the water.

I.

Sae fair her hair, sae brent her brow,
Sae bonnie blue her een, my dearie;
Sae white her teeth, sae sweet her mou',
The mair I kiss she's ay my dearie.

II.

O'er yon bank and o'er yon brae,
O'er yon moss amang the heather;
I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee,
And follow my love thro' the water.

III.

Down amang the broom, the broom,
Down amang the broom, my dearie,
The lassie lost a silken snood,
That cost her mony a blirt and bleary.

Braw, braw lads of Galla Water;
O braw lads of Galla Water:
I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee,
And follow my love thro' the water.

Perhaps the air of this song is the very sweetest of all the fine airs of Caledonia. It charmed Haydn so much that he wrote under it in the best English he could muster, "This is one Dr. Haydn favorite song." The air is very old, nor are some of the verses modern: these are the most ancient:—

"Braw, braw lads of Galla Water,
Braw, braw lads of Galla Water;
I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee,
And follow my love through the water.

"O'er yon banks and o'er yon brae,
O'er yon moss amang the heather,
I'll kilt my coat aboon my knee,
And follow my love through the water."

Burns admired the air so much that he wrote, in 1793, another version of the song: less of the old strain mingles with his second effort. The naïveté of the first verse of his first hasty version will always make it a favorite.

STAY, MY CHARMER.

Tune—"*An Gille dubh ciar dhubh.*"

I.

Stay, my charmer, can you leave me?
Cruel, cruel to deceive me!
Well you know how much you grieve me;
Cruel charmer. can you go?
Cruel charmer, can you go?

II.

By my love so ill requited;
By the faith you fondly plighted;
By the pangs of lovers slighted;
Do not, do not leave me so!
Do not, do not leave me so!

The Highland excursions of the Poet colored many of his lyrical compositions. The air to which these verses were composed is called "The black-haired lad;" it is simple and affect-

ing. Burns picked it up in the north; and, touched by the slight which a Highland damsel put on him by quitting his side when he was discoursing on tender things, he embodied his feelings in these fine verses.

THICKEST NIGHT, O'ERHANG MY DWELLING.

Tune—"*Strathallan's Lament.*"

I.

THICKEST night, o'erhang my dwelling!
Howling tempests, o'er me rave!
Turbid torrents, wintry swelling,
Still surround my lonely cave!

II.

Crystal streamlets gently flowing,
Busy haunts of base mankind,
Western breezes softly blowing,
Suit not my distracted mind.

III.

In the cause of right engaged,
Wrongs injurious to redress,
Honor's war we strongly waged,
But the Heavens denied success.

IV.

Ruin's wheel has driven o'er us,
Not a hope that dare attend,
The wide world is all before us—
But a world without a friend!

Viscount Strathallan, whom these verses commemorate, was James Drummond, who escaped with difficulty from the field of Culloden, where his father fell, and died abroad an exile.—"The air," says the Poet, "is the composition of one of the worthiest

and best hearted men living—Allan Masterton, schoolmaster in Edinburgh. As he and I were both sprouts of Jacobitism, we agreed to dedicate the words and air to that cause. To tell the truth, except when my passions were heated by some accidental cause, my jacobitism was merely by way of *vive la bagatelle.*" The Bard wrote these remarks for the eye of the Laird of Friars Carse, whose prejudices looked towards Hanover. Whenever he met with a resolute old jacobite, he did not forget that his ancestors had been Earl Marischall's men.

MY HOGGIE.

Tune—"*What will I do gin my Hoggie die!*"

What will I do gin my Hoggie die?
My joy, my pride, my Hoggie!
My only beast, I had nae mae,
And vow but I was vogie!
The lee-lang night we watch'd the fauld,
Me and my faithfu' doggie;
We heard nought but the roaring linn,
Amang the braes sae scroggie;
But the houlet cry'd frae the castle wa',
The blitter frae the boggie,
The tod replied upon the hill,
I trembl'd for my Hoggie.
When day did daw, and cocks did craw,
The morning it was foggie;
An' unco tyke lap o'er the dyke,
And maist has kill'd my Hoggie.

When this song first became popular, the name of the author was not known, for it had appeared in the Museum anonymously. Even in the notes which he wrote on that work, Burns has refrained from claiming it—it *is* his, however, beyond all question; he communicated it to Johnson.—"Professor Walker," he says, "told me the following anecdote about this air. He said that some gentlemen riding a few years ago through Lid-

desdale, stopped at a hamlet, consisting of a few houses called Moss Platt, when they were struck with this tune, which an old woman spinning on a roke at her door was singing. All that she could tell concerning it was that she was taught it when a child, and it was called

'What will I do gin my Hoggie die?'

No person, except a few females at Moss Platt, knew this fine old tune, which in all probability would have been lost, had not one of the gentlemen, who happened to have a flute with him, taken it down." In this accidental way—sometimes remembered, sometimes forgot—many snatches of old valuable verse, and many exquisite airs, have been picked up and preserved.

HER DADDIE FORBAD.

Tune—"*Jumpin' John.*"

I.

Her daddie forbad, her minnie forbad;
Forbidden she wadna be:
She wadna trow't, the browst she brew'd
Wad taste sae bitterlie.
The lang lad they ca' Jumpin' John
Beguiled the bonnie lassie,
The lang lad they ca' Jumpin' John
Beguiled the bonnie lassie.

II.

A cow and a cauf, a yowe and a hauf,
A thretty gude shillin's and three;
A vera gude tocher, a cotter-man's dochter,
The lass with the bonnie black e'e.
The lang lad they ca' Jumpin' John
Beguiled the bonnie lassie,
The lang lad they ca' Jumpin' John
Beguiled the bonnie lassie.

Part of these verses are from the pen of Burns, and part from a humorous ballad of the olden day, of which some fragments still remain among the curious—

"Jumpin' John o' the green
He has tint his dearie:
Sour milk carries nae cream,
Hey, come birt, come blearie."

More verses might be quoted, but they are more lively than delicate—an imperfection common to our early songs. Our simple ancestors made use of expressions and allusions then reckoned perfectly innocent; but the meaning has been pronounced indecorous by their more scrupulous descendants.

The air to which the words are adapted have a strong affinity to the well known tune called Lillibulero, composed, it is said, by Henry Purcell: but the name Lillibulero, at least, was popular before the days of that eminent composer: it is painfully connected with the tragic events of 1641, nor was it without a share in the revolution of 1688. It has much to answer for.

UP IN THE MORNING EARLY.

Tune—"*Cold blows the Wind.*"

CHORUS.

Up in the morning's no for me,
Up in the morning early;
When a' the hills are cover'd wi' snaw,
I'm sure it's winter fairly.

I.

Cauld blaws the wind frae east to west,
The drift is driving sairly;
Sae loud and shrill I hear the blast,
I'm sure it's winter fairly.

II.

The birds sit chittering in the thorn,
A' day they fare but sparely;
And lang's the night frae e'en to morn—
I'm sure it's winter fairly.

Up in the morning's no for me,
Up in the morning early;
When a' the hill's are cover'd wi' snaw,
I'm sure it's winter fairly.

"The chorus of this song," observes Burns, "is old; the two stanzas are mine." The old verses are now forgotten; others have been added:—

"O spring-time is a pleasant time,
When green the grass is growing;
And summer it is sweeter still,
When sun-warm streams are flowing.

"But winter it is thrice as sweet,
When frosts bite sharp and sairly;
Up in the morning's no for me,
Up in the morning early.

"The thrush sits chittering on the thorn
The sparrow dines but sparely,
The crow longs for the time o' corn—
I'm sure it's winter fairly.

"The plough stands frozen in the fur,
And down the snow comes rarely;
Up in the morning's no for me,
Up in the morning early."

The air is ancient and well known in England; it was a favorite with Mary Stuart, Queen of William III.; and on one occasion she nettled Purcell by preferring it to the most scientific compositions. Burns loved the winter season: he found a little rest for his hands, and leisure for the muse.

THE

YOUNG HIGHLAND ROVER.

Tune—"*Morag.*"

I.

Loud blaw the frosty breezes,
The snaws the mountains cover;
Like winter on me seizes,
Since my young Highland Rover
Far wanders nations over.
Where'er he go, where'er he stray,
May heaven be his warden:
Return him safe to fair Strathspey,
And bonnie Castle-Gordon!

II.

The trees now naked groaning,
Shall soon wi' leaves be hinging,
The birdies dowie moaning,
Shall a' be blithely singing,
And every flower be springing.
Sae I'll rejoice the lee-lang day,
When by his mighty warden
My youth's returned to fair Strathspey,
And bonnie Castle-Gordon.

No one can have any difficulty in guessing whom the Poet desired to shadow forth under the name of the Young Highland Rover; but the fortunes of the Stuarts were not to be mended by either sword or song; a throne was passed from them, of which they were unworthy, and the heart of the nation was not on their side. Jacobitism was long worn as a sort of costume by families in the north; the ladies loved the white rose, and it is not improbable that her Grace the Duchess encouraged the Bard to wish Prince Charles back in Strathspey, and bonnie Castle-Gordon. Morag, the name of the air, corresponds with the lowland Marion.

Songs, in which the white rose of jacobitism flourishes, are numerous. Most of them have been collected into volumes, by my friend the Ettrick Shepherd: they are of various merit: some full of hope and heroics—others breathe vexation and anger, and many show deep sorrow—more particularly those which recited the sad fortunes of the exiled prince, and his suffering companions.

HEY, THE DUSTY MILLER.

Tune—"*The Dusty Miller.*"

I.

Hey, the dusty miller,
And his dusty coat;
He will win a shilling,
Or he spend a groat.

Dusty was the coat,
Dusty was the color,
Dusty was the kiss
That I got frae the miller.

II.

Hey, the dusty miller,
And his dusty sack;
Leeze me on the calling
Fills the dusty peck.
Fills the dusty peck,
Brings the dusty siller;
I wad gie my coatie
For the dusty miller.

The millers of Scotland seem to have been favorites with the rustic muse; various songs in their honor are popular in the land. Our old bards had often recourse to the miller, to augment a squabble or increase the humor of their scenes. King James brings one upon the stage, in his truly dramatic poem of "Christ's Kirk on the Green." Ramsay, also, in his "Monk and the Miller's Wife," makes our dusty friend kind and open-handed. The miller of Dee, too, was a joyous and happy personage. The present strain was modified for the museum by Burns, and is a very happy specimen of his skill and taste in emendation. Other verses may be found in our collection:—

"Hey, the merry miller!
As the wheel rins roun',
An' the clapper claps,
My heart gies a stoun;
Water grinds the corn,
Water wins the siller;
When the dam is dry,
I daute wi' the miller."

The air is cheerful like the words, and was in other days played as a single hornpipe in the Scottish dancing schools.

THERE WAS A LASS.

Tune—"*Duncan Davison.*"

I.

THERE was a lass, they ca'd her Meg,
And she held o'er the moors to spin;
There was a lad that follow'd her,
They ca'd him Duncan Davison.
The moor was driegh, and Meg was skiegh,
Her favor Duncan could na win;
For wi' the roke she wad him knock,
And ay she shook the temper-pin.

II.

As o'er the moor they lightly foor,
A burn was clear, a glen was green,
Upon the banks they eas'd their shanks,
And ay she set the wheel between:
But Duncan swore a haly aith,
That Meg should be a bride the morn
Then Meg took up her spinnin' graith,
And flang them a' out o'er the burn.

III.

We'll big a house—a wee, wee house,
And we will live like king and queen,
Sae blythe and merry we will be
When ye set by the wheel at e'en.
A man may drink and no be drunk;
A man may fight and no be slain;
A man may kiss a bonnie lass,
And ay be welcome back again.

The old song of this name, sung to the tune of "You'll ay be welcome back again," is much inferior to the Duncan Davison of Burns in wit and delicacy. The Poet took pity on the lively

old air, and, brooding over the old words, conceived the present strain, which is full of the graphic spirit of other days. The song has sundry variations,—some of which are better where they are—in oblivion.

THENIEL MENZIE'S BONNIE MARY.

Tune—"*The Ruffian's Rant.*"

I.

In coming by the brig o' Dye,
At Darlet we a blink did tarry;
As day was dawin in the sky,
We drank a health to bonnie Mary.
Theniel Menzie's bonnie Mary,
Theniel Menzie's bonnie Mary;
Charlie Gregor tint his plaidie,
Kissin' Theniel's bonnie Mary.

II.

Her een sae bright, her brow sae white,
Her haffet locks as brown's a berry;
And ay, they dimpl't wi' a smile,
The rosy cheeks o' bonnie Mary.

III.

We lap and danced the lee lang day,
Till piper lads were wae and weary;
But Charlie gat the spring to pay,
For kissin' Theniel's bonnie Mary.
Theniel Menzie's bonnie Mary,
Theniel Menzie's bonnie Mary;
Charlie Gregor tint his plaidie,
Kissin' Theniel's bonnie Mary.

Who "Theniel Menzie's bonnie Mary" was, it is now, perhaps, vain to inquire; that she was a lass of spirit, the disaster that befel the plaid of Charlie Gregor sufficiently intimates. The song seems to have been written by Burns, during his first

Highland tour, when he danced among the merry ladies of the north all night to the air of "Bab at the Bowster," and went out with a bowl of punch between his hands in the morning to drink a welcome to the god of day rising over the peak of Ben Lomond. The Poet composed other verses to the same air: it is the well-known melody of that exquisite song, "Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch."

THE BANKS OF THE DEVON.

Tune—"*Bhannerach dhon na chri.*"

I.

How pleasant the banks of the clear winding Devon,
With green spreading bushes, and flowers blooming fair!
But the bonniest flower on the banks of the Devon
Was once a sweet bud on the braes of the Ayr.
Mild be the sun on this sweet blushing flower,
In the gay rosy morn as it bathes in the dew;
And gentle the fall of the soft vernal shower,
That steals on the evening each leaf to renew.

II.

O spare the dear blossom, ye orient breezes,
With chill hoary wing, as ye usher the dawn;
And far be thou distant thou reptile that seizes
The verdure and pride of the garden and lawn!
Let Bourbon exult in his gay gilded Lilies,
And England, triumphant, display her proud Rose.
A fairer than either adorns the green valleys,
Where Devon, sweet Devon, meandering flows.

Burns is a good commentator on his own productions.—"These verses," he says, in his notes on the Museum, "were composed on a charming girl—Miss Charlotte Hamilton, who is now married to James Mackittrick Adair, physician. She is sister to my worthy friend, Gavin Hamilton, of Mauchline, and

was born on the banks of the Ayr; but was, at the time I wrote these lines, residing at Harvieston, in Clackmannanshire, on the romantic banks of the little river Devon. I first heard the air from a lady in Inverness, and got the notes taken down for this work (the Musical Museum)."—Though this song has not the off-hand sort of happiness which characterizes many of the lyrics of Burns, it is truly elegant in compliment as well as harmonious in language. The Poet, as has been intimated in his life, was more than an admirer of this young lady; but she refused to be won by the charms of verse, and perhaps suspected the Poet's sincerity—

"Ye gods! would one swear to the truth of a song?"

WEARY FA' YOU, DUNCAN GRAY.

Tune—"*Duncan Gray.*"

I.

Weary fa' you, Duncan Gray—
Ha, ha, the girdin o't!
Wae gay by you, Duncan Gray—
Ha, ha, the girdin o't!
When a' the lave gae to their play,
Then I maun sit the lee lang day,
And jog the cradle wi' my tae,
And a' for the girdin o't.

II.

Bonnie was the Lammas moon—
Ha, ha, the girdin o't!
Glowrin' a' the hills aboon—
Ha, ha, the girdin o't!
The girdin brak, the beast cam down,
I tint my curch, and baith my shoon;
Ah! Duncan ye're an unco loon—
Wae on the bad girdin o't!

III.

But, Duncan, gin ye'll keep your aith—
Ha, ha, the girdin o't!

Ise bless you wi' my hindmost breath—
Ha, ha, the girdin o't!
Duncan, gin ye'll keep your aith,
The beast again can bear us baith,
And auld Mess John will mend the skaith,
And clout the bad girdin o't.

The elder "Duncan Gray," out of which the present song was manufactured by Burns, had no right to be called "a lad o' grace"; for he was rash, outspoken, and unceremonious. The air had a plebian origin, and the words a touch of the tarred finger. The former was composed by a Glasgow carman, from whose whistling it was noted down. It matters little now who wrote the words, for they have been silenced by the songs of Burns, and may be considered as extinct. The Poet says:—"Duncan Gray is that kind of light horse-gallop of an air which precludes sentiment. The ludicrous is its ruling feature." This song appeared in the Musical Museum; a second version was afterwards written for Thomson.

THE PLOUGHMAN.

Tune—"*Up wi' the Ploughman.*"

I.

The ploughman he's a bonnie lad,
His mind is ever true, jo;
His garters knit below his knee,
His bonnet it is blue, jo.
Then up wi' my ploughman lad,
And hey my merry ploughman!
Of a' the trades that I do ken,
Commend me to the ploughman.

II.

My ploughman he comes hame at e'en,
He's aften wat and weary;
Cast off the wat, put on the dry,
And gae to bed, my dearie!

III.

I will wash my ploughman's hose,
And I will dress his o'erlay;
I will mak my ploughman's bed,
And cheer him late and early.

IV.

I hae been east, I hae been west,
I hae been at Saint Johnston;
The bonniest sight that e'er I saw
Was the ploughman laddie dancin'.

V.

Snaw-white stockins on his legs,
And siller buckles glancin';
A gude blue bonnet on his head—
And O, but he was handsome!

VI.

Commend me to the barn-yard,
And the corn-mou, man;
I never gat my coggie fou,
Till I met wi' the ploughman.
Up wi' the ploughman lad,
And hey my merry ploughman!
Of a' the trades that I do ken,
Commend me to the ploughman.

It has been said that the last verse of "The Ploughman" should be omitted in future, as it has a double meaning, and hurts the sentiment of an otherwise unexceptionable song. The editor, though intimate with the northern songs of all complexions and characters, is unable to perceive this imputed meaning: the verse is in keeping with the others; a well-spread table is the natural consequence of a young woman's uniting herself to a sober and industrious ploughman. The old words are in Herd's collection; some of them have been adopted by Burns:—

"The ploughman he's a bonnie lad,
And a' his wark's at leisure;
And when that he comes home at e'en
He kisses me wi' pleasure.

"I will wash my ploughman's hose,
And I will wash his o'erlay;
And I will make my ploughman's bed,
And cheer him late and early.

"Plough yon hill, and plough yon dale,
And plough yon faugh and fallow;
Wha winna drink the ploughman's health
He's but a dirty fallow."

Other verses might be added, but these may be thought sufficient.

LANDLADY, COUNT THE LAWIN.

Tune—"*Hey Tutti, Taiti.*"

I.

Landlady, count the lawin,
The day is near the dawin;
Ye're a' blind drunk, boys,
And I'm but jolly fou.
Hey tutti, taiti,
How tutti, taiti—
Wha's fou now?

II.

Cog an' ye were ay fou,
Cog an' ye were ay fou,
I wad sit and sing to you
If ye were ay fou.

III.

Weel may you a' be!
Ill may ye never see!
God bless the king, boys,
And the companie!
Hey tutti, taiti,
How tutti, taiti—
Wha's fou now?

Two of the verses of this song are by Burns: the concluding stanza is taken from a political song composed when Charles

XII. of Sweden, exasperated by the seizure of Bremen and Verdun, threatened to unite with Russia, ship his iron Swedes for England, and restore the line of the Stuarts. Two verses of this old strain are as follows:—

"Here's to the king of Swede!
May fresh laurels crown his head;
Foul fall every sneaking blade,
That winna do't again.

"When you hear the pipe soun's,
Tuttie tattie to the drums,
Up your swords and down your guns,
And at the loons again."

A far nobler strain, called "Hey now the day daues," is well known to every lover of Scottish song: it is quoted by Gawain Douglas in his 13th prologue to Virgil, and mentioned by Dunbar:—

"Hey now the day daies,
The jollie cok crauis,
Now shrouds the shauis,
Throw nature anone.

"The thissle-cok cryis
On lovers wha lyis,
Now skaillis the skyis,
The night is nigh gon."

RAVING WINDS AROUND HER BLOWING.

Tune—"*Macgregor of Ruara's Lament.*"

I.

Raving winds around her blowing,
Yellow leaves the woodlands strowing,
By a river hoarsely roaring,
Isabella stray'd deploring—
"Farewell hours that late did measure
Sunshine days of joy and pleasure;
Hail, thou gloomy night of sorrow,
Cheerless night that knows no morrow!

II.

"O'er the past too fondly wandering,
On the hopeless future pondering;

Chilly grief my life-blood freezes,
Fell despair my fancy seizes.
Life, thou soul of every blessing,
Load to misery most distressing,
Gladly how would I resign thee,
And to dark oblivion join thee !"

"I composed these verses," says Burns, "on Miss Isabella M'Leod of Raza, alluding to her feelings on the death of her sister, and the still more melancholy death of her sister's husband, the late Earl of Loudon, who shot himself out of sheer heart-break at some mortifications he suffered owing to the deranged state of his finances." This tragic event took place in the year 1786. "Macgregor of Ruara's Lament" is a Gaelic melody of great beauty, to which verses in that language belong of great force, it is said, and tenderness. It has been attempted in English :—

"From the chase on the mountain
As I was returning,
By the side of a fountain
Malvina sat mourning ;
To the winds that loud whistled
She told her sad story,
And the valleys re-echoed—
Macgregor a ruadhri !

"Like a flash of red lightning
O'er the heath came Macara,
More fleet than the roebuck
On lofty Benlara ;
O, where is Macgregor ?
Say, where does he hover?
Thou son of Bold Calmar,
Why tarries my lover?

HOW LONG AND DREARY IS THE NIGHT.

To a Gaelic Air.

I.

How long and dreary is the night
When I am frae my dearie !

I sleepless lie frae e'en to morn,
Tho' I were ne'er sae weary;
I sleepless lie frae e'en to morn,
Tho' I were ne'er sae weary.

II.

When I think on the happy days
I spent wi' you, my dearie,
And now what lands between us lie,
How can I be but eerie!
And now what lands between us lie,
How can I be but eerie!

III.

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours,
As ye were wae and weary!
It was na sae ye glinted by,
When I was wi' my dearie.
It was na sae ye glinted by,
When I was wi' my dearie.

Burns, during his excursions in the Highlands, threw himself in the way of the district musicians, and sought the acquaintance of all who were skilful in the native music. In this way he picked up many fine airs; and it has been remarked, that he always selected the finest set of the air. Though not a musician himself, and scarcely a singer, he had a natural tact and taste which served him, instead of scientific acquirements, in judging of Scottish melodies. The air of this affecting song is true Highland: the Poet, as will be found, resumed the subject, and improved upon his first version.

MUSING ON THE ROARING OCEAN.

Tune—"*Druimion dubh.*"

I.

Musing on the roaring ocean,
Which divides my love and me;
Wearying heaven in warm devotion,
For his weal where'er he be.

II

Hope and fear's alternate billow
Yielding late to nature's law,
Whisp'ring spirits round my pillow
Talk of him that's far awa.

III.

Ye whom sorrow never wounded,
Ye who never shed a tear,
Care-untroubled, joy-surrounded,
Gaudy day to you is dear.

IV.

Gentle night, do thou befriend me;
Downy sleep, the curtain draw;
Spirits kind, again attend me,
Talk of him that's far awa!

Burns composed these verses out of compliment to Mrs. M'Lauchlan, whose husband was an officer serving in the East Indies.

BLITHE WAS SHE.

Tune—"*Andro and his Cutty Gun.*"

CHORUS.

Blithe, blithe and merry was she,
Blithe was she but and ben:
Blithe by the banks of Ern,
And blithe in Glenturit glen.

I.

By Auchtertyre grows the aik,
On Yarrow banks the birken shaw;
But Phemie was a bonnier lass
Than braes o' Yarrow ever saw.

II.

Her looks were like a flow'r in May,
Her smile was like a simmer morn;
She tripped by the banks of Ern,
As light 's a bird upon a thorn.

III.

Her bonnie face it was as meek
As ony lamb upon a lea;
The evening sun was ne'er sae sweet,
As was the blink o' Phemie's ee.

IV.

The Highland hills I've wander'd wide,
And o'er the Lowlands I hae been;
But Phemie was the blithest lass
That ever trod the dewy green.
Blithe, blithe and merry was she,
Blithe was she but and ben:
Blithe by the banks of Ern,
And blithe in Glenturit glen.

Beauty and gentleness—and they are seldom separate—were ever welcome to the muse of Burns. He seldom saw a lady with a bright eye, a sweet tongue, and a handsome form, without taking note of her perfections in verse. The heroine of this song, Euphemia Murray of Lintrose, called, in the poetic language of the Scottish mountains, the Flower of Strathmore, happened to forgather with Burns during one of his northern tours, and by her affability and beauty charmed this lyric from him. She accompanied him as one of a small party along the banks of Ern and to romantic Glenturit, and loved to stand by the Poet's side and point out what pleased her in the landscape. From living beauty he took the hint for his song, and happily has he handled the subject; only two lines of the chorus belong to the eldern muse.—"I composed these verses," says the Poet, in his notes on the Museum, "while I stayed at Auchtertyre, with Sir William Murray."

THE BLUDE RED ROSE AT YULE MAY BLAW.

Tune—"*To daunton me.*"

I.

The blude red rose at Yule may blaw,
The simmer lilies bloom in snaw,
The frost may freeze the deepest sea;
But an auld man shall never daunton me.
To daunton me, and me so young,
Wi' his fause heart and flatt'ring tongue,
That is the thing you ne'er shall see;
For an auld man shall never daunton me.

II.

For a' his meal and a' his maut,
For a' his fresh beef and his saut,
For a' his gold and white monie,
An auld man shall never daunton me.

III.

His gear may buy him kye and yowes,
His gear may buy him glens and knowes;
But me he shall not buy nor fee,
For an auld man shall never daunton me.

IV.

He hirples twa fauld as he dow,
Wi' his teethless gab and his auld bald pow,
And the rain rains down frae his red bleer'd ee—
That auld man shall never daunton me.
To daunton me, and me sae young,
Wi' his fause heart and flatt'ring tongue,
That is the thing you ne'er shall see;
For an auld man shall never daunton me.

The Poet had a jacobite song of the same name in his thoughts when he wrote his pithy lyric; some of the old verses are curious and to the point:—

"To daunton me, to daunton me,
D'ye ken the things wad daunton me?
Eighty-eight and eighty nine,
And a' the dreary years sin syne,
With cess and press and Presbytry,
Gude faith, these were like to hae daunton'd me.

"But to wanton me, but to wanton me,
D'ye ken the things that wad wanton me!
To see gude corn upon the rigs,
An' banishment to a' the whigs,
An' right restored, where right should be,
O! these are the things that wad wanton me."

There are several variations of the old verses, domestic and jacobitical.

COME BOAT ME O'ER TO CHARLIE.

Tune—"*O'er the Water to Charlie.*"

I.

Come boat me o'er, come row me o'er,
Come boat me o'er to Charlie;
I'll gie John Ross another bawbee,
To boat me o'er to Charlie.
We'll o'er the water and o'er the sea,
We'll o'er the water to Charlie;
Come weal, come woe, we'll gather and go,
And live or die wi' Charlie.

II.

I lo'e weel my Charlie's name,
Tho' some there be abhor him:
But O, to see auld Nick gaun hame,
And Charlie's faes before him!

III.

I swear and vow by moon and stars,
And sun that shines so early,
If I had twenty thousand lives,
I'd die as aft for Charlie.

We'll o'er the water and o'er the sea,
We'll o'er the water to Charlie;
Come weal, come woe, we'll gather and go,
And live or die wi' Charlie!

Some of these lines are old, and some of them are from the pen of Burns: the second stanza is his, and most of the third. Many songs on the same subject and in the same air were once current in Scotland: in Hogg's Jacobite Relics another version may be found: there are stray verses, too, worthy of being gathered:—

"We'll o'er the water, we'll o'er the sea,
We'll o'er the water to Charlie;
The mirkest night will draw to light—
There's sunshine yet for Charlie."

One of the copies takes the song from the lips of a soldier, and gives it to those of a lady. We have President Forbes's testimony to the violent admiration of the Scottish ladies for the exiled prince, and the assurance of Ray that they would not listen to reason, but were jacobites, one and all.

A ROSE-BUD BY MY EARLY WALK.

Tune—"*The Rose-bud.*"

I.

A ROSE-BUD by my early walk,
Adown a corn-enclosed bawk,
Sae gently bent its thorny stalk,
All on a dewy morning.
Ere twice the shades o' dawn are fled,
In a' its crimson glory spread,
And drooping rich the dewy head,
It scents the early morning.

II.

Within the bush, her covert nest
A little linnet fondly prest,
The dew sat chilly on her breast
Sae early in the morning.

She soon shall see her tender brood,
The pride, the pleasure o' the wood,
Amang the fresh green leaves bedew'd,
Awake the early morning.

III.

So thou, dear bird, young Jeany fair!
On trembling string or vocal air,
Shall sweetly pay the tender care
That tends thy early morning.
So thou, sweet rose-bud, young and gay,
Shalt beauteous blaze upon the day,
And bless the parent's evening ray
That watch'd thy early morning.

The Rose-bud was Miss Jean Cruikshanks, daughter of William Cruikshanks of St. James's square, one of the masters of the High School of Edinburgh. On the same young lady, that sweet and tender poem, beginning—

"Beauteous rose-bud, young and gay,"

was composed. In one of his letters to her father, the Poet says —"I should return my thanks for your hospitality (I leave a blank for the epithet, as I know none can do it justice) to a poor, wayfaring bard, who was spent and almost overpowered, fighting with prosaic wickedness in high places: but I am afraid lest ou burn the letter whenever you came to the passage—so I pass over it in silence. I would send my compliments to Mr. Nicol, but he would be hurt if he knew that I wrote to any one and not to him; so I shall only beg my best kindest compliments to my worthy hostess, and the sweet little rose-bud." The air was composed by David Sillar.

RATTLIN', ROARIN' WILLIE.

Tune—"*Rattlin', roarin' Willie.*"

I.

O RATTLIN', roarin' Willie,
O, he held to the fair,

An' for to sell his fiddle,
An' buy some other ware;
But parting wi' his fiddle,
The saut tear blin't his ee;
And rattlin', roarin' Willie,
Ye're welcome hame to me!

II.

O Willie, come sell your fiddle,
O sell your fiddle sae fine;
O Willie, come sell your fiddle,
And buy a pint o' wine!
If I should sell my fiddle,
The warl' would think I was mad;
For mony a rantin' day
My fiddle and I hae had.

III.

As I cam by Crochallan,
I cannily keekit ben—
Rattlin', roarin' Willie
Was sitting at yon board en';
Sitting at yon board en',
And amang guid companie;
Rattlin', roarin' Willie,
Ye're welcome hame to me!

"The hero of this chant was," says Burns, "one of the worthiest fellows in the world—William Dunbar, Esq., writer to the Signet, Edinburgh, and colonel of the Crochallan corps— a club of wits, who took that title at the time of raising the fencible regiments." The Rattlin', roarin' Willie of Border song was another sort of person:—

"Our Willie's away to Jeddart,
To dance on the rood-day;
A sharp sword by his side,
A fiddle to cheer his way.
The joyous thairms o' his fiddle,
Rob Roole he handled rude;
And Willie left New-Mill banks,
Red wat wi' Robin's blude."

Willie was pursued by Elliot of Stobbs, and taken sleeping among the broom in one of the links of Ousenamwater. What happened to him may be gathered from another stanza :—

"Now may the name of Elliot
Be cursed frae firth to firth !
He has fettered the gude right hand
That keepit the land in mirth ;
That keepit the land in mirth ;
And charmed maids' hearts frae dool ;
O sair will they want thee, Willie,
When birks are bare at Yule."

BRAVING ANGRY WINTER'S STORMS.

Tune—"*Neil Gow's Lamentation for Abercairny.*"

I.

WHERE, braving angry winter's storms,
The lofty Ochels rise,
Far in their shade my Peggy's charms,
First blest my wondering eyes ;
As one who by some savage stream,
A lonely gem surveys,
Astonish'd, doubly marks its beam,
With arts most polish'd blaze.

II.

Blest be the wild, sequester'd shade,
And blest the day and hour,
Where Peggy's charms I first survey'd,
When first I felt their pow'r !
The tyrant death, with grim control,
May seize my fleeting breath ;
But tearing Peggy from my soul
Must be a stronger death.

The heroine of this fine song is Margaret Chalmers. The Poet calls her "one of the most accomplished of women." He stood much in awe of her unaffected modesty and good sense, and tamed down the ruder part of his nature whenever he wrote to her.

TIBBIE DUNBAR.

Tune—"*Johnny M'Gill.*"

I.

O, WILT thou go wi' me,
  Sweet Tibbie Dunbar?
O, wilt thou go wi' me,
  Sweet Tibbie Dunbar?
Wilt thou ride on a horse,
  Or be drawn in a car,
Or walk by my side,
  O Sweet Tibbie Dunbar?

II.

I care na thy daddie,
  His lands or his money,
I care na thy kin,
  Sae high and sae lordly:
But say thou wilt hae me
  For better for waur—
And come in thy coatie,
  Sweet Tibbie Dunbar!

The air to which Burns wrote this pleasant little song was composed, it is said, by John M'Gill, a fiddler of Girvan, who named it after himself. Other words have been added to the song; but they want the easy air of their elder companions:—

"O, see yon green mountain
  Beneath yon bright star!
O, see yon moon shining
  On turret and scaur!
O, haste thee, and mount thee,
  For we maun fly far;
It is time to be going,
  Sweet Tibbie Dunbar.

"O, far have I ridden, love,
  All for to see thee;
Much have I bidden, love,
  All to be near thee;

For he that loves truly
Maun dree an' maun daur—
So come now or never,
Sweet Tibbie Dunbar!"

The heroine of the song has never been named, nor has it succeeded in becoming a favorite, though the air is good and the words natural.

STREAMS THAT GLIDE IN ORIENT PLAINS.

Tune—"*Morag.*"

I.

Streams that glide in orient plains,
Never bound by winter's chains;
Glowing here on golden sands,
There commix'd with foulest stains
From tyranny's empurpled bands;
These, their richly gleaming waves,
I leave to tyrants and their slaves;
Give me the stream that sweetly laves
The banks by Castle Gordon.

II.

Spicy forests, ever gay,
Shading from the burning ray,
Hapless wretches sold to toil,
Or the ruthless native's way,
Bent on slaughter, blood, and spoil:
Woods that ever verdant wave,
I leave the tyrant and the slave,
Give me the groves that lofty brave
The storms by Castle Gordon.

III.

Wildly here without control,
Nature reigns and rules the whole;

In that sober pensive mood,
Dearest to the feeling soul,
She plants the forest, pours the flood:
Life's poor day I'll musing rave,
And find at night a sheltering cave,
Where waters flow and wild woods wave,
By bonnie Castle Gordon.

Burns conceived the idea of these verses during his too brief visit to Gordon Castle in 1787; he wrote them down as he hurried on to the south, and enclosed them to James Hoyes, then residing with his Grace of Gordon. The duchess guessed them to be written by Dr. Beattie, and when told they were by Burns wished they had been in the Scottish language. The captious humor of Nicol, it will be remembered, shortened the stay of the Poet in the north.—"I shall certainly," he says to Hoyes, "among my legacies leave my latest curse on that unlucky predicament which hurried—tore me away from Castle Gordon. May that obstinate son of Latin prose be curst to Scotch mile periods, and damned to seven league paragraphs: while declension and conjugation, gender, number, and time, under the ragged banners of dissonance and disarrangement, eternally rank against him in hostile array!"

MY HARRY WAS A GALLANT GAY.

Tune—"*Highlander's Lament.*"

I.

My Harry was a gallant gay,
Fu' stately strode he on the plain:
But now he's banish'd far away,
I'll never see him back again.
O for him back again!
O for him back again!
I wad gie a' Knockhaspie's land,
For Highland Harry back again.

II.

When a' the lave gae to their bed,
I wander dowie up the glen;
I set me down and greet my fill,
And ay I wish him back again.

III.

O were some villains hangit high,
And ilka body had their ain!
Then I might see the joyfu' sight,
My Highland Harry back again.
O for him back again!
O for him back again!
I wad gie a' Knockhaspie's land
For Highland Harry back again.

"The oldest title," says Burns, "I ever heard to this air was 'The Highland Watch's Farewell to Ireland.' The chorus I picked up from an old woman in Dumblane; the rest of the song is mine." Part of the farm of Mossgiel bears the name of Knockhaspie's land; the Poet recollected this when he modified the chorus from recitation: it is almost needless to add that "The Highland Watch" is the gallant forty-second regiment: and that Highland Harry was Prince Henry Stuart, the last male of the ancient Scottish line. That prince lived to a good old age, and when he died a monument was raised to his memory at the expense of George IV., sculptured by the skilful hand of Canova.

THE TAILOR.

Tune—"*The Tailor fell thro' the bed, thimbles an' a'.*"

I.

The Tailor fell thro' the bed, thimbles an' a',
The Tailor fell thro' the bed, thimbles an' a';
The blankets were thin, and the sheets they were sma',
The Tailor fell thro' the bed, thimbles an' a'.

II.

The sleepy bit lassie, she dreaded nae ill,
The sleepy bit lassie, she dreaded nae ill;
The weather was cauld and the lassie lay still,
She thought that a tailor could do her nae ill.

III.

Gie me the groat again, canny young man;
Gie me the groat again, canny young man;
The day it is short, and the night it is lang,
The dearest siller that ever I wan!

IV.

There's somebody weary wi' lying her lane;
There's somebody weary wi' lying her lane;
There's some that are dowie, I trow wad be fain
To see the bit tailor come skippin' again.

The rustic muse of Scotland makes merry now and then at the expense of the tailors. A song, which the march of refinement has silenced, commenced thus:—

"The tailor came to clout the claes
And he filled the house a' fou o' fleas."

Another, which is now mute, opened sarcastically:—

"I'll tell ye how the wars began—
Nine tailors make a man."

Of the present song, the second verse and the fourth are by Burns: the rest is very old: the air is beautiful, and is played by the Corporation of Tailors at their annual elections and possessions. Pennycuik wrote a poem in honor of the trade: a tailor, he said, was accounted by this sarcastic world the ninth part of a man, whereas he was even more than a whole one. The chalk, the shears, the thimble, and the thread, when guided by a scientific eye, produced garments of such beauty as hid the imperfections of the human frame, and enabled the lank and the mishapen to assume the port of gods. Even the bard had reason to rejoice:—

"My breeks were such an arrant clout,
No longer I could go decent out."

The shears, the needles, and goose do their work so much to his satisfaction that he exclaims, at the close of his meritorious rhyme,—

"I vow the tailor is more than man."

SIMMER'S A PLEASANT TIME.

Tune—"*Ay waukin o'.*"

I.

Simmer's a pleasant time,
Flow'rs of ev'ry color;
The water rins o'er the heugh,
And I long for my true lover.
Ay waukin O,
Waukin still and wearie:
Sleep I can get nane
For thinking on my dearie.

II.

When I sleep I dream,
When I wauk I'm eerie;
Sleep I can get nane
For thinking on my dearie.

III.

Lanely night comes on,
A' the lave are sleeping;
I think on my bonnie lad
And I bleer my een with greetin'.
Ay waukin O,
Waukin still and wearie:
Sleep I can get nane
For thinking on my dearie.

Some of the old verses of this song are still held in remembrance; they have a spice of the ridiculous, and also of the gentle:—

"I sat down and wrote
My true love a letter;
My love canna read
I love him a' the better;
Ay wakin oh,
Wakin ay and wearie;
Come a pleasant dream,
Waft me to my dearie."

The first verse is by Burns; the remainder had only the benefit of his revisal. Tytler and Ritson unite in considering this one of our oldest melodies.

BEWARE O' BONNIE ANN.

Tune—"*Ye Gallants bright.*"

I.

Ye gallants bright, I red ye right,
Beware o' bonnie Ann;
Her comely face sae fu' o' grace,
Your heart she will trepan.
Her een sae bright, like stars by night,
Her skin is like the swan;
Sae jimply lac'd her genty waist,
That sweetly ye might span.

II.

Youth, Grace, and Love attendant move,
And Pleasure leads the van:
In a' their charms, and conquering arms,
They wait on bonnie Ann.
The captive bands may chain the hands,
But love enslaves the man;
Ye gallants braw, I red you a',
Beware o' bonnie Ann!

These verses were written in honor of Ann Masterton, daughter of Allan Masterton, author of the air of "Strathallan's Lament." She is now Mrs. Derbishire, and resides in London. In her father's house the Poet passed many happy evenings.

WHEN ROSY MAY.

Tune—"*The Gardener wi' his paidle.*"

I.

When rosy May comes in wi' flowers,
To deck her gay green-spreading bowers,
Then busy, busy are his hours—
The gard'ner wi' his paidle.
The crystal waters gently fa';
The merry birds are lovers a';
The scented breezes round him blaw—
The gard'ner wi' his paidle.

II.

When purple morning starts the hare
To steal upon her early fare,
Then thro' the dews he maun repair—
The gard'ner wi' his paidle.
When day, expiring in the west,
The curtain draws of nature's rest,
He flies to her arms he lo'es best—
The gard'ner wi' his paidle.

In other days every trade and vocation had a tune to dance or march to: the air of this song is the march of the gardeners: the title only is old—the rest is the work of Burns. Song was once as natural to man as music is to the birds of the air: but hard work—incessant drudgery rather—has silenced song at the plough—at the loom—in the forge—in the garden—at the carpenter's bench, and at the mason's banker. A song is seldom heard in the land now, save when some ragged wretch raises "a melancholious croon" as he holds out his hat for alms. Perhaps the ploughman still chants an air as he turns his furrow, and the shepherd still sings as he watches his lambs among the pastoral mountains: in the cities music is mute, save when hired: the pale mechanic has so much to endure in keeping his soul and body together, that song is out of the question. Music with him has died into "a quaver of consternation."

BLOOMING NELLY.

Tune—"*On a Bank of Flowers.*"

I.

On a bank of flowers, in a summer day,
For summer lightly drest,
The youthful blooming Nelly lay,
With love and sleep opprest;
When Willie wand'ring thro' the wood,
Who for her favor oft had sued,
He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd,
And trembled where he stood.

II.

Her closed eyes, like weapons sheath'd,
Were seal'd in soft repose;
Her lips still as she fragrant breath'd,
It richer dy'd the rose.
The springing lilies sweetly prest,
Wild—wanton, kiss'd her rival breast;
He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd—
His bosom ill at rest.

III.

Her robes light waving in the breeze,
Her tender limbs embrace;
Her lovely form, her native ease,
All harmony and grace:
Tumultuous tides his pulses roll,
A faltering, ardent kiss he stole;
He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd,
And sigh'd his very soul.

IV.

As flies the partridge from the brake,
On fear-in pired wings,
So Nelly starting, half awake,
Away affrighted springs:

But Willie follow'd as he should,
He overtook her in the wood;
He vow'd, he pray'd, he found the maid
Forgiving all and good.

A song in Allan Ramsay's collection seems to have suggested this lyric to Burns: the elder Bard spoke with a freer tongue than even the Poet of Kyle. His first verse is a follows:—

"On a bank of flowers
In a summer day,
Inviting and undrest,
In her bloom of youth
Fair Celia lay,
With love and sleep opprest;
When a youthful swain
With admiring eyes,
Wished that he durst
The sweet maid surprise."

The second verse is very free and graphic: the third contains a pretty image:—

"All amazed he stood,
With her beauties fired,
And blest the courteous wind;
Then in whispers sighed,
And the gods desired
That Celia might be kind:
When with hopes grown bold
He advanced amain,
But she laughed loud
In a dream, and again
Repelled the amorous swain."

Ramsay says he inserted nothing in his collection capable of raising a blush on the cheek of beauty. The muse has at least grown purer of speech since his day.

THE DAY RETURNS.

Tune—"*Seventh of November.*"

I.

THE day returns, my bosom burns,
The blissful day we twa did meet,
Tho' winter wild in tempest toil'd,
Ne'er summer-sun was half sae sweet.

Than a' the pride that loads the tide,
And crosses o'er the sultry line;
Than kingly robes, than crowns and globes,
Heaven gave me more—it made thee mine!

II.

While day and night can bring delight,
Or nature aught of pleasure give
While joys above my mind can move,
For thee, and thee alone, I live.
When that grim foe of life below
Comes in between to make us part,
The iron hand that breaks our band,
It breaks my bliss—it breaks my heart.

The seventh of November was the anniversary of the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Riddel, of Friars-Carse; and these verses were composed in compliment to the day. The sense, wit, and loveliness of the lady were sung in the same strain in which the contest for the Whistle is celebrated.

MY LOVE SHE'S BUT A LASSIE YET.

Tune—"*Lady Badinscoth's Reel.*"

I.

My love she's but a lassie yet,
My love she's but a lassie yet;
We'll let her stand a year or twa,
She'll not be half sae saucy yet,
I rue the day I sought her, O,
I rue the day I sought her, O;
Wha gets her needs na say she's woo'd,
But he may say he's bought her, O!

II.

Come, draw a drap o' the best o't yet,
Come, draw a drap o't the best o't yet;

Gae seek for pleasure where ye will,
But here I never miss'd it yet.
We're a' dry wi' drinking o't,
We're a' dry wi' drinking o't;
The minister kiss'd the fiddler's wife,
And could na preach for thinkin' o't.

Variations abound in this song; some of them are not without merit:—

"My love she's but a lassie yet,
My love she's but a lassie yet;
When she's drap ripe, she's theirs that like,
She'll no be half sae saucy yet."

Other verses may easily be added; but what is old and clever is sometimes indelicate. These lines are not very objectionable:—

"We're a' dry wi' drinking o't;
We're a' dry wi' drinking o't;
The piper kiss'd the fiddler's wife,
And could na play for thinking o't.
And yon's the moon that's moving, O,
The hour for maidens' loving, O,
But madam moon, till this bowl's done,
I'll gang nae mair a roving, O!"

The title and some lines are old; the rest of the song is by Burns. He had many fragments to select from; he took a bit here and a bit there, and pouring his own fancy among them united them into a consistent song.

JAMIE, COME TRY ME.

Tune—"*Jamie, come try me.*"

CHORUS.

Jamie, come try me,
Jamie, come try me;
If thou would win my love,
Jamie, come try me.

I.

If thou should ask my love,
Could I deny thee?
If thou would win my love,
Jamie, come try me.

II.

If thou should kiss me, love,
Wha could espy thee?
If thou wad be my love,
Jamie, come try me.

Jamie, come try me,
Jamie, come try me;
If thou would win my love,
Jamie, come try me.

Burns took the idea of this song from an ancient strain, of which these words only are remembered:—

"If ye wad be my love,
Jamie, come try me."

Other songs to the same air supply pleasing variations:

"My heart leaps lightly, love,
When ye come nigh me;
If I had wings my ove,
Think na I'd fly thee.
The bright moon and stars, love,
None else espy thee—
And if ye wad win my love,
Jamie, come try me."

Stanzas, containing a similar strain of sentiment, abound:—

"I come from my chamber,
When the moon's glowing;
I walk by the streamlet,
Through the broom flowing;
If ye wad woo me love,
Wha could deny thee?
I'm far aboon fortune, love,
When I am by thee."

Tradition has other reliques of this stamp in store; but as she is a lady not over scrupulous in her recollections we shall quote no further.

MY BONNIE MARY.

Tune—"*Go fetch to me a Pint o' Wine.*"

I.

Go fetch to me a pint o' wine,
An' fill it in a silver tassie ;
That I may drink, before I go,
A service to my bonnie lassie ;
The boat rocks at the pier o' Leith ;
Fu' loud the wind blaws frae the ferry ;
The ship rides by the Berwick-law,
And I maun leave my bonnie Mary.

II.

The trumpets sound, the banners fly,
The glittering spears are ranked ready ;
The shouts o' war are heard afar,
The battle closes thick and bloody ;
But it's not the roar o' sea or shore
Wad make me langer wish to tarry ;
Nor shouts o' war that's heard afar—
It's leaving thee, my bonnie Mary.

The Poet recited this song to his brother Gilbert as a relique of the olden minstrelsy, and inquired if he did not think it beautiful ?—"Beautiful !" said his brother, "it is not only that, but the most heroic of lyrics. Ah! Robert, if you would write oftener that way, your fame would be surer." Another account says that Gilbert really believed it to be old, and called it an unequalled thing. Burns speaks of it to Mrs. Dunlop as the work of the old Scottish muse ; but, in his notes on the Museum, he says :—"This air is Oswald's ; the first half-stanza of the song is old, the rest mine." Those, however, who seek in any of our collections for the first half-stanza of the song, will not likely find it. In truth, the whole is believed to be by Burns, and written, it is said, out of compliment to the feelings of a young officer about to embark for a foreign shore, whose ship rode by the Berwick-law, and who was accompanied to the pier of Leith by a young lady—the bonnie Mary of the song.

THE LAZY MIST.

Tune—"*The Lazy Mist.*"

I.

THE lazy mist hangs from the brow of the hill,
Concealing the course of the dark winding rill;
How languid the scenes, late so sprightly, appear?
As autumn to winter resigns the pale year.
The forests are leafless, the meadows are brown,
And all the gay foppery of summer is flown:
Apart let me wander, apart let me muse,
How quick time is flying, how keen fate pursues!

II.

How long I have liv'd—but how much liv'd in vain!
How little of life's scanty span may remain!
What aspects, old Time, in his progress, has worn!
What ties cruel fate in my bosom has torn!
How foolish, or worse, till our summit is gain'd!
And downward, how weaken'd, how darken'd, how pain'd!
This life's not worth having with all it can give—
For something beyond it poor man sure must live.

All that Burns says about the authorship of "The Lazy Mist" is, "This song is mine." The air as well as the name may be found in Oswald's Collection: but the olden time has no farther claims upon the authorship. When the Poet made his communications to the Museum, he desired Johnson to keep his assistance secret; that he might write with greater freedom, perhaps, and with less of the awe of the world upon him. In the Preface to the second volume of the Museum, Burns says, "The songs contained in this volume, both music and poetry, are all of them the work of Scotsmen. Wherever the old words could be recovered, they have been preferred, both as suiting better the genius of the tunes, and to preserve the productions of those earlier sons of the Scottish muses, some of whose names deserved a better fate than has befallen them. 'Buried midst the

wreck of things which were'—ignorance or prejudice may perhaps affect to sneer at the simplicity of the poetry or music; but their having been for ages the favorites of Nature's judges—the common people—was to the Editor a sufficient test of their merit."

The song of "The Lazy Mist" is rather a favorite with the Scottish peasantry. The grave and moralizing strain corresponds with the reflecting character of the people.

THE CAPTAIN'S LADY.

Tune—"*O mount and go.*"

CHORUS.

O mount and go,
Mount and make you ready;
O mount and go,
And be the Captain's Lady.

I.

When the drums do beat,
And the cannons rattle,
Thou shall sit in state,
And see thy love in battle.

II.

When the vanquish'd foe,
Sues for peace and quiet,
To the shades we'll go,
And in love enjoy it.

O mount and go,
Mount and make you ready;
O mount and go,
And be the Captain's Lady.

Part of this song is old, and part of it by Burns: he has not acknowledged it, though Cromek informed me that he saw it among Johnson's papers in the Poet's handwriting. Some of the old verses are curious:—

"I will away,
And I will not tarry;
I will away,
And be a captain's lady.
A captain's lady
Is a dame of honor;
She has her maidens
Ay to wait upon her;
Ay to wait upon her,
And get all things ready.
I will away
And be a captain's lady."

The conception of the song is superior to the execution: the dancing measure is difficult to suit with words.

A very eminent author has sneered at the idea of a lady sitting in state and looking at her lover engaged in battle: the picture is, in its nature, chivalrous: a tournament gave the express image conveyed in the verse of Burns: other instances, not only from poetry, but from history, might be adduced to prove the accuracy of the most accurate of all poets.

OF A' THE AIRTS THE WIND CAN BLAW.

Tune—"*Miss Admiral Gordon's Strathspey.*"

I.

Of a' the airts the wind can blaw,
I dearly like the west,
For there the bonnie lassie lives,
The lassie I lo'e best:
There wild-woods grow, and rivers row,
And mony a hill between;
But day and night my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean.

II.

I see her in the dewy flowers,
I see her sweet and fair:
I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
I hear her charm the air:

There's not a bonnie flower that springs
By fountain, shaw, or green,
There's not a bonnie bird that sings,
But minds me o' my Jean.

III.

O blaw ye westlin winds, blaw saft
Amang the leafy trees,
Wi' balmy gale, frae hill and dale
Bring hame the laden bees;
And bring the lassie back to me
That's ay sae neat and clean;
Ae smile o' her wad banish care,
Sae charming is my Jean.

IV.

What sighs and vows amang the knowes
Hae passed atween us twa!
How fond to meet, how wae to part,
That night she gaed awa!
The powers aboon can only ken,
To whom the heart is seen,
That nane can be sae dear to me
As my sweet lovely Jean!

Burns wrote this charming song in honor of Jean Armour: he adds archly in his notes—"It was during the honey-moon." The Poet published but the first and second verses: the others are added, not only on account of their beauty, but because they contain a part of the author's history, and deserve to be held in remembrance. They are generally sung by the peasantry.

FIRST WHEN MAGGY WAS MY CARE.

Tune—"*Whistle o'er the lave o't.*"

I.

First when Maggy was my care,
Heaven, I thought, was in her air;

Now we're married—spier nae mair—
Whistle o'er the lave o't.—
Meg was meek, and Meg was mild,
Bonnie Meg was nature's child;
Wiser men than me's beguil'd—
Whistle o'er the lave o't.

II.

How we live, my Meg and me,
How we love, and how we 'gree,
I care na by how few may see;
Whistle o'er the lave o't.—
Wha I wish were maggots' meat,
Dish'd up in her winding sheet,
I could write—but Meg maun see't—
Whistle o'er the lave o't.

The minstrel muse of Scotland supplied this air with very merry verses, which may be read in Herd; and sometimes heard sung when the punch bowl is reeking, and

"The noise and fun grow fast and furious."

Few of the verses will bear quotations:—

"She sent her daughter to the well,
Better she had gaen hersel;
She missed a foot, and down she fell—
Whistle o'er the lave o't."

Burns composed his song to supersede the old verses—and he succeeded. The air was composed, some hundred and odd years ago, by John Bruce, a musician, belonging to the town of Dumfries, whose merits as a player of reel tunes on the violin are still held in remembrance. Old people said that the heaviest foot became light, and the toil-bent frame erect when Bruce drew his best bow—and that he made the fiddle speak the words of the tune as plain as with a tongue. He is celebrated by John Mayne, in his poem of the "Siller Gun."

O, WERE I ON PARNASSUS' HILL.

Tune—"*My Love is lost to me.*"

I.

O, WERE I on Parnassus' hill!
Or had of Helicon my fill;
That I might catch poetic skill,
To sing how dear I love thee.
But Nith maun be my muse's well,
My muse maun be thy bonnie sell';
On corsincon I'll glow'r and spell,
And write how dear I love thee.

II.

Then come, sweet muse, inspire my lay!
For a' the lee-lang simmer's day,
I coudna sing, I coudna say,
How much, how dear I love thee.
I see thee dancing o'er the green,
Thy waist sae jimp, thy limbs sae clean,
Thy tempting lips, thy roguish een—
By heaven and earth I love thee!

III.

By night, by day, a-field, at hame,
The thoughts o' thee my breast inflame;
And aye I muse and sing thy name—
I only live to love thee.
Tho' I were doom'd to wander on
Beyond the sea, beyond the sun,
Till my last weary sand was run;
Till then—and then I love thee.

The Poet, in this fine song, welcomed his wife to Ellisland: the Nith, his muse's well, was flowing at hand; and Corsincon, his Nithsdale Parnassus, was at no great distance. It was no sooner written than it became popular: copies were much in demand. He presented one to Miss Staig of Dumfries, with the

following characteristic note:—"Mr. Burns presents his most respectful compliments to Miss Staig, and has sent her the song. Mr. B. begs to be forgiven his delaying so long to send it; and allows Miss S. to impute the neglect to any cause under heaven, except want of respect for her commands. Mr. B. would just give the hint to Miss S., that should the respectful timidity of any of her lovers deny him his powers of speech, that then she will teach him Mr. Burns' song; so that the poor fellow may not be under the double imputation of being neither able to sing nor say."

THERE'S A YOUTH IN THIS CITY.

To a Gaelic Air.

I.

THERE's a youth in this city,
It were a great pity
That he frae our lasses should wander awa;
For he's bonnie an' braw,
Weel favor'd an' a,
And his hair has a natural buckle an' a'.
His coat is the hue
Of his bonnet sae blue;
His fecket is white as the new driven snaw;
His hose they are blae,
And his shoon like the slae,
And his clear siller buckles they dazzle us a'.

II.

For beauty and fortune
The laddie's been courtin';
Weel-featured, weel-tocher'd, weel-mounted, and braw;
But chiefly the siller,
That gars him gang till her,
The pennie's the jewel that beautifies a'.
There's Meg wi' the mailen
That fain wad a haen him;

And Susie, whose daddy was laird o' the ha';
There's lang-tocher'd Nancy
Maist fetters his fancy—
But the laddie's dear sel' he lo'es dearest of a'.

In his notes on the Museum, Burns says—"This air is claimed by Neil Gow, who calls it a Lament for his Brother. The first half-stanza of the song is old, the rest is mine." It must be born in mind that the Poet was sometimes summoned hastily to fill up the gaps which time had made in ancient song, and that he supplied the publisher with the first-fruits of his fancy. Yet, even in the most careless of these effusions, there is a happiness of thought or of expression which few can reach by study.

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

Tune—"*Failte na Miosg.*"

I.

My heart's in the Highlands my heart is not here;
My heart's in the Highlands a chasing the deer;
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe—
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.
Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,
The birth-place of valor, the country of worth;
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

II.

Farewell to the mountains high cover'd with snow;
Farewell to the straths and green valleys below;
Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods;
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.
My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,
My heart's in the Highlands a chasing the deer:
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe—
My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go.

"The first half-stanza," says Burns, "of this song is old, the rest is mine." Of the old song no one has given any specimens; it is said by tradition to be the lamentation of a Highland chief, imprisoned in the Lowlands, who languished for his green glens, his boundless hills, and sylvan liberty. Scott, with his usual happiness, touched on the same sentiment, in describing the singing of the Highland reapers:—

> "Oft have I listened, and stood still,
> As it came soften'd up the hill;
> And deem'd it the lament of men
> Who languished for their native glen;
> And thought how drear had been such sound
> On Susquehanna's swampy ground."

Burns had the north of Scotland spirit strong within him. His father was of that land; his language is tinged with that of the district of "The Keith Marischall," and his love of the wild woods and lonesome glens is Celtic rather than Saxon. This accounts for his love of Ossian's poems: no one can properly feel the poetry of those compositions who shares not in the blood of the Gael, and is unacquainted with Highland scenery and Highland chivalry.

JOHN ANDERSON.

Tune—"*John Anderson my jo.*"

I.

JOHN Anderson my jo, John,
When we were first acquent;
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent;
But now your brow is beld, John,
Your locks are like the snaw;
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson my jo.

II.

John Anderson my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither;
And mony a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither:

Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go;
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson my Jo.

The north is fruitful in John Andersons; but none of them can be compared with that of Burns. The old minstrel sings in Percy's Black-Book of Ballads:—

"John Anderson my jo,
Come in as ye gae by;
And ye sall get a sheep's head
Weel baken in a pie;
Weel baken in a pie,
And the haggis in a pat,
John Anderson my jo,
Come in an' ye's get that."

Brash and Reid gave what they called an improved "John Anderson" from the pen of Burns. The second stanza is clever:—

"John Anderson my jo, John,
When nature first began
To try her cannie hand, John,
Her master-work was man;
And you among them a', John,
Sae trig frae tap to toe,
She proved to be nae journey-work,
John Anderson my jo."

The hand of Burns is so visible in this verse, that a singer might safely add it, were the song not long enough for the voice already.

OUR THRISSLES FLOURISHED FRESH AND FAIR.

Tune—"*Awa Whigs, awa.*"

CHORUS.

Awa Whigs, awa!
Awa Whigs, awa!
Ye're but a pack o' traitor louns,
Ye'll do nae good at a'.

I.

Our thrissles flourish'd fresh and fair,
And bonnie bloom'd our roses;
But whigs came like a frost in June,
And wither'd a' our posies.

II.

Our ancient crown's fa'n in the dust—
Deil blin' them wi' the stoure o't;
And write their names in his black beuk,
Wha gae the Whigs the power o't.

III.

Our sad decay in Church and State
Surpasses my descriving;
The Whigs came o'er us for a curse,
And we hae done wi' thriving.

IV.

Grim vengeance lang has ta'en a nap,
But we may see him wauken;
Gude help the day when royal heads
Are hunted like a maukin.
Awa Whigs, awa!
Awa Whigs, awa!
Ye're but a pack o' traitor louns,
Ye'll do nae gude at a'.

Burns trimmed up this jacobite song for the Museum, and added some bitter bits: the verses beginning with "Our ancient crown's fa'n in the dust," and "Grim vengeance lang has ta'en a nap," are from his hand. Tradition supplies more:—

"The deil he heard the strife o' tongues,
And rampin' cam' amang us;
But pitied us sae wi' cursed Whigs,
He turned an' wadna wrang us."

The succession of the House of Hanover was long resented by the northen minstrels: the pleasant change of a poor electorate for "kingdoms three" was often hinted; and audacious rhymers averred that George the First was found—

"Sheughing kale and dibbling leeks"

by the messenger who announced the death of Queen Anne.

CA' THE EWES.

Tune—"*Ca' the Ewes to the Knowes.*"

CHORUS.

Ca' the ewes to the knowes,
Ca' them whare the heather grows,
Ca, them whare the burnie rowes,
My bonnie dearie!

I.

As I gaed down the water-side,
There I met my shepherd lad,
He row'd me sweetly in his plaid,
An' he ca'd me his dearie.

II.

Will ye gang down the water-side,
And see the waves sae sweetly glide,
Beneath the hazels spreading wide?
The moon it shines fu' clearly.

III.

I was bred up at nae sic school,
My shepherd lad to play the fool,
And a' the day to sit in dool,
And naebody to see me.

IV.

Ye sall get gowns and ribbons meet,
Cauf-leather shoon upon your feet,
And in my arms ye'se lie and sleep,
And ye sall be my dearie.

V.

If ye'll but stand to what ye've said,
I'se gang wi' you my shepherd lad,
And ye may rowe me in your plaid,
And I sall be your dearie.

VI.

While waters wimple to the sea;
While day blinks in the lift sae hie;

'Till clay-cauld death shall blin' my e'e,
Ye sall be my dearie.
Ca' the ewes to the knowes,
Ca' them whare the heather grows,
Ca' them whare the burnie rowes,
My bonnie dearie!

Much of this sweet pastoral is old; Burns made several changes and emendations in the ancient words, and added the concluding lines. An old verse or so will show the nature of the Poet's alterations:—

"Yon yowes an' lambs upo' the plain,
Wi' a' the gear my dad did hain,
I'se gie thee if thou'lt be my ain,
My bonnie dearie.

"Come weal, come woe, whate'er betide,
Gin ye'll be true, I'se be your bride,
And ye sall row me in your plaid,
My winsome dearie."

The Poet afterwards mused upon the same subject and air, and produced a pastoral lyric more worthy of his fame than this pieced and patched composition. The scene of the new song is laid in Clouden side, nigh the ruined towers: the flowers and the hazel which flourish in the verse are to be found on the banks of the stream; and all the singer has to do is to add the figure of some one dear to him, and the picture of the Poet is completed.

MERRY HAE I BEEN TEETHIN' A HECKLE.

Tune—"*Lord Breadalbane's March.*"

I.

O Merry hae I been teethin' a heckle,
And merry hae I been shapin' a spoon;
O merry hae I been cloutin a kettle,
And kissin' my Katie when a' was done.
O a' the lang day I ca' at my hammer,
An' a' the lang day I whistle and sing,
A' the lang night I cuddle my kimmer,
An' a' the lang night as happy's a king.

II.

Bitter in dool I lickit my winnins,
O' marrying Bess, to gie her a slave:
Blest be the hour she cool'd in her linnens,
And blythe be the bird that sings on her grave.
Come to my arms, my Katie, my Katie,
An' come to my arms and kiss me again!
Drunken or sober, here's to thee, Katie!
And blest be the day I did it again.

Flax-dressing is a dusty business, nor did the Poet love it much, for he but twice alludes to it in his poetry. In his letter to Parker, he says of taste in Nithsdale,

> "Here words ne'er crost the muses' heckles,
> Nor limpit in poetic shackles."

In the song before us he goes no deeper into the mystery. It is put into the mouth of a travelling tinker, whose craft extended to the repairing of pots and pans, clasping of china, making of spoons, and the teething of heckles. The flax-dresser, as he pulls the head or handful of lint across the steel prongs, is apt, if he pulls rashly, to break some of the teeth, which are made of sheer steel. To restore these is to teeth a heckle. Songs peculiar to the tinkers and gipsies are not uncommon in Scotland —a verse or so of one of these rough chants may amuse the reader:—

> "O haste ye an' come to our gate-en,
> And souther the stroup o' my lady's pan;
> For my lord's awa to hunt the doe,
> Quo' the winsome lass o' Gallowa'.
>
> "Now wad ye but leave your gay ladie,
> And carry the tinkling tools wi' me,
> And lie at e'en on clean ait straw,
> My winsome lass o' Gallowa'.
>
> "The fingers which starch my ladies frills,
> Fu' ill could carry your tinkling tools,
> And your pingles wad grime my neck o' snaw—
> Quo' the winsome lass o' Gallowa'.
>
> "Her hair in hanks o' gowden thread,
> O'er her milk-white shoulder was loosely shed,
> And her blythe blue een blinked love an' a',
> My winsome lass o' Gallowa'."

THE BRAES O' BALLOCHMYLE.

Tune—"*The Braes o' Ballochmyle.*"

I.

THE Catrine woods were yellow seen,
The flowers decay'd on Catrine lea,
Nae lav'rock sang on hillock green,
But nature sickn'd on the e'e.
Thro' faded groves Maria sang,
Hersel in beauty's bloom the while,
And ay the wild-wood echoes rang,
Fareweel the Braes o' Ballochmyle!

II.

Low in your wintry beds, ye flowers,
Again ye'll flourish fresh and fair;
Ye birdies dumb, in with'ring bowers,
Again ye'll charm the vocal air.
But here, alas! for me nae mair
Shall birdie charm, or floweret smile;
Fareweel the bonnie banks of Ayr,
Fareweel, fareweel! sweet Ballochmyle!

Maria Whitefoord, eldest daughter of Sir John Whitefoord, and now Mrs. Cranston, was the heroine of this song; it was written as a farewell to the family inheritance. The scenery is varied and beautiful; the banks of the river are broken into fine dens and glades, and clothed with rich wood—part natural, part planted. The ancestor of the Whitefoords supplied, it is said, the ground work of the character of Sir Arthur Wardour in the Antiquary: one of the family, Caleb Whitefoord, was a small poet and critic, and lived and died in London. Ballochmyle passed into the hands of Mr. Alexander, a gentleman who had enriched himself by trade: it is now the property of his son, who resides almost constantly on the estate, and, by his attention to the condition of his peasantry, supplies worthily the place of the ancient family.

The song was first published in the Musical Museum, to a tune by Allan Masterton.

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

Tune—"*Death of Captain Cook.*"

I.

Thou ling'ring star, with less'ning ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

II.

That sacred hour can I forget,
Can I forget the hallowed grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met,
To live one day of parting love!
Eternity will not efface
Those records dear of transports past;
Thy image at our last embrace;
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

III.

Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning green;
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
Twin'd am'rous round the raptur'd scene;
The flow'rs sprang wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on every spray—
Till too, too soon, the glowing west
Poclaim'd the speed of winged day.

IV.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care!
Time but th' impression stronger makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.

My Mary, dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

The story of Mary Campbell, and the history of this exquisite song, have been related in the Life of the Poet. She was from Campbell-Town, in Argyleshire, and lived at Coilsfield, in the humble situation of dairy-maid to Colonel Montgomery; she was handsome rather than lovely, and had the neat foot, and the low melodious voice which the Poet loved. Burns was delighted with her good sense, and on Sundays loved to show her his favorite walks on the banks of the Ayr, in the woods of Coilsfield, and by the stream of Faile, where a thorn is pointed out as connected with their story. Her death, which was sudden, he mourned with much sincerity, and the anniversary of the day on which she died he was observed to be dull and low spirited.

This affecting and sublime ode was the fruit of one of those annual fits of melancholy musing. Mrs. Burns relates that her husband spent the day in the harvest-field, and seemed in his usual spirits; but, as the twilight darkened, he grew sad about something, and at length went out into the barn-yard, and, though the evening was chilly, refused to come in. He strode slowly up and down among his ricks, looking at the sky, which was bright with stars. His wife knew that he was busy musing, and having left him for some time, found him, on her return, stretched among some corn-sheaves, with his eyes fixed on a star, which shone, she said, like another moon. It was now twelve o' clock or more; the Poet walked into his house, and wrote down the song "To Mary in Heaven," as it now stands. It seems to have been composed at the time intimated in the first verse. The Poet requested Johnson to set it to the plaintive air of "Captain Cook."

EPPIE ADAIR.

Tune—"*My Eppie.*"

I.

An' O! my Eppie,
My jewel, my Eppie!
Wha wadna be happy
Wi' Eppie Adair?
By love, and by beauty,
By law, and by duty,
I swear to be true to
My Eppie Adair!

II.

An' O! my Eppie,
My jewel, my Eppie!
Wha wadna be happy
Wi' Eppie Adair?
A' pleasure exile me,
Dishonor defile me,
If e'er I beguile thee,
My Eppie Adair!

Other verses, corresponding in measure and sentiment with this clever little song, may be found in our collection :—

"An' O! my fair one,
My gentle, my rare one,
My heart is a sair one,
O'erladen wi' care.
Frae pleasure exile me,
Dishonor defile me,
If e'er I beguile thee,
My Eppie Adair!"

It frequently happens, in traditionary song, that a line which gives the title to the air is alone remembered. Eppie Adair was scarcely so fortunate: Burns found the air under the name of "My Eppie," in Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, and gave it the benefit of his genius. There is sometimes more true genius visible in these hasty and sketchy things than in elaborate compositions.

THE BATTLE OF SHERRIFF-MUIR.

Tune—"*Cameronian Rant.*"

I.

"O CAM ye here the fight to shun,
Or herd the sheep wi' me, man?
Or were ye at the Sherra-muir,
And did the battle see, man?"
I saw the battle, sair and tough,
And reekin' red ran mony a sheugh,
My heart, for fear, gaed sough for sough,
To hear the thuds, and see the cluds,
O' clans frae woods, in tartan duds,
Wha glaum'd at kingdoms three, man.

II.

The red-coat lads, wi' black cockades,
To meet them were na slaw, man;
They rush'd and push'd, and blude outgush'd,
And mony a bouk did fa', man:
The great Argyle led on his files,
I wat they glanc'd for twenty miles:
They hack'd and hash'd, while broad-swords clash'd,
And thro' they dash'd, and hew'd, and smash'd,
'Till fey men died awa, man.

III.

But had you seen the philibegs,
And skyrin tartan trews, man;
When in the teeth they dar'd our Whigs
And covenant true blues, man;
In lines extended lang and large,
When bayonets opposed the targe,
And thousands hasten'd to the charge,
Wi' Highland wrath they frae the sheath,
Drew blades o' death, 'till, out o' breath,
They fled like frighted doos, man.

IV.

"O how deil, Tam, can that be true?
The chase gaed frae the north, man;
I saw myself, they did pursue
The horsemen back to Forth, man;
And at Dunblane, in my ain sight,
They took the brig wi' a' their might,
And straught to Stirling winged their flight;
But, cursed lot! the gates were shut;
And mony a huntit, poor red-coat,
For fear amaist did swarf, man!"

V.

My sister Kate cam up the gate
Wi' crowdie unto me, man;
She swore she saw some rebels run
Frae Perth unto Dundee, man:
Their left-hand general had nae skill,
The Angus lads had nae good will
That day their neebors' blood to spill;
For fear, by foes, that they should lose
Their cogs o' brose—all crying woes;
And so it goes you see, man.

VI.

They've lost some gallant gentlemen,
Amang the Highland clans, man;
I fear my Lord Panmure is slain,
Or fallen in whiggish hands, man:
Now wad ye sing this double fight,
Some fell for wrang, and some for right;
But mony bade the world guid-night;
Then ye may tell, how pell and mell,
By red claymores, and muskets' knell,
Wi' dying yell, the Tories fell,
And Whigs to hell did flee, man.

"This poem," says Gilbert Burns, "I am pretty well convinced, is not my brother's, but more ancient than his birth."

He might have known that Robert was offended with Barclay, a dissenting minister in Edinburgh, for having handled the Highland clans and chiefs rather rudely, in his rhyming dialogue between Will Lickladle and Tam Cleancogue, on the battle of Sherriff-muir, and hence his modified and improved version. Some of the verses of Barclay have both spirit and humor :—

WILL.

But Flandrekins they have no skill
To lead a Scottish force, man;
Their notions do our courage spill,
And put us to a loss, man:
Ye'll hear of us far better news,
When we attack in Highland trews,
And hash, and slash, and smash, and bruise,
Till the field, though braid, be all o'erspread,
But coat or plaid, wi' corpses laid
In their cold bed—that's moss, man.

TAM.

Twa generals frae the field did run;
Lords Huntley and Seaforth, man;
They cry'd and run, grim death to shun,
Those heroes o' the north, man:
They're fitter far for book or pen,
Than, under Mars, to lead on men.

WILL.

The Camerons scoured as they were mad,
Lifting their neighbour's cows, man;
Mackenzie and the Stewart fled,
Without phil'beg or trews, man:
Had they behaved like Donald's core,
And killed all those came them before,
Their king had gone to France no more.
Then each Whig saint wad soon repent,
And straight recant the Covenant,
And rend it at the news, man."

It was not without reason that Burns felt the reverend rhymer had libelled the clans. Their general was unacquainted with their peculiar mode of attack: in the second rebellion, when Lord George Murray directed the charge, the result was different.

YOUNG JOCKEY.

Tune—"*Young Jockey.*"

I.

YOUNG Jockey was the blythest lad
In a' our town or here awa:
Fu' blythe he whistled at the gaud,
Fu' lightly danced he in the ha'.
He roosed my een, sae bonnie blue,
He roosed my waist sae genty sma',
And ay my heart came to my mou'
When ne'er a body heard or saw.

II.

My Jockey toils upon the plain,
Thro' wind and weet, thro' frost and snaw:
And o'er the lea I leuk fu' fain,
When Jockey's owsen hameward ca'.
An' ay the night comes round again,
When in his arms he takes me a',
An' ay he vows he'll be my ain,
As lang's he has a breath to draw.

Johnson put the letter Z to this song, denoting that it was old, with additions. What is old of it may be found in Oswald's Collection under the title of—

"Jockie was the blythest lad in a' our town."

With the exception of three or four lines, it is the work of Burns. The Poet often sat down to modify old strains to suit the music, and rose after having penned verses wholly, or almost wholly new. He had no pleasure in allowing an old song to pass through his hands without bestowing upon it a few characteristic touches to mend the humor and improve the senument. Many instances of these felicitous changes have already been given;—many more will yet appear. It will generally be found that he has bestowed life and truth wherever he made an alteration, and that he has obeyed the spirit of the old composition.

O, WILLIE BREW'D.

Tune—"*Willie brew'd a Peck o' Maut.*"

I.

O, WILLIE brew'd a peck o' maut,
And Rob and Allan cam to see:
Three blither hearts, that lee lang night
Ye wad na find in Christendie.
We are na fou, we're no that fou,
But just a drappie in our e'e;
The cock may craw, the day may daw
And aye we'll taste the barley bree.

II.

Here are we met, three merry boys,
Three merry boys, I trow, are we;
And mony a night we've merry been,
And mony mae we hope to be!

III.

It is the moon—I ken her horn,
That's blinkin in the lift sae hie;
She shines sae bright to wyle us hame,
But, by my sooth, she'll wait a wee!

IV.

Wha first shall rise to gang awa',
A cuckold, coward loon is he!
Wha last beside his chair shall fa',
He is the king amang us three!
We are na fou, we're no that fou,
But just a drappie in our e'e;
The cock may craw, the day may daw,
And aye we'll taste the barley bree.

The scene of this song is Laggan, in Dunscore; a small estate which Nicol bought that he might be near Burns; which induced the latter to call him ironically "The illustrious lord of Laggan's many hills." It was composed to commemorate the

"house heating," as entering upon possession of a new house is called in Scotland. William Nicol made the browst strong and nappy; and Allan Masterton, then on a visit at Dalswinton, crossed the Nith, and with the Poet and his celebrated punch-bowl, reached Laggan

"A wee before the sun gaed down."

The sun, however, rose on their carousal, if the tradition of the land may be trusted.

"We had such a joyous meeting," says Burns, "that Masterton and I agreed, each in our own way, to celebrate the business." Allan accordingly composed the air, and Robert wrote the verses. They became almost instantly popular. The punch was made, it is said, by the experienced hand of Nicol, a jovial man and no flincher; and more merry stories, and more queer tales were told on that night, as a person who waited on them asserted, "than wad hae made a book." It was the pleasure of Nicol, sometimes when at table, to assert that as a punishment for keeping other than sober company, he was enduring a sort of hell upon earth—nay, he would declare that he was dead and condemned—suffering penal torments—and relate conversations which he had held with the Prince of Darkness concerning friends left behind. These strange sallies had generally an ironical meaning; and once, it is said, when glancing at the Poet's irregularities, the latter exclaimed—

"Losh man, hae mercy wi' your knatch—
Your bodkin's bauld."

The bowl in which Willie made the punch for this carousal is formed of Inverary marble, and was wrought for the Poet by his father-in-law, a skilful mason. On the death of Burns it was rimmed and bottomed with silver, and presented to Alexander Cunningham. On his death, after several vicissitudes of fortune, it fell into the hands of my friend Archibald Hastie of London, who, sensible of the worth and the use of a relic so precious, preserves it with proper care: and duly, on the 25th of January, sets it before a select company of Burnsites, full of the reeking liquor which its great owner loved. An Irish gentleman wished to know, it is said, if gold could buy it; but observing the owner shake his head, exclaimed, "It is very well where it is, but I wished to take it to Ireland with me, for Burns, to be a Scotchman, had more of the right Irish heart about him than any boy that ever penned ballads!"

WHARE HAE YE BEEN.

Tune—"*Killiecrankie.*"

I.

WHARE hae ye been sae braw, lad?
Whare hae ye been sae brankie, O?
O, whare hae ye been sae braw, lad?
Cam ye by Killiecrankie, O?
An' ye had been whare I hae been,
Ye wad na been so cantie, O;
An' ye had seen what I hae seen,
On the braes of Killiecrankie, O.

II.

I fought at land, I fought at sea;
At hame I fought my auntie, O;
But I met the Devil an' Dundee,
On the braes o' Killiecrankie, O.
The bauld Pitcur fell in a furr,
An' Clavers got a clankie, O;
Or I had fed an Athole gled,
On the braes o' Killiecrankie, O.

The battle of Killiecrankie, and the death of Viscount Dundee, require little illustration. With that brave fierce man perished the cause of the Stuarts: he gained the victory over fearful odds, but fell in the moment of obtaining it. When the pursuit slackened, Mackay exclaimed, "Graham is dead!—Graham is dead!" One of the Viscount's veterans who fought in the battle of Sherriff-muir, on perceiving the hesitation of Erskine to attack the centre, after having defeated one of the wings, exclaimed bitterly, "Oh for one hour of Dundee!" His skill in improving an advantage was equal to his courage in obtaining it. Pitcur was a man of equal valor and strength: he fell in the midst of the action.

The character of Graham has been handled with exquisite skill by Scott in "Old Mortality:"—it is at once true and poetic. The same cannot be said of the Claverhouse of Hogg, in the "Brownie of Bodsbeck:"—all that is chivalrous in the na-

ture of Graham is concealed, and all that vulgar tradition has preserved of his atrocities is thrown into strong light. In the first we see a high-souled, fierce, steel-hearted soldier: in the latter a sanguinary ruffian, who loves to shed innocent blood, and triumphs in his disgusting atrocities.

I GAED A WAEFU' GATE YESTREEN.

Tune—"*The Blue-eyed Lass.*"

I.

I GAED a waefu' gate yestreen,
A gate, I fear, I'll dearly rue;
I gat my death frae twa sweet een,
Twa lovely een o' bonnie blue.
'Twas not her golden ringlets bright;
Her lips, like roses, wat wi' dew,
Her heaving bosom, lily-white—
It was her een sae bonnie blue.

II.

She talk'd, she smil'd, my heart she wyl'd;
She charm'd my soul—I wist na how;
And ay the stound, the deadly wound,
Cam frae her een sae bonnie blue.
But spare to speak, and spare to speed;
She'll aiblins listen to my vow:
Should she refuse, I'll lay my death
To her twa een sae bonnie blue.

The "blue-eyed lass" was Jean Jeffrey, one of the daughters of the minister of Lochmaben. The Poet, on a visit to King Bruce's borough, drank tea, and spent an evening at the manse. The honors of the table were performed by Miss Jeffrey, a rosy girl of seventeen, with winning manners and laughing blue eyes. Next morning the Poet wrote and sent her the song, greatly to her surprise and pleasure. She is now Mrs. Renwick, and lives in New York.

The air to which the song is written was composed by Robert Riddel of Glenriddell, and is a favorite in Dumfries-shire. It is, however, beyond the power of many good singers, and can only be given to perfection by a voice rich in tone and high in its reach. It was the fortune of Burns to meet with many friends whose knowledge in musical composition aided him in lyric verse. Clarke, Masterton, and Riddel were all men of scientific skill. He had, however, through the help of his mother and the dames of Kyle, mastered a great number of airs, and laid in a vast stock of old rhymes, such as starting-lines and choruses, which he wrought into his productions. His note-books are full of such snatches—some devout, some merry, and some wild.

THE BANKS OF NITH.

Tune—"*Robie donna Gorach.*"

I.

THE Thames flows proudly to the sea,
Where royal cities stately stand;
But sweeter flows the Nith, to me,
Where Cummins ance had high command:
When shall I see that honor'd land,
That winding stream I love so dear!
Must wayward fortune's adverse hand
For ever, ever keep me here?

II.

How lovely, Nith, thy fruitful vales,
Where spreading hawthorns gaily bloom!
How sweetly wind thy sloping dales,
Where lambkins wanton thro' the broom!
Tho' wandering, now, must be my doom,
Far from thy bonnie banks and braes,
May there my latest hours consume,
Amang the friends of early days!

The Poet imagined himself in a distant land; and recalling the romantic hills and lovely valleys of Nithsdale as he mused, composed this sweet song. The Comyns "ance had high com-

mand" in the district: one of their strong places was at Castledykes, immediately below Dumfries: another was at Dalswinton, a spot of great beauty, now the residence of one more than worthy of being its proprietor—James Macalpine Leny, Esq. Part of Comyn's Castle was standing as late as the year 1794. The walls were twelve feet thick, composed of hewn freestone, and cemented with mortar of such strength that the stone separated any where save at the joints. The castle had evidently been consumed by fire. Opposite Dalswinton stands The Isle, an old tower surrounded by gardens and orchards. Ellisland is farther up the Nith; with Friars-Carse, already described, and Blackwood, the property of William Copland, descended from that John Copland who took David Bruce prisoner in the battle of Durham. The house of Blackwood stands on a bend of the stream; behind is a lofty hill studded with fine clumps of natural wood, the relics of the old Caledonian forest; before it the Nith winds along a rich extent of holmland; while towards the north, in the middle of the high road from Glasgow, grows that magnificent oak called the "Three Brethren." Three straight, tall shafts spring up at an equal distance from each other, and it is believed that they unite in the ground below: they are of similar girth: the branches of each are perfectly alike; and the peasantry say there is not a bough nor a leaf on one but the same will be found on the other. The three, at a distance, seem one vast tree, of a conical shape.

MY HEART IS A-BREAKING, DEAR TITTIE!

Tune—"*Tam Glen.*"

I.

My heart is a-breaking, dear Tittie!
Some counsel unto me come len',
To anger them a' is a pity,
But what will I do wi' Tam Glen?

II.

I'm thinking wi' sic a braw fellow,
In poortith, I might make a fen';
What care I in riches to wallow,
If I maunna marry Tam Glen?

III.

There's Lowrie the laird o' Dumeller,
"Guid day to you, brute!" he comes ben:
He brags and he blaws o' his siller,
But when will he dance like Tam Glen?

IV.

My minnie does constantly deave me,
And bids me beware o' young men;
They flatter, she says, to deceive me,
But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen?

V.

My daddie says, gin I'll forsake him,
He'll gie me guid hunder marks ten:
But, if it's ordain'd I maun take him,
O wha will I get but Tam Glen?

VI.

Yestreen at the valentine's dealing,
My heart to my mou' gied a sten;
For thrice I drew ane without failing,
And thrice it was written—Tam Glen.

VII.

The last Halloween I was waukin
My droukit sark-sleeve, as ye ken;
His likeness cam up the house staukin,
And the very gray breeks o' Tam Glen!

VIII.

Come counsel, dear Tittie! don't tarry—
I'll gie you my bonnie black hen,
Gif ye will advise me to marry
The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen.

Tam Glen is the title of an old song and older Scottish air. Of the former nothing remains save a portion of the chorus; and the latter is not likely to die, if one of the cleverest lyrics of the north can preserve it. This song no sooner made its appear-

ance than it became a favorite: it was sung in the field and at the fireside. Husbandman, as he met husbandman, slapped his thigh and exclaimed—

"The very grey breeks o' Tam Glen!"

When Burns sent it to the Musical Museum, he likewise furnished Johnson with a preface to the volume, in which he says, "As this is not one of those many publications which are hourly ushered into the world merely to catch the eye of Fashion in her frenzy of a day, the editor has little to hope or fear from the herd of readers. Consciousness of the well-known merit of our Scottish music, and the national fondness of a Scotchman for the productions of his own country, are at once the editor's motive and apology for this undertaking; and where any of the pieces in the Collection may, perhaps, be found wanting at the critical bar of the first, he appeals to the honest prejudices of the last."

FRAE THE FRIENDS AND LAND I LOVE.

Tune—"*Carron Side.*"

I.

Frae the friends and land I love
Driv'n by fortune's felly spite,
Frae my best belov'd I rove,
Never mair to taste delight;
Never mair maun hope to find
Ease frae toil, relief frae care:
When remembrance wracks the mind,
Pleasures but unveil despair.

II.

Brightest climes shall mirk appear,
Desert ilka blooming shore,
Till the fates, nae mair severe,
Friendship, love, and peace restore;
Till Revenge, wi' laurell'd head,
Bring our banish'd hame again;
And ilk loyal bonnie lad
Cross the seas and win his ain.

Burns, in his notes on the Musical Museum, says of this song, "I added the last four lines by way of giving a turn to the theme of the poem—such as it is." Had the Poet been asked where he found the other twelve lines of the song, I know not what answer he would have made—for they are in none of our lyrical collections. In truth, they speak plainly of his own personal history:—the jacobitical conclusion was an afterthought.

The air of the song is called "Carron Side," and may be found in the eighth volume of Oswald's Collection. The composer has, however, availed himself of some passages from the well-known old air of "Todlen' Hame." It is thus that tunes as well as songs are written. Burns, though ready enough to amend and eke out the eldern strains himself, seemed little disposed to applaud others when they took the same liberties. "A poet," he said, "should mend a song as the Highlander mended his pistol—he gave it a new stock, a new lock, and a new barrel."

SWEET CLOSES THE EVENING.

Tune—"*Craigie-burn-wood.*"

CHORUS.

Beyond thee, dearie, beyond thee, dearie,
And O, to be lying beyond thee;
O sweetly, soundly, weel may he sleep
That's laid in the bed beyond thee!

I.

Sweet closes the evening on Craigie-burn-wood,
And blithely awaukens the morrow;
But the pride of the spring in the Craigie-burn-wood
Can yield to me nothing but sorrow.

II.

I see the spreading leaves and flowers,
I hear the wild birds singing;
But pleasures they hae nane for me,
While care my heart is wringing.

III.

I canna tell, I maunna tell,
I darena for your anger;
But secret love will break my heart,
If I conceal it langer.

IV.

I see thee gracefu', straight, and tall,
I see thee sweet and bonnie;
But oh, what will my torments be,
If thou refuse thy Johnnie!

V.

To see thee in anither's arms,
In love to lie and languish,
'Twad be my dead, that will be seen,
My heart wad burst wi' anguish.

VI.

But, Jeanie, say thou wilt be mine,
Say thou lo'es nane before me;
And a' my days o' life to come
I'll gratefully adore thee.
Beyond thee, dearie, beyond thee, dearie,
And O, to be lying beyond thee;
O sweetly, soundly, weel may he sleep
That's laid in the bed beyond thee!

Some five years or so after this song was written, Burns altered it a little, and inserted it in the Collection of George Thomson: his changes and omissions wrought no improvement: he, however, very properly left out the words of the chorus, adopted from an old ballad—not remarkable for its beauty. The song was in honor of the charms of Jean Lorimer, then residing at Craigie-burn-wood, near Moffat; and the Poet wrote it to aid the eloquence of a Mr. Gillespie, who was paying his addresses to her. Neither the Poet's verse nor the lover's language prevailed: Jean married an officer, of the name of Whelpdale—lived with him a few months—quitted him, in consequence of great provocation, and then took up her residence in Dumfries, where she had many opportunities of seeing the Poet. The tune was picked up from a country-girl's singing, and is one of the finest of all the airs of Caledonia.

COCK UP YOUR BEAVER.

Tune—"*Cock up your beaver.*"

I.

When first my brave Johnnie lad
Came to this town,
He had a blue bonnet
That wanted the crown;
But now he has gotten
A hat and a feather,—
Hey brave Johnnie lad,
Cock up your beaver!

II.

Cock up your beaver,
And cock it fu' sprush,
We'll over the border
And gie them a brush;
There's somebody there
We'll teach better behaviour—
Hey, brave Johnnie lad,
Cock up your beaver!

This is a much amended version of a song partly published by Herd: some of the old lines are not amiss:—

"Cock up your beaver,
And cock it na wrang;
We'll a' to England
Ere it be lang."

Burns seems to have glanced, in the second verse, at a sarcastic song directed by the English against the Scots at the accession of the House of Stuart. The man of the south, with all the insolence of wealth, thus questions his northern neighbour:—

"Well met, Jockie, whither away,
Shall we two have a word or tway?
Thou wast so lousie the other day
How the devil comes you so gay?
Ha! ha! ha! by sweet Saint Anne,
Jockie is grown a gentleman.

"Thy belt that was made of a white leather thong,
Which thou and thy father wore so long,
Are turned to hangers of velvet strong,
With gold and pearl embroider'd among.

"Thy bonnet of blue, which thou worest hither,
To keep thy skonce from wind and weather,
Is thrown away, the devil knows whither,
And turn'd to a beaver hat and feather.
Ha! ha! ha! by sweet Saint Anne,
Jockie is grown a gentleman."

This is a picture of prejudice as well as of costume. The Scotch were not insensible of the advantage of visiting their neighbours besouth the Tweed. One humble pedestrian, on reaching Lancashire, saw several bodies hanging on gibbets: he paused, and exclaimed, "God be praised! I have reached a civilized land at last—here the law is in full operation."

MEIKLE THINKS MY LOVE.

Tune—"*My Tocher's the Jewel.*"

I.

O MEIKLE thinks my luve o' my beauty,
And meikle thinks my luve o' my kin;
But little thinks my luve I ken brawlie
My tocher's the jewel has charms for him.
It's a' for the apple he'll nourish the tree;
It's a' for the hiney he'll cherish the bee;
My laddie's sae meikle in luve wi' the siller,
He canna hae luve to spare for me.

II.

Your proffer o' luve's an airl-penny,
My tocher's the bargain ye wad buy;
But an ye be crafty, I am cunnin,'
Sae ye wi' anither your fortune maun try.
Ye're like to the timmer o' yon rotten wood,
Ye're like to the bark o' yon rotten tree,
Ye'll slip frae me like a knotless thread,
And ye'll crack your credit wi' mae nor me.

Burns wrote these verses for the Museum to an air by Oswald: the Poet wished them to be sung to a tune called "Lord Elcho's favorite," of which he was an admirer. Readers, acquainted with the Lowlands of Scotland, may perhaps remember rustic rhymes something akin to the last four lines of this song:—

"I'll set her up on yon crab-tree,
It's sour, and dour, and so is she;—
I'll set her upon yon bane-dyke,
For she'll be rotten ere I be ripe."

Burns had an intimate acquaintance with the quaint sayings, the curious remarks, the pithy saws, the moral adages, and the moralizing rhymes of Scotland. He introduces them often, and generally with great happiness. He usually, however, puts them into the mouth of some sage old matron, who performs to the ardent heroine of the song, the part of "Gude Counsaill" in the old moralities.

GANE IS THE DAY.

Tune—"*Gudewife count the Lawin.*"

I.

Gane is the day, and mirk's the night,
But we'll ne'er stray for fau't o' light,
For ale and brandy's stars and moon,
And blude-red wine's the rising sun.
Then gudewife count the lawin,
The lawin, the lawin;
Then gudewife count the lawin,
And bring a coggie mair!

II.

There's wealth and ease for gentlemen,
And simple folk maun fight and fen;
But here we're a' in ae accord,
For ilka man that's drunk 's a lord.

III.

My coggie is a haly pool,
That heals the wounds o' care and dool;
And pleasure is a wanton trout,
An' ye drink but deep ye'll find him out.

Then gudewife count the lawin,
The lawin, the lawin;
Then gudewife count the lawin,
And bring a coggie mair!

Burns supplied the air as well as the words of this song to the Museum. Where he found the former he has neglected to tell us: with respect to the latter, he says in his notes, "The chorus of this is part of an old song, one stanza of which I recollect:—

'Every day my wife tells me
That ale and brandy will ruin me;
But if gude liquor be my dead,
This shall be written on my head—
O gudewife count the lawin,
The lawin, the lawin:
O gudewife count the lawin,
And bring a coggie mair.'"

Other verses of the old ditty still linger in the land—they are not more than decorous.

I once heard an antiquarian say that no sincerely joyous songs had been written since the Reformation. "Todlen Hame" is certainly a later composition: some of the verses cannot be easily matched:—

"When I hae saxpence under my thumb,
Then I'll get credit in ilka town;
But ay when I'm poor they bid me gang by—
O! poverty parts good company.

Leeze me on liquor, my todlen dow—
Ye're ay sae good-humored when weeting your mou';
When sober ye're sour, and wad fight with a flie,
That 'tis a blythe sight to the bairns and me,
When todlen hame, todlen hame,
When round as a neep ye come todlen hame."

THERE'LL NEVER BE PEACE.

Tune—"*There are few gude fellows when Willie's awa.*"

I.

By yon castle wa', at the close of the day,
I heard a man sing, though his head it was gray;

And as he was singing, the tears down came,
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.
The church is in ruins, the state is in jars;
Delusions, oppressions, and murderous wars;
We darena well say't, though we ken wha's to blame,
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

II.

My seven braw sons for Jamie drew sword,
And now I greet round their green beds in the yerd.
It brak the sweet-heart of my faithfu' auld dame—
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.
Now life is a burthen that bows me down,
Since I tint my bairns, and he tint his crown;
But till my last moments my words are the same—
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame!

These words were written to an air called "There are few gude fellows when Willie's awa." Of the old words nothing remains, unless some of them happen to mingle with the lines of Burns. For tampering with the strains of the old rustic minstrels, the Poet has been condemned by all conscientious antiquarians, and applauded by all true lovers of Scottish song.—In allusion to this, a lady of the north affirmed that Burns had spoiled all our old songs, and George Thomson all our old music.

The bard was in one of his jacobitical moods when he wrote this fine song; that he was frequently so, his lyrics sufficiently prove. As time passed on, the French Revolution, upsetting all established things, and vindicating in theory, if not in practice, the great principle of equality, set opinions welcome to human nature afloat, and a change came over the musings of Burns. In this he was countenanced by many high and low; the high-born Stanhope wrote himself "citizen" as well as the humble-born Joseph Ritson.

HOW CAN I BE BLYTHE AND GLAD?

Tune—"*The bonnie Lad that's far awa.*"

I.

O how can I be blythe and glad,
Or how can I gang brisk and braw,
When the bonnie lad that I lo'e best
Is o'er the hills and far awa?
When the bonnie lad that I lo'e best
Is o'er the hills and far awa?

II.

It's no the frosty winter wind,
It's no the driving drift and snaw;
But ay the tear comes in my e'e,
To think on him that's far awa.
But ay the tear comes in my e'e,
To think on him that's far awa.

III.

My father pat me frae his door,
My friends they hae disowned me a',
But I hae ane will tak' my part,
The bonnie lad that's far awa.
But I hae ane will tak' my part,
The bonnie lad that's far awa.

IV.

A pair o' gloves he gae to me,
And silken snoods he gae me twa;
And I will wear them for his sake,
The bonnie lad that's far awa.
And I will wear them for his sake,
The bonnie lad that's far awa.

"This little lamentation of a desolate damsel," says Jeffrey, "is tender and pretty." It was written, it is said, in allusion to the treatment of Jean Armour by her father, when he heard that she had not dismissed the Poet from her heart, but still kept up

a correspondence. Herd's collection supplied him with strains which he has beautified greatly. The old song begins thus :—

"How can I be blythe or glad,
Or in my mind contented be?"

The air was unknown to our collections before the days of Burns : he is said to have caught it up from the singing of his mother.

I DO CONFESS THOU ART SAE FAIR.

Tune—"*I do confess thou art sae fair.*"

I.

I do confess thou art sae fair,
I wad been o'er the lugs in love,
Had I na found the slightest prayer
That lips could speak thy heart could move.
I do confess thee sweet, but find
Thou art sae thriftless o' thy sweets,
Thy favors are the silly wind,
That kisses ilka thing it meets.

II.

See yonder rose-bud, rich in dew,
Amang its native briers sae coy ;
How sune it tines its scent and hue
When pou'd and worn a common toy!
Sic fate, ere lang, shall thee betide,
Tho' thou may gaily bloom awhile ;
Yet sune thou shalt be thrown aside
Like ony common weed and vile.

Sir Robert Aytoun, secretary to Mary and Anne, queens of Scotland, wrote the exquisite song of which these verses of Burns are a modified version.—"I do think," said he, "that I have improved the simplicity of the sentiments, by giving them a Scots dress." This is almost the only song which he failed to improve : it could not well be altered to advantage :—

"I do confess thou'rt sweet; yet find
Thee such an unthrift of thy sweets,
Thy favors are but like the wind,
That kisseth every thing it meets;
And since thou canst with more than one,
Thou'rt worthy to be kissed by none.

"The morning rose that untouched stands,
Arm'd with her briars, how sweetly smells!
But plucked and strained through ruder hands,
Her scent no longer with her dwells,
But scent and beauty both are gone,
And leaves fall from her one by one.

"Such fate, ere long, wilt thee betide,
When thou hast handled been awhile;
Like sun-flowers to be thrown aside,
And I shall sigh while some will smile,
To see thy love for more than one,
Has brought thee to be loved by none."

A monument to Aytoun, surmounted by a very handsome bust, stands in Westminster Abbey.

SENSIBILITY HOW CHARMING.

Tune—"*Cornwallis's Lament for Colonel Muirhead.*"

I.

Sensibility how charming,
Dearest Nancy! thou can'st tell,
But distress with horrors arming,
Thou hast also known too well.
Fairest flower, behold the lily,
Blooming in the sunny ray—
Let the blast sweep o'er the valley,
See it prostrate on the clay.

II.

Hear the woodlark charm the forest,
Telling o'er his little joys:
Hapless bird! a prey the surest
To each pirate of the skies.

Dearly bought the hidden treasure,
Finer feelings can bestow:
Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure,
Thrill the deepest note of woe.

In our lyrical legends, the heroine of this song is said to be the fair Clarinda; the similarity of name, perhaps, has aided in this belief. The song was written for the Museum, and printed in the name of Burns.

YON WILD MOSSY MOUNTAINS.

Tune—"*Yon wild mossy Mountains.*"

I.

Yon wild mossy mountains sae lofty and wide,
That nurse in their bosom the youth o' the Clyde,
Where the grouse lead their coveys thro' the heather to feed,
And the shepherd tents his flock as he pipes on his reed.
Where the grouse lead their coveys thro' the heather to feed,
And the shepherd tents his flock as he pipes on his reed.

II.

Not Gowrie's rich valleys, nor Forth's sunny shores,
To me hae the charms o' yon wild, mossy moors;
For there, by a lanely and sequester'd stream,
Resides a sweet lassie, my thought and my dream.
For there, by a lanely and sequester'd stream,
Resides a sweet lassie, my thought and my dream.

III.

Amang thae wild mountains shall still be my path,
Ilk stream foaming down its ain green, narrow strath;

For there, wi' my lassie, the day lang I rove,
While o'er us unheeded flee the swift hours o' love.
For there, wi' my lassie, the day lang I rove,
While o'er us unheeded flee the swift hours o' love.

IV.

She is not the fairest, altho' she is fair;
O' nice education but sma' is her share;
Her parentage humble as humble can be;
But I lo'e the dear lassie because she lo'es me.
Her parentage humble as humble can be;
But I lo'e the dear lassie because she lo'es me.

V.

To beauty what man but maun yield him a prize,
In her armor of glances, and blushes, and sighs?
And when wit and refinement hae polish'd her darts,
They dazzle our een as they flee to our hearts.
And when wit and refinement hae polish'd her darts,
They dazzle our een, as they flee to our hearts.

VI.

But kindness, sweet kindness, in the fond sparkling e'e,
Has lustre outshining the diamond to me;
And the heart beating love as I'm clasp'd in her arms,
O, these are my lassie's all-conquering charms!
And the heart beating love as I'm clasp'd in her arms,
O, these are my lassie's all-conquering charms!

"This song," says Burns in his memoranda, "alludes to a part of my private history, which it is of no consequence to the world to know." The heroine is either "Nannie," who dwelt near the Lugar, or "Highland Mary"—most likely the former, for he always spoke out when he alluded to Mary Campbell. It is printed in the Musical Museum.

IT IS NA, JEAN, THY BONNIE FACE,

Tune—"*The Maid's complaint.*"

I.

It is na, Jean, thy bonnie face,
Nor shape that I admire,
Altho' thy beauty and thy grace
Might weel awake desire.
Something, in ilka part o' thee,
To praise, to love, I find!
But dear as is thy form to me,
Still dearer is thy mind.

II.

Nae mair ungen'rous wish I hae,
Nor stronger in my breast,
Than if I canna mak thee sae
At least to see thee blest.
Content am I, if heaven shall give
But happiness to thee:
And as wi' thee I'd wish to live,
For thee I'd bear to die.

These verses were originally in English: Burns bestowed a Scottish dress upon them, and made them utter sentiments connected with his own affections. They were printed in the Museum: the air was composed by Oswald, and is one of his finest.

O SAW YE MY DEARIE.

Tune—"*Eppie Macnab.*"

I.

O saw ye my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab?
O saw ye my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab?
She's down in the yard, she's kissin' the laird,
She winna come hame to her ain Jock Rab.

O come thy ways to me, my Eppie M'Nab!
O come thy ways to me, my Eppie M'Nab!
Whate'er thou hast done, be it late, be it soon,
Thou's welcome again to thy ain Jock Rab.

II.

What says she, my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab?
What says she, my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab?
She lets thee to wit, that she has thee forgot,
And for ever disowns thee, her ain Jock Rab.
O had I ne'er seen thee, my Eppie M'Nab!
O had I ne'er seen thee, my Eppie M'Nab!
As light as the air, and fause as thou's fair,
Thou's broken the heart o' thy ain Jock Rab.

As the old song of Eppie Macnab had more wit than decency, Burns took compassion on the air, and wrote these words—none of his happiest—for the Museum. There is something truly whimsical and original in the idea of many of our old songs. Eppie Macnab is not an exception. Verses of later minstrels on this subject are not scarce :—

"O come now, my dearie,
My Eppie Macnab!
I'm wae and I'm weary
For Eppie Macnab.—
Gae dance on the win',
Gae loup down the linn,
For me thou'lt ne'er win—
Take ye that, Jock Rab.

"O had I ne'er seen thee,
My Eppie Macnab!
O had I ne'er seen thee,
My Eppie Macnab!—
Thou'rt light as the air,
And fauser than fair,
And will never see mair
O thy ain Jock Rab."

The mirthsome or the ludicrous suits the names of the heroine and hero better than the staid or the pathetic.

WHA IS THAT AT MY BOWER-DOOR?

Tune—"*Lass an' I come near thee.*"

I.

Wha is that at my bower-door?
O, wha is it but Findlay?
Then gae your gate, ye'se no be here!—
Indeed, maun I, quo' Findlay.
What mak ye sae like a thief?
O come and see, quo' Findlay;
Before the morn ye'll work mischief;
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.

II.

Gif I rise and let you in?—
Let me in, quo' Findlay;
Ye'll keep me waukin wi' your din;
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.
In my bower if you should stay?
Let me stay, quo' Findlay;
I fear ye'll bide till break o' day;
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.

III.

Here this night if ye remain;—
I'll remain, quo' Findlay
I dread ye'll learn the gate again;
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.
What may pass within this bower,—
Let it pass quo' Findlay;
Ye maun conceal till your last hour;
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay!

The air to which this song is set had other words formerly—words which make the gravity of our forefathers a little questionable; some of the lines may be acceptable as a sample:—

"Lass an I come near thee,
Lass an I come near thee,
I'll gaur a' thy ribbons reel,
Lass an I come near thee."

The "Auld Man's Address to the Widow," printed in Ramsay's Tea-table Miscellany, is said by Gilbert Burns to have suggested "Wha is that at my bower-door" to Robert: there is no little humor in the old strain:—

"O who is at my chamber door?
'Fair widow, are ye wauking?'
Auld carle, your suit give o'er,
Your love lies a' in tauking.
Gie me the lad that's young and tight,
Sweet like an April meadow;
'Tis sic as he can bless the sight
And bosom of a widow."

The old wooer is not disconcerted: he artfully lets her hear the chink of gold, and desires his guineas to speak: she suddenly relents, and declares that they express affection better than his tongue.

WHAT CAN A YOUNG LASSIE.

Tune—"*What can a young lassie do wi' an auld man.*"

I.

WHAT can a young lassie, what shall a young lassie,
What can a young lassie do wi' an auld man?
Bad luck on the pennie that tempted my minnie
To sell her poor Jenny for siller an' lan'!
Bad luck on the pennie that tempted my minnie
To sell her poor Jenny for siller an' lan'!

II.

He's always compleenin' frae mornin' to e'enin',
He hosts and he hirples the weary day lang;
He's doyl't and he's dozin', his bluid it is frozen,
O, dreary's the night wi' a crazy auld man!
He's doyl't and he's dozin', his bluid it is frozen,
O, dreary's the night wi' a crazy auld man!

III.

He hums and he hankers, he frets and he cankers,
I never can please him, do a' that I can;
He's peevish and jealous of a' the young fellows:
O, dool on the day I met wi' an auld man!
He's peevish and jealous of a' the young fellows:
O, dool on the day I met wi' an auld man!

IV.

My auld auntie Katie upon me takes pity,
I'll do my endeavour to follow her plan;
I'll cross him, and wrack him, until I heart-break him,
And then his auld brass will buy me a new pan.
I'll cross him, and wrack him, until I heart-break him,
And then his auld brass will buy me a new pan.

In the "Pills to Purge Melancholy" the title of the air to this song stands thus:—

"What shall a young woman do with an old man?"

An old strain to the same air makes the heroine threaten her ancient wooer with honors of a nature which few men covet, should he obtain her for his wife. The heroine in the version of Burns proposes a plan of domestic annoyance, which cannot fail to send her husband's gray hairs pretty quickly to the grave. Dr. Blacklock wrote a song to the same air, and at the same time with Burns: the blind bard had not the art of saying much in small compass; his lyric was tediously long, and could not obtain admission into the Museum.

THE BONNIE WEE THING.

Tune—"*Bonnie wee thing,*"

I.

Bonnie wee thing, cannie wee thing,
Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine,
I wad wear thee in my bosom,
Lest my jewel I should tine.

Wishfully I look and languish
In that bonnie face o' thine;
And my heart it stounds wi' anguish
Lest my wee thing be na mine.

II

Wit, and grace, and love, and beauty
In ae constellation shine;
To adore thee is my duty,
Goddess o' this soul o' mine!
Bonnie wee thing, cannie wee thing,
Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine,
I wad wear thee in my bosom,
Lest my jewel I should tine!

"Composed," says the Poet, "on my little idol the charming lovely Davies." Lord Byron hated "dumpy women;" Burns saw beauty in all; he paid this lovely little lady many pretty compliments, both in prose and verse. Still the praise has reference to her as a portable commodity:—

"I wad wear thee in my bosom,
Lest my jewel I should tine."

The air is in Oswald's Pocket Companion. Burns enclosed this song in a letter, and sent it to the lady.—In his hastiest communications he always gives us a glimpse of himself as a man or a poet.—"When I meet with a person," said he, "after my own heart, I positively feel what an orthodox Protestant would call a species of idolatry, which acts on my fancy like inspiration: and I can no more resist rhyming on the impulse than an Eolian harp can refuse its notes to the streaming air. A distich or two would be the consequence, though the object which hit my fancy were gray-bearded age: but where my theme is youth and beauty—a young lady, whose personal charms, wit, and sentiment, are equally striking and unaffected—by heavens! though I had lived three score years a married man, and three score years before I was a married man, my imagination would hallow the very idea."

THE TITHER MORN.

To a Highland Air.

I.

THE tither morn,
When I forlorn,
Aneath an aik sat moaning,
I did na trow,
I'd see my Jo,
Beside me, gain the gloaming.
But he sae trig,
Lap o'er the rig,
And dawtingly did cheer me,
When I, what reck,
Did least expec',
To see my lad so near me.

II.

His bonnet he,
A thought ajee,
Cock'd sprush when first he clasp'd me;
And I, I wat,
Wi' fainness grat,
While in his grips he press'd me.
Deil tak' the war!
I late and air,
Hae wish'd since Jock departed;
But now as glad
I'm wi' my lad,
As short syne broken-hearted.

III.

Fu' aft at e'en
Wi' dancing keen,
When a' were blythe and merry,
I car'd na by,
Sae sad was I
In absence o' my dearie.

But, praise be blest,
My mind's at rest,
I'm happy wi' my Johnny:
At kirk and fair,
I'se ay be there,
And be as canty's ony.

"This tune," says Burns, "is originally from the Highlands: I have heard a Gaelic song to it, which I was told was very clever, but not by any means a lady's song." The Poet forgot to add that these verses were his own composition, and that he imitated the northern song in all but its indelicacy. The air, as well as the song, appeared for the first time in the Musical Museum: the former bears a close resemblance in the second part of the tune of "Saw ye Johnnie coming."

AE FOND KISS.

Tune—"*Rory Dall's Port.*"

I.

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever;
Ae fareweel, alas, for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.
Who shall say that fortune grieves him
While the star of hope she leaves him?
Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me;
Dark despair around benights me.

II.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
Naething could resist my Nancy;
But to see her was to love her;
Love but her, and love for ever.—

Had we never lov'd sae kindly,
Had we never lov'd sae blindly,
Never met—or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

III.

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest!
Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest!
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure!
Ae fond kiss, and then we sever:
Ae fareweel, alas! for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee!

"These exquisitely affecting stanzas," says Scott, "contain the essence of a thousand love tales." Byron admired them much, and frequently quoted them. They were inspired, it is believed, by the fair Clarinda, and are worthy of her wit, her talents, and her beauty. They have something of Thomson's feeling in them:—

"For ever, fortune, wilt thou prove,
An unrelenting foe to love;
And when we meet a mutual heart,
Step rudely in and bid us part;
Bid us sigh on from day to day,
And wish and wish the soul away;
Till youth and genial years are flown,
And all the life of love is gone?"

LOVELY DAVIES.

Tune—"*Miss Muir.*"

I.

O HOW shall I, unskilfu', try
The poet's occupation,
The tunefu' powers, in happy hours,
That whispers inspiration?

Even they maun dare an effort mair,
  Than aught they ever gave us,
Or they rehearse, in equal verse,
  The charms o' lovely Davies.
Each eye it cheers, when she appears,
  Like Phœbus in the morning,
When past the shower, and ev'ry flower
  The garden is adorning.
As the wretch looks o'er Siberia's shore,
  When winter-bound the wave is;
Sae droops our heart when we maun part
  Frae charming lovely Davies.

II.

Her smile's a gift, frae' boon the lift,
  That maks us mair than princes;
A scepter'd hand, a king's command,
  Is in her darting glances:
The man in arms, 'gainst female charms,
  Even he her willing slave is;
He hugs his chain, and owns the reign
  Of conquering, lovely Davies.
My muse to dream of such a theme,
  Her feeble pow'rs surrender;
The eagle's gaze alone surveys
  The sun's meridian splendor:
I wad in vain essay the strain,
  The deed too daring brave is;
I'll drap the lyre, and mute admire
  The charms o' lovely Davies.

That beauty has been called fortunate which lived in the days of Reynolds; but the pencil of the painter never exhibited loveliness more gracefully than did the pen of Burns. He saw further than the mere May-morn flush of health and bloom; most of his heroines were handsome and witty. This song on "the charming lovely Davies" was written for the Museum.

THE WEARY PUND O' TOW.

Tune—"*The weary Pund o' Tow.*"

I.

THE weary pund, the weary pund,
The weary pund o' tow;
I think my wife will end her life
Before she spin her tow.
I bought my wife a stane o' lint
As gude as e'er did grow;
And a' that she has made o' that,
Is ae poor pund o' tow.

II.

There sat a bottle in a bole,
Beyont the ingle low,
And ay she took the tither souk,
To drouk the stowrie tow.

III.

Quoth I, for shame, ye dirty dame,
Gae spin your tap o' tow!
She took the rock, and wi' a knock
She brak it o'er my pow.

IV.

At last her feet—I sang to see't—
Gaed foremost o'er the knowe;
And or I wad anither jad,
I'll wallop in a tow.
The weary pund, the weary pund,
The weary pund o' tow!
I think my wife will end her life
Before she spin her tow.

Our Scottish ladies are never represented by the poets as unreasonably addicted to thrift: "a pund o' tow" is now a rare matter among the Scottish cottages; the roke has long since

been banished from our firesides, and the wheel is about to follow. In another score of years a woman spinning will likely be a matter of wonder among the northern mountains. The idea of this song is old, and, perhaps, some of the words.

NAEBODY.

Tune—"*Naebody.*"

I.

I HAE a wife o' my ain—
I'll partake wi' naebody;
I'll tak cuckold frae nane,
I'll gie cuckold to naebody.
I hae a penny to spend,
There—thanks to naebody;
I hae naething to lend,
I'll borrow frae naebody.

II.

I am naebody's lord—
I'll be slave to naebody;
I hae a guid braid sword,
I'll tak dunts frae naebody.
I'll be merry and free,
I'll be sad for naebody;
If naebody care for me,
I'll care for naebody.

This cheerful air was once encumbered with very idle verses; yet they contained the germ of this little lively, lucky song by Burns; here is an old verse:—

"I hae a wife o' my awn,
I'll be hadden to naebody;
I hae a pot and a pan,
I'll borrow frae naebody."

He had built his house, committed his seed-corn to the ground, was in the prime, nay the morning of life, and health and hop

were on his side: no wonder, therefore, that he broke out into an independent strain. Though he felt that, like Waller, he had but

"Filled his arms with bays,"

when he caught at the shadow of easy independence which the caresses of the nobles of the north had deluded him with: yet ever and anon visions of comfort, at least, rose before him, and he indulged in the belief, that though his family was increasing, and the money which arose from his works was melting away, fortune would turn up for him a bright spoke of her inconstant wheel.

O, FOR ANE-AND-TWENTY, TAM!

Tune—"*The Moudiewort.*"

CHORUS.

An' O, for ane-and-twenty, Tam,
An' hey, sweet ane-and-twenty, Tam,
I'll learn my kin a rattlin' sang,
An' I saw ane-and-twenty, Tam.

I.

They snool me sair, and haud me down,
And gar me look like bluntie, Tam!
But three short years will soon wheel roun'—
And then comes, ane-and-twenty, Tam.

II.

A gleib o' lan', a claut o' gear,
Was left me by my auntie, Tam;
At kith or kin I need na spier,
An' I saw ane-and-twenty, Tam.

III.

They'll hae me wed a wealthy coof,
Tho' I mysel' hae plenty, Tam;
But hear'st thou, laddie—there's my loof—
I'm thine at ane-and-twenty, Tam!

An' O, for ane-and-twenty, Tam!
An' hey, sweet ane-and-twenty, Tam!
I'll learn my kin a rattlin' sang,
An' I saw ane-and-twenty, Tam.

The Poet, in his memoranda on the Museum, says simply. "This song is mine." It was composed on a story common to all countries; a young girl of rich expectations was pressed by her friends to "make mickle mair," and marry an old and wealthy wooer in preference to one handsome and young, on whom she had placed her affections. The entreaties of her relations only hastened the catastrophe; she gave her hand and fortune to worthy Tam as soon as twenty-one made her mistress of both.

The song was written for an old air called the "Moudiewort:" the tune is not unpleasant; words are still attached to it, which it is safer to allude to than quote. Those who wish to abate their immodesty, would do well to

"Consult some learned clerk."

KENMURE'S ON AND AWA.

Tune—"*O Kenmure's on and awa, Willie.*"

I.

O Kenmure's on and awa, Willie!
O Kenmure's on and awa!
And Kenmure's lord's the bravest lord,
That ever Galloway saw.

II.

Success to Kenmure's band, Willie!
Success to Kenmure's band;
There's no a heart that fears a Whig,
That rides by Kenmure's hand.

III.

Here's Kenmure's health in wine, Willie!
Here's Kenmure's health in wine;
There ne'er was a coward o' Kenmure's blude,
Nor yet o' Gordon's line.

IV.

O Kenmure's lads are men, Willie!
O Kenmure's lads are men;
Their hearts and swords are metal, true—
And that their faes shall ken.

V.

They'll live or die wi' fame, Willie!
They'll live or die wi' fame;
But soon wi' sounding victorie,
May Kenmure's lord come hame.

VI.

Here's him that's far awa, Willie!
Here's him that's far awa;
And here's the flower that I love best—
The rose that's like the snaw!

It is difficult to determine whether to ascribe this song wholly to Burns, or to give to his pen only the second and third stanzas. That it is partly old I never heard doubted; and that it refers to the fortunes of the gallant Gordons of Kenmure, in the fatal "Fifteen," is quite evident. The Viscount left Galloway with two hundred horsemen well armed; he joined the other Lowland Jacobites—penetrated to Preston—repulsed, and at last yielded to the attack of General Carpenter—and perished on the scaffold. He was a good as well as a brave man, and his fate was deeply lamented. The title has since been restored to the "Gordon's line." Burns, as may be seen in his correspondence, was, once at least, an invited guest at Kenmure.

MY COLLIER LADDIE.

Tune—"*The Collier Laddie.*"

I.

WHERE live ye, my bonnie lass?
An' tell me what they ca' ye;

My name, she says, is Mistress Jean,
And I follow the Collier Laddie.
My name, she says, is Mistress Jean,
And I follow the Collier Laddie.

II.

See you not yon hills and dales,
The sun shines on sae brawlie!
They a' are mine, and they shall be thine,
Gin ye'll leave your Collier Laddie.
They a' are mine, and they shall be thine,
Gin ye'll leave your Collier Laddie.

III.

Ye shall gang in gay attire,
Weel buskit up sae gaudy;
And ane to wait on every hand,
Gin ye'll leave your Collier Laddie.
And ane to wait on every hand,
Gin ye'll leave your Collier Laddie.

IV.

Tho' ye had a' the sun shines on,
And the earth conceals sae lowly;
I wad turn my back on you and it a',
And embrace my Collier Laddie.
I wad turn my back on you and it a',
And embrace my Collier Laddie.

V.

I can win my five pennies in a day,
An spen 't at night fu' brawlie;
And make my bed in the Collier's neuk,
And lie down wi' my Collier Laddie.
And make my bed in the Collier's neuk,
And lie down wi' my Collier Laddie.

IV.

Luve for luve is the bargain for me,
Tho' the wee cot-house should haud me;

And the world before me to win my bread,
And fair fa' my Collier Laddie.
And the world before me to win my bread,
And fair fa' my Collier Laddie.

These words were transmitted to the Museum by Burns; he probably wished them to pass for verses of an older day; they are chiefly, however, from his own hand. The last verse is a fine one. The Poet, it must be admitted, was a skilful seeker of old songs; when an air wanted words, Johnson gave the Bard of Kyle a line or a chorus by way of sample, and a genuine old song to suit was soon found.

NITHSDALE'S WELCOME HAME.

I.

THE noble Maxwells and their powers
Are coming o'er the border,
And they'll gae bigg Terreagle's towers,
An' set them a' in order.
And they declare Terreagle's fair,
For their abode they chuse it;
There's no a heart in a' the land,
But's lighter at the news o't.

II.

Tho' stars in skies may disappear,
And angry tempests gather;
The happy hour may soon be near
That brings us pleasant weather:
The weary night o' care and grief
May hae a joyful morrow;
So dawning day has brought relief—
Fareweel our night o' sorrow!

The Maxwells were once the most powerful family in all the south of Scotland: even within the memory of persons yet alive, seventy gentlemen of that name possessed fine mansions and

fair estates in Dumfries-shire and Galloway. The family rose on the fall of the great house of Douglas: a feud with the Annandale Johnstons cost them three earls: the wars of Charles and his parliament were very injurious—the rebellion of 1716 deprived them of the title—and the truly noble name is no longer numbered with our nobility. Terreagles-house stands at the foot of a fine range of green and lofty hills: it was built in the days of the Poet, and to this the song alludes.

A song of a ruder sort concerning "The Maxwell" is not unknown to the peasantry. The rustic rhymer has imagined a female domestic of the family coming to Nithsdale with the tidings of the earl's escape from the Tower: the joy of the tenantry knows no bounds—

"We'll sell all our corn, cummer,
Syne will we a' our bear,
And send to our leal lord
All our hained gear.

"Make the piper blaw, cummer,
Make the piper blaw,
And gar the lads and lasses baith
Their souple shanks shaw.

"We'll a' be glad, cummer,
We'll a be glad,
And sing the Stuart's back again,
To put the Whigs mad."

AS I WAS A-WANDERING.

Tune—"*Rinn Meudial mo Mhealladh.*"

I.

As I was a-wand'ring ae midsummer e'enin',
The pipers and youngsters were making their game;
Amang them I spied my faithless fause lover,
Which bled a' the wounds o' my dolor again.
Weel since he has left me, may pleasure gae wi' him;
I may be distress'd, but I winna complain;
I flatter my fancy I may get anither,
My heart it shall never be broken for ane.

II.

I couldna get sleeping till dawin for greetin',
The tears trickled down like the hail and the rain:
Had I na got greetin', my heart wad a broken,
For, oh! love forsaken's a tormenting pain.

III.

Although he has left me for greed o' the siller,
I dinna envy him the gains he can win;
I rather wad bear a' the lade o' my sorrow
Than ever hae acted sae faithless to him.
Weel, since he has left me, may pleasure gae wi' him,
I may be distress'd, but I winna complain;
I flatter my fancy I may get anither,
My heart it shall never be broken for ane.

The air to which these affecting words were written is good old Highland, and the title means, "My love did deceive me." It was found by Burns during his last northern tour, and found—as all Gaelic melodies are—accompanied by verse. The original was rendered into English by an Inverness-shire lady, and from her version he made these stanzas. They were printed in the fourth volume of the Musical Museum: Fraser, not aware perhaps that the tune was in Johnson, introduced it into his collection of original Highland airs, with an intimation that he had preserved it in all probability from perishing. No doubt many sweet old airs, and many noble old oral verses, are known about the north "in mainland and isle." With every old man that dies something perishes which we would gladly remember.

BESS AND HER SPINNING-WHEEL.

Tune—"*The sweet lass that lo'es me.*"

I.

O LEEZE me on my spinning-wheel,
O leeze me on my rock and reel;
Frae tap to toe that cleeds me bien,
And haps me fiel and warm at e'en!

I'll set me down and sing and spin,
While laigh desends the simmer sun,
Blest wi' content, and milk and meal—
O leeze me on my spinning-wheel!

II.

On ilka hand the burnies trot,
And meet below my theekit cot;
The scented birk and hawthorn white,
Across the pool their arms unite,
Alike to screen the birdie's nest,
And little fishes' caller rest:
The sun blinks kindly in the biel',
Where blithe I turn my spinning-wheel.

III.

On lofty aiks the cushats wail,
And echo cons the doolfu' tale;
The lintwhites in the hazel braes,
Delighted, rival ither'e lays;
The craik amang the clover hay,
The paitrick whirrin o'er the ley,
The swallow jinkin round my shiel,
Amuse me at my spinning-wheel.

IV.

Wi' sma' to sell, and less to buy,
Aboon distress, below envy
O wha wad leeve this humble state,
For a' the pride of a' the great?
Amid their flaring, idle toys,
Amid their cumbrous, dinsome joys,
Can they the peace and pleasure feel
Of Bess at her spinning-wheel?

The melody to which Burns composed these verses was written by Oswald, and named "The sweet Lass that lo'es me." The theme is a favorite one with the Poet—virtue and thrift. The heroine rejoices in her rustic independence; her wheel and reel are her truest friends, and clothe her and fill her cottage

with comforts. Nor is she insensible to rural loveliness; her house stands among trotting streams; and birds sing and cushats wail on the bushes and trees around her. Machinery has stopt the spinning-wheel, and taken the distaff from the bosoms of our lasses; on the rivulet side, now, no white-armed girls sing as they lave water on their mother's webs; nor wear linsey-woolsey gowns of their own making—a shining and glossy gray,—

"which glanced in a' our lads' een"

as they walked kirkward.

Rustic abundance, as well as domestic thrift, is the theme of many a lyric: one of our half-forgotten songs says—

"This is no my ain house,
I ken by the bigging o't;
Bread and cheese are my door cheeks,
And pancakes the riggin o't."

While, in another lyric, the hero appears with his person adorned like a dinner-table. Who knows not the song of "Aikendrum," whose coat was made of the good roast beef; the buttons of "bawbee baps," and his breeches of the identical bag in which Scotland prepares that dantiest of all dishes—a haggis.

O LUVE WILL VENTURE IN.

Tune—"*The Posie.*"

I.

O LUVE will venture in
Where it daurna weel be seen;
O luve will venture in
Where wisdom ance has been;
But I will down yon river rove,
Among the wood sae green—
And a' to pu' a posie
To my ain dear May.

II.

The primrose I will pu',
The firstling o' the year,
And I will pu' the pink,
The emblem o' my dear,

For she's the pink o' womankind,
And blooms without a peer—
And a' to be a posie
To my ain dear May.

III.

I'll pu' the budding rose,
When Phœbus peeps in view,
For it's like a baumy kiss
O, her sweet bonnie mou';
The hyacinth for constancy,
Wi' its unchanging blue—
And a' to be a posie
To my ain dear May.

IV.

The lily it is pure,
And the lily it is fair,
And in her lovely bosom
I'll place the lily there;
The daisy's for simplicity,
And unaffected air—
And a' to be a posie
To my ain dear May.

V.

The hawthorn I will pu'
Wi' its locks o' siller gray,
Where, like an aged man,
It stands at break of day.
But the songster's nest within the bush
I winna tak away—
And a' to be a posie
To my ain dear May.

Similar sentiments inspired Meleager in his "Heleodora's Garland," thus translated by Professor Wilson:—

"I'll twine white violets, with soft myrtles too
Narcissus twine, hyacinth of purple hue

Twine with sweet crocus, laughing lilies twine
With roses, that to lovers hopeful shine;
So that on Heleodora's perfumed head,
A wreath her beauteous ringlets may flower-spread."

"The feeling of the Greek lines," says Wilson, "is tender, and the expression perfect; but we cannot say more of the feeling than that it is a natural tenderness, inspired by the mingled breath of Heleodora and her garland. The tenderness is mixed, too, it may be said, with pride and homage. Meleager does the thing gracefully, we see his figure in an imposing posture, as he fixes the wreath on her head. But compare the courtier with the clown—Meleager with Burns. By the banks of every stream in Coila had bold bright Bobby waiked, with his arm round some sweetheart's waist, and helped her to pull the primrose or the hawthorn.

'In many a secret place,
Where rivulets danced their wayward round,
And beauty, born of murmuring sound,
Did pass into her face.'

"The Scot surpasses the Greek in poetry as well as passion—his tenderness is more heartfelt—his expression is even more exquisite; for the most consummate art, even when guided by genius, cannot refine and burnish, by repeated polishing, the best selected words, up to the breathing beauty that, warm from the fount of inspiration, sometimes colors the pure language of nature."

COUNTRY LASSIE.

Tune—"*The Country Lass.*"

I.

In simmer, when the hay was mawn,
And corn wav'd green in ilka field,
While claver blooms white o'er the lea,
And roses blaw in ilka bield;
Blithe Bessie in the milking shiel,
Says—I'll be wed, come o't what will;
Out spak a dame in wrinkled eild—
O' guid advisement comes nae ill.

II.

It's ye hae wooers mony ane,
And, lassie, ye're but young ye ken;
Then wait a wee, and cannie wale,
A routhie butt, a routhie ben:
There's Johnnie o' the Buskie-glen,
Fu' is his barn, fu' is his byre;
Tak this frae me, my bonnie hen,
It's plenty beets the luver's fire.

III.

For Johnnie o' the Buskie-glen,
I dinna care a single flie;
He lo'es sae weel his craps and kye,
He has na luve to spare for me:
But blithe's the blink o' Robie's e'e,
And weel I wat he lo'es me dear:
Ae blink o' him I wad na gie
For Buskie-glen and a' his gear.

IV.

O thoughtless lassie, life's a faught;
The canniest gate, the strife is sair;
But ay fu' han't is fechtin best,
An' hungry care's an unco care:
But some will spend, and some will spare,
An' wilfu' folk maun hae their will;
Syne as ye brew, my maiden fair,
Keep mind that ye maun drink the yill.

V.

O, gear will buy me rigs o' land,
And gear will buy me sheep and kye;
But the tender heart o' leesome luve,
The gowd and siller canna buy;
We may be poor—Robie and I,
Light is the burden luve lays on;
Content and luve brings peace and joy—
What mair hae queens upon a throne?

The "Country Lassie" has the air and tone of the ancient lyrics of Caledonia. It hovers between the dramatic and the sentimental, and partakes of the character of both. Our old songs abound with conversations, and questions, and replies; sometimes wedded infelicity is the theme, and the dialogue turns upon the experiences of domestic life, in which the sharp sarcastic tongue of the lady gains the victory—sometimes the husband, in his attempt to conduct the internal economy of his house, fails, and humbles himself before his triumphant spouse; while, in others, it rises into a strain of lyrical thanksgiving for the relief which death has brought to wedded sufferers of either sex.

In the present song, a dame of winkled eild takes upon her the duty of monitress, and it cannot be said that she fails to make out a capital case in favor of a prudent match; she asserts, with the wooer in Allan Ramsay,—

> "There's mickle true love in bonds and bags,
> And gowd an' siller's a sweet complexion."

The Poet has made a liberal use of proverb lore; the fourth verse consists wholly of warning saws and antique sayings; the gray dame who uses them makes happiness of the household of Mammon. In former times, before money was plentiful, it is said that a wooer waded the Nith to the Isle beside Ellisland, and made an offer for the hand of a farmer's daughter: the young woman received his addresses with a sort of sarcastic coldness; her father approached, and rounded in her ear, "Look at him twice, Jenny; look at him twice—he's weel arrayed—he has twa tap-coats and a plaid on!"

FAIR ELIZA.

A Gaelic Air.

I.

Turn again, thou fair Eliza,
Ae kind blink before we part,
Rew on thy despairing lover!
Canst thou break his faithfu' heart?
Turn again, thou fair Eliza;
If to love thy heart denies,
For pity hide the cruel sentence
Under friendship's kind disguise!

II.

Thee, dear maid, hae I offended?
The offence is loving thee:
Canst thou wreck his peace for ever,
Wha for thine wad gladly die?
While the life beats in my bosom,
Thou shalt mix in ilka throe;
Turn again, thou lovely maiden,
Ae sweet smile on me bestow.

III.

Not the bee upon the blossom,
In the pride o' sunny noon;
Not the little sporting fairy,
All beneath the simmer moon;
Not the poet, in the moment
Fancy lightens on his e'e,
Kens the pleasure, feels the rapture,
That thy presence gies to me.

The original title of this song was "Fair Rabina:" the heroine was a young lady to whom one of the Poet's friends was attached, and Burns wrote it in compliment to his passion. Johnson, the proprietor of the Museum, disliked the name, and, desiring to have one more suitable for singing, the Poet unwillingly exchanged it to Eliza. Burns thought very well of the composition, and said he had tasked his muse to the top of her performing. It is to be regretted that this change took place: it was something of a fraud, for it robbed the fair Rabina of an honor of which any one might be justly covetous, and bestowed it upon a shadowy dame of the fancy.

YE JACOBITES BY NAME.

Tune—"*Ye Jacobites by name.*"

I.

Ye Jacobites by name, give an ear, give an ear;
Ye Jacobites by name, give an ear;
Ye Jacobites by name,
Your fautes I will proclaim,
Your doctrines I maun blame—
You shall hear.

II.

What is right and what is wrang, by the law, by the law?
What is right and what is wrang, by the law?
What is right and what is wrang?
A short sword and a lang,
A weak arm, and a strang
For to draw.

III.

What makes heroic strife, fam'd afar, fam'd afar?
What makes heroic strife, fam'd afar?
What makes heroic strife?
To whet th' assassin's knife,
Or hunt a parent's life
Wi' bluidie war.

III.

Then let your schemes alone in the state, in the state;
Then let your schemes alone, in the state;
Then let your schemes alone,
Adore the rising sun,
And leave a man undone
To his fate.

Burns founded this song on some old verses, in which it was intimated that the extinction of the House of Stuart was sought

for by other weapons than the sword. It cannot be denied that if the House of Hanover had the affection of the people and the law of the land on their side, that the exiled princes had the best poetry. This may be accounted for: the romantic adventures, daring exploits, and deep sufferings of Prince Charles, enlisted sympathy on his side; and the minstrels, regarding his fate and that of his brave companions as furnishing matter for poetry only, sung with a pathos and a force which will likely be long remembered. It would seem by the last verse that Burns looked upon the cause as hopeless.

The air is very popular, and has been compelled to bear the burthen of much indifferent verse. The muse of a schoolmaster in Galloway, when Paul Jones made a descent on the coast, raised her voice and sung:—

"You have heard of John Paul Jones, have you not, have you not,
You have heard of John Paul Jones, have you not?"

And Hector Macniell chanted:—

"My love's in Germanie, send him hame, send him hame;
My love's in Germanie, send him hame;
My love's in Germanie,
Fighting for loyaltie,
He may ne'er his Jeanie see—
Send him hame."

THE BANKS OF DOON.

FIRST VERSION.

I.

Ye flowery banks o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fair;
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae fu' o' care!

II.

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird,
That sings upon the bough;
Thou minds me o' the happy days
When my fause luve was true.

III.

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird,
That sings beside thy mate ;
For sae I sat, and sae I sang,
And wist na o' my fate.

IV.

Aft hae I rov'd by bonnie Doon,
To see the woodbine twine,
And ilka bird sang o' its love;
And sae did I o' mine.

V.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Frae aff its thorny tree ;
And my fause luver staw the rose,
But left the thorn wi' me.

The late Robert Cromek, who, without being either painter or poet, had a fine taste in poetry and art, found this version among the letters of the Poet, and admitted it into the Reliques. Whenever the genius of Burns was a topic of conversation, he loved to descant on the exquisite simplicity and force of his sentiments and language, and generally instanced the last two verses of the first copy of the "Banks of Doon" as a fine specimen of his natural powers. In this he differed from the author of a criticism in Cumberland's Review, who made the world stare by affirming that Burns was rather a namby-pamby sort of versifier, and instancing the song of the "Banks and Braes of Bonnie Doon" as a specimen of his weakness. Perhaps the Bard of Ayr has sinned less that way than any other poet in our isle ; he is, in truth, all vigor and manliness : but simplicity is sometimes mistaken for weakness, and calmness for coldness ; while a "double-double-toil-and-trouble" of words is looked upon as something muscular and forcible. Simplicity is the last attainment generally, when it should be the first, both in art and literature.

THE BANKS O' DOON.

SECOND VERSION.

Tune—"*Caledonian Hunt's Delight.*"

I.

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair;
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary, fu' o' care!
Thou'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird,
That wantons thro' the flowering thorn:
Thou minds me o' departed joys,
Departed—never to return!

II.

Aft hae I rov'd by bonnie Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine twine:
And ilka bird sang o' its luve,
And fondly sae did I o' mine.
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;
And my fause luver stole my rose,
But, ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

The history of the air to which the "Banks o' Doon" was composed is curious. It happened that James Miller, a writer in Edinburgh, was in company with Stephen Clarke the musician: the conversation turned upon the beauty of the Scottish airs, when Miller declared he would like much to make one. Clarke, in a jocular way, told him that nothing was more easy—he had only to keep to the black keys of the harpsichord—preserve some kind of rhythm—and the result would be a true Scottish air. What the musician meant for a joke, Miller took seriously. To the harpsichord he went, and applied his fingers with such success to the black keys, that he speedily produced his tune, which, on receiving two or three touches from Clark, was given to the world—and with such applause, that Burns

re-modelled his "Banks and Braes o' bonnie Doon," and adapted it to the air—at the expense somewhat of its simplicity.

An Ayrshire legend says that the heroine of this affecting song was Miss Kennedy of Dalgarrock, a young creature, beautiful and accomplished, who fell a victim to her love for M'Douall of Logan. All the earlier songs of Burns were founded in truth.

WILLIE WASTLE.

Tune—"*The eight men of Moidart.*"

I.

Willie Wastle dwalt on Tweed,
The spot they call'd it Linkum-doddie,
Willie was a wabster guid,
Cou'd stown a clue wi' onie bodie;
He had a wife was dour and din,
O Tinkler Madgie was her mither;
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wad nae gie a button for her.

II.

She has an e'e—she has but ane,
The cat has twa the very color;
Five rusty teeth, forbye a stump,
A clapper-tongue wad deave a miller:
A whiskin' beard about her mou',
Her nose and chin they threaten ither—
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wad nae gie a button for her.

III.

She's bow hough'd, she's hem shinn'd,
Ae limpin' leg, a hand-breed shorter:
She's twisted right, she's twisted left,
To balance fair in ilka quarter:
She has a hump upon her breast,
The twin o' that upon her shouther—
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wad nae gie a button for her.

IV.

Auld baudrans by the ingle sits,
An' wi' her loof her face a-washin';
But Willie's wife is nae sae trig,
She dights her grunzie wi' a hushion;
Her walie nieves like midden-creels,
Her face wad fyle the Logan-Water—
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wad nae gie a button for her.

The hero of this song owes his name perhaps to that doughty personage who replied to the summons of Oliver Cromwell:—

"I'm Willie o' the Wastle,
I'll keep in my castle:
An' a' the dogs in your town
Shanna ding me down."

The heroine is said to have been a much humbler individual; namely, the wife of a farmer who lived near Burns at Ellisland. She was a very singular woman; tea, she said, would be the ruin of the nation; sugar was a sore evil; wheaten bread was only fit for babes; earthenware was a pickpocket; wooden floors were but fit for threshing upon; slated roofs, cold; feathers, good enough for fowls; in short, she abhorred change, and whenever any thing new appeared, such as harrows with iron teeth—"Aye, aye," she would exclaim, "ye'll see the upshot!"

Of all modern things she disliked china most; she called it "burnt clay," and said it was only fit for "hauding the broo o' stinking weeds," as she called tea. On one occasion, a southern dealer in cups and saucers asked so much for his ware that he exasperated a peasant, who said, "I canna purchase, but I ken ane that will:" "Gang there," said he, pointing to the house of Willie's wife:—"dinna be blate or burd-mouthed; ask a gude penny—she has the siller." Away went the poor dealer, spread out his ware before her, and summed up all by asking a double price. A blow from her crummock was his instant reward, which not only fell on his person, but damaged his china.—"I'll learn ye," quoth she, as she heard the saucers jingle, "to come with yere brazent English face, and yere bits o' burnt clay to me!" She was an unlovely dame—her daughters, however, were beautiful.

LADY MARY ANN.

Tune—"*Craigtown's growing.*"

I.

O, Lady Mary Ann
  Looks o'er the castle wa',
She saw three bonnie boys
  Playing at the ba';
The youngest he was
  The flower amang them a'
My bonnie laddie's young,
  But he's growin' yet.

II.

O father! O father!
  An' ye think it fit,
We'll send him a year
  To the college yet;
We'll sew a green ribbon
  Round about his hat,
And that will let them ken
  He's to marry yet.

III.

Lady Mary Ann
  Was a flower i' the dew,
Sweet was its smell,
  And bonnie was its hue;
And the langer it blossom'd
  The sweeter it grew;
For the lily in the bud
  Will be bonnier yet.

IV.

Young Charlie Cochran
  Was the sprout of an aik;
Bonnie and bloomin'
  And straught was its make:

The sun took delight
To shine for its sake,
And it will be the brag
O' the forest yet.

V.

The simmer is gane
When the leaves they were green,
And the days are awa
That we hae seen;
But far better days
I trust will come again,
For my bonnie laddie's young,
But he's growin' yet.

The third and fourth verses of this song are in the happiest manner of Burns. An old ballad, called "Craigtown's growing," was chanted to him in one of his Highland excursions: he caused the tune to be noted down, and, musing over the old rhyme, produced "Lady Mary Ann," and sent both music and words to the Museum. During the short career of Burns, he did much for the lyrical glory of Scotland; wherever he went, his ear was open to the music of the district, and to the local songs of the land. He communicated many airs to Johnson, and on all occasions displayed a sympathy for music, which showed how much he was under its influence. In a conversation with Sir Walter Scott I alluded to this, and inquired if The Minstrel felt the same sort of facination? He loved music much, he said, but he never could sing. I answered in the words of Burns:—

"Crooning to a body's sel' does weel eneugh!"

"Aye!" he said, "but I cannot even croon; in truth, I cannot utter a sound that any honest man dare call musical." His works show how much he was inspired with it, nevertheless; many passages are in every respect lyrical. Music is cultivated, during the winter time, among the peasantry of Scotland, and psalmody is taught along with the native lyrics. All the youth, too, are instructed in dancing: few natives of the north can be found who are ignorant of music and dancing.

SUCH A PARCEL OF ROGUES IN A NATION.

Tune—"*A parcel of rogues in a nation.*"

I.

FAREWEEL to a' our Scottish fame,
Fareweel our ancient glory,
Fareweel even to the Scottish name,
Sae fam'd in martial story.
Now Sark rins o'er the Solway sands,
And Tweed rins to the ocean,
To mark where England's province stands—
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation.

II.

What force or guile could not subdue,
Thro' many warlike ages,
Is wrought now by a coward few,
For hireling traitors' wages.
The English steel we could disdain,
Secure in valor's station;
But English gold has been our bane—
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation.

III.

O would, or I had seen the day
That treason thus could fell us,
My auld gray head had lien in clay,
Wi' Bruce and loyal Wallace!
But pith and power, till my last hour,
I'll mak' this declaration;
We're bought and sold for English gold—
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation.

Burns has expressed sentiments in this song which were once popular in the north. The advantages of an union which deprived Scotland of all the visible symbols of power and inde-

pendence, were not for forty years at least perceived by the people: they only saw the mansions of their nobles empty, grass growing in the parliament close, and felt that the little wealth which belonged to the land was flowing off to the south. Those whom the Union allured to London were made to feel their dependant condition more keenly: they were received with suspicion and distrust by a proud and haughty people; they were treated as foreigners, rather than as men who visited their own capital. England, like the termagant dame in the Poet's verse, allowed her spouse to have "no will but by her high permission." A rebellion, conducted by a weak and wavering chief, which caused the scaffolds to reek with blood and provoked England, made matters worse; nor was it till a handful of desperate men shook the throne of Britain in two triumphant battles, and advanced to Derby,

"With fear of change perplexed monarchs,"

that Scotchmen were allowed to have the benefit of an union which had been forced upon them. The Poet, who loved Scotland as his own heart's blood, in musing upon the profligate sellers and buyers of his country, indignantly sung—

"We're bought and sold for English gold—
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation!"

Nor has Scott written less strongly: he is speaking of the northern statesmen.—"When they united with the degradation of their country the prospect of obtaining personal wealth and private emoluments, we cannot acquit them of the charge of having sold their own honor and that of Scotland."—"I have already mentioned," he elsewhere says, "the sum of twenty thousand pounds, which was apportioned to the commissioners who originally laid the basis of the treaty. I may add there was another sum of twenty thousand pounds employed to secure to the measures of the court the party called the Squadrone Volante. The account of the mode in which this last sum was distributed has been published: and it may be doubted whether the descendants of the noble lords and honorable gentlemen who accepted this gratification would be more shocked at the general fact of their ancestors being corrupted, or scandalized at the paltry amount of the bribe. One noble lord accepted so low a sum as eleven guineas: and the bargain was the more hard, as he threw his religion into the bargain, and from Catholic turned Protestant, to make his vote a good one."

THE CARL OF KELLYBURN BRAES.

Tune—"*Kellyburn Braes.*"

I.

THERE lived a carle on Kellyburn braes,
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
And he had a wife was the plague o' his days;
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

II.

Ae day as the carle gaed up the lang glen,
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
He met wi' the devil; says, "How do yow fen?"
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

III.

"I've got a bad wife, sir; that's a' my complaint;
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
For, saving your presence, to her ye're a saint;
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime."

IV.

"It's neither your stot nor your staig I shall crave,
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
But gie me your wife, man, for her I must have,
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime."

V.

"O welcome, most kindly," the blythe carle said,
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
"But if ye can match her, ye're waur nor ye're ca'd,
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime."

VI.

The devil has got the auld wife on his back;
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
And, like a poor pedlar, he's carried his pack;
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

VII.

He's carried her hame to his ain hallan-door;
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
Syne bade her gae in, for a b—h and a w—e,
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

VIII.

Then straight he makes fifty, the pick o' his band,
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
Turn out on her guard in the clap of a hand;
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

IX.

The carlin gaed thro' them like ony wud bear,
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
Whae'er she gat hands on came near her nae mair;
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

X.

A reekit wee devil looks over the wa';
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
"O, help, master, help, or she'll ruin us a',
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

XI.

The devil he swore by the edge o' his knife,
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
He pitied the man that was tied to a wife;
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

XII.

The devil he swore by the kirk and the bell,
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme,)
He was not in wedlock, thank heav'n, but in hell;
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

XIII.

Then Satan has travelled again wi' his pack;
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
And to her auld husband he's carried her back;
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

XIV.

"I hae been a devil the feck o' my life;
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
But ne'er was in hell till I met wi' a wife;
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime."

When Cromek desired Mrs. Burns to inform him respecting the songs which her husband had eked out or amended in the Museum, she ran her finger, he said, along the pages saying, "Robert gae this ane a brushing; and this ane gat a brushing also." But when she came to the "Carle of Kellyburn Braes," she exclaimed, "He gae this ane a terrible brushing." The skeleton, so to speak, of the song is old: but, like a crab-stock, it has been compelled to bear a richer fruit than pertains to its original nature. The emendations and additions by Burns are numerous: the eleventh and twelfth verses are wholly his; entire lines, half-lines, and sometimes a line and a half are from his pen, the discovery of which may be left to the sagacity of the reader.

Other versifiers have tried their hands on the subject, and the result is sundry additional verses wearing the hue and impressed with the character of the old strain. Satan carries the carlin to his "lowing heugh;"—

"He clinkit her down in his mickle arm-chair,
(Hey! and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
And thousands o' devils come round her to stare;
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

"But ay as they at the auld carlin played pouk,
(Hey! and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
She gied them a ban and she lent them a clout;
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime."

The stir which she makes excites something like a civil war in hell; and the devil, afraid of the stability of his empire, seizes the carlin and carrying her suddenly to upper air, finds her husband at the plough, cheering himself with a song:—

"And aye as the auld carle ranted and sang,
(Hey! and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
In troth, my auld Spunkie, ye'll no keep her lang;
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime."

On observing Satan advancing, the poor man looked sad, and hoped he was not bringing her back: Cloots makes answer:—

"I tried her in spunks, and in cauldrons I tried her,
(Hey! and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
The wale of my brimstone wadna hae fried her;
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

"I stapped her into the neuk o' my den,
(Hey! and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
But the very damned ran when the carlin gaed ben;
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime."

The old minstrel seems to have been related to the west-country mason, who, troubled somewhat with the inquiries of a priest respecting his marches and counter-marches in life, told him the following sarcastic story:—"Aince, when I was in Galloway, I came to a lonely wood;—night fell on me, and a lang burly black man came up and said, 'John, ye are seeking wark? come wi' me, and I'll gie a job at setting cauldrons.' So he took me into a darksome place. 'But wha are ye?' quo' I.—'Oh, we're the Deil ye ken,' quo' he.—'Fien' may care,' quo' I, 'where's the cauldrons?'—'There,' quo' he, 'sae set to wark.'—'Wark!' quo' I, 'I canna see a styme." The Deil leugh a queer laugh, and pulling till him a bit tenpenny tailor, lighted him like a brimstane spunk, and said, 'There.'—'There!' quo' I, 'that's but a glimmer.' The Deil leugh again, and said, 'Here comes ane that'll gie light eneugh.' And wha was this but a fat priest. The Deil just claught him up, gied him ae puff with his furnace-like mouth, and said, 'There!' Oh, had yere reverence but seen him! he leamed and lowed furiously!"

JOCKEY'S TA'EN THE PARTING KISS.

Tune—"*Jockey's ta'en the parting Kiss.*"

I.

Jockey's ta'en the parting kiss,
O'er the mountains he is gane;
And with him is a' my bliss,
Nought but griefs with me remain.
Spare my luve, ye winds that blaw,
Plashy sleets and beating rain!
Spare my luve, thou feathery snaw,
Drifting o'er the frozen plain.

II.

When the shades of evening creep
O'er the day's fair, gladsome e'e,
Sound and safely may he sleep,
Sweetly blithe his waukening be!
He will think on her he loves,
Fondly he'll repeat her name;
For where'er he distant roves,
Jockey's heart is still at hame.

Neither tradition nor the Poet's notes say any thing respecting this song: it commences with the first line of an old lyric.

LADY ONLIE.

Tune—"*The Ruffian's Rant.*"

I.

A' THE lads o' Thornie-bank,
When they gae to the shore o' Bucky,
They'll step in an' tak' a pint
Wi' Lady Onlie, honest Lucky!
Lady Onlie, honest Lucky,
Brews gude ale at shore o' Bucky;
I wish her sale for her gude ale,
The best on a' the shore o' Bucky.

II.

Her house sae bien, her curch sae clean,
I wat she is a dainty chucky;
And cheerlie blinks the ingle-gleed
Of Lady Onlie, honest Lucky!
Lady Onlie, honest Lucky,
Brews gude ale at shore o' Bucky;
I wish her sale for her gude ale,
The best on a' the shore o' Bucky.

Some portion—it is hard to say how much—of "Lady Onlie" is old. Burns, in the language of his wife, gave it "a brushing" for the Museum. Other verses have made their appearance since:—

"Her foaming ale, her mirthsome tale,
A kiss at times, when things are lucky;
The mirk, mirk hours she lends them wings,
Gude Ladie Onlie, honest Lucky.

"Her drink is strong, her lips are sweet,
I taste them as I go to Buckie;
Sic things maun be if we sell ale,
Quo' Lady Onlie, honest Lucky."

The last line save one is proverbial with those who frequent alehouses. The rustic muse loved to lay the scenes of her songs where

"Ale and wine were stars and moon!"

The wife of Whittlecockpen seems to have been full cousin to "Lady Onlie, honest Lucky:" her merits are set forth in some very graphic verses:—

"There dwalt a wife in Whittlecockpen,
And she brewed gude ale for gentlemen:
Ae night the dame her barm had sett,
When a stranger man came rapp to the yett;
The night dang down baith win' an' weet,
The ale was strang, and the dame was sweet."

THE CHEVALIER'S LAMENT.

Tune—"*Captain O'Kean.*"

I.

THE small birds rejoice in the green leaves returning,
The murmuring streamlet winds clear thro' the vale;
The hawthorn trees blow in the dew of the morning,
And wild scattered cowslips bedeck the green dale:
But what can give pleasure, or what can seem fair,
While the lingering moments are numbered by care?
No flow'rs gaily springing, nor birds sweetly singing,
Can soothe the sad bosom of joyless despair.

II.

The deed that I dared, could it merit their malice,
A king and a father to place on his throne?
His right are these hills, and his right are these valleys,
Where the wild beasts find shelter, but I can find none:
But 'tis not my sufferings thus wretched, forlorn;
My brave gallant friends! 'tis your ruin I mourn;
Your deeds proved so loyal in hot-bloody trial—
Alas! I can make you no sweeter return!

"Yesterday," says Burns to Cleghorn, "as I was riding through a tract of melancholy, joyless moors, between Galloway and Ayrshire, it being Sunday, I turned my thoughts to psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs; and your favorite air, 'Captain O'Kean,' coming at length into my head, I tried these words to it. I am tolerably pleased with the verses; but as I have only a sketch of the tune, I leave it with you to try if they suit the measure of the music." Cleghorn answered that the words delighted him, and fitted the tune exactly. "I wish," added he, "that you would send me a verse or two more; and, if you have no objection, I would have it in the jacobite style.—Suppose it should be sung after the fatal field of Culloden, by the unfortunate Charles." The Poet took his friend's advice, and infused a jacobite spirit into the first verse as well as the second.

Burns, in this song, touches on the birthright of the Stuarts; and though their claim to the hills and valleys has been denied, this country has respected the principle; for the present royal line owe the throne to their descent. In choosing a king for themselves, the people asserted their natural right: nevertheless, it is remarkable that they made their election almost in the spirit of the law of succession. France has followed the example. The Gothic and Celtic tribes love to talk of their right to choose a king as the Israelites did of old; but they show by their actions such respect for their old line of princes as confound all speculations and theories.

SONG OF DEATH.

Tune—"*Oran an Doig.*"

Scene—A field of battle. Time of the day, evening. The wounded and dying of the victorious army are supposed to join in the following song:—

I.

FAREWELL, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies,
Now gay with the bright setting sun;
Farewell loves and friendships, ye dear tender ties—
Our race of existence is run!

II.

Thou grim King of terrors, thou life's gloomy foe!
Go, frighten the coward and slave;
Go, teach them to tremble, fell tyrant! but know,
No terrors hast thou to the brave!

III.

Thou strik'st the dull peasant—he sinks in the dark,
Nor saves e'en the wreck of a name;
Thou strik'st the young hero—a glorious mark!
He falls in the blaze of his fame!

IV.

In the field of proud honor—our swords in our hands,
Our king and our country to save—
While victory shines on life's last ebbing sands,
Oh! who would not die with the brave!

When Bruce marshalled his ranks at Bannockburn, he made admirable arrangements for all but a retreat—he and most of his companions had resolved, victors or vanquished, to remain on the field. Some such sentiment was passing through the mind of Burns when he composed this noble lyric. He wrote on the 17th of December, 1791, to Mrs. Dunlop:—"I have just finished the following song, which, to a lady, the descendant of Wallace—and many heroes of his truly illustrious line—and herself the mother of several soldiers, needs neither preface nor

apology." The Poet, after transcribing the song, goes on to say, that it was suggested to him, on looking over Macdonald's collection of Highland airs, where he found an Isle of Sky tune, entitled, "Oran an Doig, or the Song of Death," to the measure of which he adapted his lines.

Of this song, Currie says, erroneously, that it was written to stimulate the public mind during the general arming of the nation to resist French fraternization; and he adds, truly, that it is worthy of the Grecian muse—when Greece was most distinguished for genius and valor. An eminent painter selected it for a subject to his pencil: he painted a field of battle, from which Victory was ascending with outspread wings to the sky; the dead lay thick around; but the artist forgot that where all died there could be no victory. Burns wished to print this song by itself, and give it to his country: some one advised him against this—he lived to be sorry for it.

The last verse of this noble lyric seems conceived in the same spirit with which Akenside records the fall of Julius Cæsar:—

"And speak, O man! does this capacious scene
With half that kindling majesty dilate
Thy strong conception, as when Brutus rose
Refulgent from the stroke of Cæsar's fate,
Amid the crowd of patriots; and his arm
Aloft extending like eternal Jove,
When guilt brings down the thunder, called aloud
On Tully's name, and shook his crimson steel,
And bade the father of his country, hail!
For lo! the tyrant prostrate in the dust—
And Rome again is free!"

FLOW GENTLY, SWEET AFTON.

Tune—"*Afton Water.*"

I.

Flow gently, sweet Afton! among the green braes,
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise;
My Mary's asleep by the murmuring stream—
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

II

Thou stock-dove, whose echo resounds thro' the glen;
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den;
Thou green-crested lapwing, thy screaming forbear—
I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair.

III.

How lofty, sweet Afton! thy neighbouring hills,
Far mark'd with the courses of clear, winding rills;
There daily I wander as noon rises high,
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

IV.

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,
Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow!
There, oft as mild evening weeps over the lea,
The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

V.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides;
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
As gathering sweet flow'rets she stems thy clear wave.

VI.

Flow gently, sweet Afton! among thy green braes,
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays!
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream—
Flow gently, sweet Afton! disturb not her dream.

The copy of "Afton Water," which the Poet presented to his kind and accomplished patroness, Mrs. Stewart, lies before me. Burns calls it simply "Sweet Afton," and adds no explanation. None was needed; the song explains itself: the lady was aware of the ways of the muse, and smiled at the images of beauty with which she was associated as she slumbered on the banks of her native stream. Unlike some other ladies of whom the Poet sang, she looked upon his strains as a mark of respect, and felt them as a work of genius. Afton is a small stream in Ayrshire, one of the tributaries of the Nith; Afton-lodge stands upon its

bank, and is the residence of Miss Stewart and her sister, to whose active kindness this edition of the Poet's works is much indebted. The scenes on the Afton are beautiful, and merit the painter's pencil as much as the poet's song. Mrs. Stewart was heiress of the estate.

THE SMILING SPRING.

Tune—"*The Bonnie Bell.*"

I.

THE smiling spring comes in rejoicing,
And surly winter grimly flies;
Now crystal clear are the falling waters,
And bonnie blue are the sunny skies;
Fresh o'er the mountains breaks forth the morning,
The ev'ning gilds the ocean's swell;
All creatures joy in the sun's returning,
And I rejoice in my bonnie Bell.

II.

The flowery spring leads sunny summer,
And yellow autumn presses near,
Then in his turn comes gloomy winter,
Till smiling spring again appear.
Thus seasons dancing, life advancing,
Old Time and Nature their changes tell,
But never ranging, still unchanging,
I adore my bonnie Bell.

"Bonnie Bell" was long a favorite with the maidens on the banks of the Nith: the air is lively, and the words very pleasing and picturesque. An audacious rhymer added two verses, but no one condescended to sing them.

THE CARLES OF DYSART.

Tune—"*Hey ca' thro'.*"

I.

Up wi' the carles o' Dysart,
And the lads o' Buckhaven,
And the kimmers o' Largo,
And the lasses o' Leven.
Hey, ca' thro', ca' thro',
For we hae mickle ado;
Hey, ca' thro', ca' thro',
For we hae mickle ado.

II.

We hae tales to tell,
And we hae sangs to sing;
We hae pennies to spend,
And we hae pints to bring.

III.

We'll live in a' our days,
And them that come behin',
Let them do the like,
And spend the gear they win.
Hey, ca' thro', ca' thro',
For we hae mickle ado;
Hey, ca' thro', ca' thro',
For we hae mickle ado.

When Burns communicated this Fisherman's Chant to the Musical Museum, he omitted to mark whether it was new or old; it is believed to be all from his own hand; it was never printed or heard of before. The air is lively and old; the verses, too, have an air of antiquity; but in the manufacture of such simulated commodities Burns excelled. Other verses on the same subject are to be found in later collections:—

"We'll hae mirth and laughter,
We that live by water,
Leave them that come after,
To spend the gear they gather.

Hey, ca' thro', ca' thro',
Damsels, dinna doubt it,
There's better fish i' the sea
Than ever yet came out o't."

The line, "Hey, ca' through, ca' through," is old; but what reference it has to the art of dipping a net in the water, and bringing out a haul of "stately salmon" to the grassy bank, seems not at all apparent.

THE GALLANT WEAVER.

Tune—"*The Weavers' March.*"

I.

WHERE Cart rins rowin to the sea,
By mony a flow'r and spreading tree,
There lives a lad, the lad for me,
He is a gallant weaver.
Oh, I had wooers aught or nine,
They gied me rings and ribbons fine;
And I was fear'd my heart would tine,
And I gied it to the weaver.

II.

My daddie sign'd my tocher-band,
To gie the lad that has the land;
But to my heart I'll add my hand,
And gie it to the weaver.
While birds rejoice in leafy bowers;
While bees delight in op'ning flowers;
While corn grows green in simmer showers,
I'll love my gallant weaver.

Ladies may toss their heads at the humble choice of our heroine; but it was not quite so lowly as they may be pleased to suppose. In more primitive times—nay, within the memory of men—carpenters, masons, blacksmiths, or weavers, were considered superior in station to husbandmen; their scientific knowledge raised them in the estimation of the country above

the humble tillers of the soil; and it was not till the late tremendous war doubled the consumption and enriched farmers, that country tradesmen lost the ascendancy. The west country heroine, therefore, made no imprudent engagement: and when we reflect that the White Cart belongs to Renfrewshire, and flows near the town of Paisley, celebrated for the labors of the loom, we shall feel that she turned her eyes to a district populous in gallant weavers, and no doubt singled out one every way worthy of her love.

The air is called the "Weavers' March," and is reckoned very beautiful. It has already been stated that every trade had formerly a marching air. Weavers' songs, however, are not numerous; this is the more to be wondered at when we reflect that, perhaps, the lads of the loom are the best informed of all operative bodies. Their sedentary employment, engaging the hand and eye more than the mind, enables them to reflect; and reflection has made them, generally, republicans.

THE BAIRNS GAT OUT.

Tune—"*The deuks dang o'er my Daddie.*"

I.

The bairns gat out wi' an unco shout,
The deuks dang o'er my daddie, O!
The fien'-ma-care, quo' the feirrie auld wife,
He was but a paidlin body, O!
He paidles out, an' he paidles in,
An' he paidles late an' early, O!
This seven lang years I hae lien by his side,
An' he is but a fusionless carlie, O!

II.

O, haud your tongue, my feirrie auld wife,
O, haud your tongue, now Nansie, O!
I've seen the day, and sae hae ye,
Ye wadna been sae donsie, O!
I've seen the day ye butter'd my brose,
And cuddled me late and early, O!
But downa do's come o'er me now,
And, oh! I feel it sairly, O!

An old song of the same name supplied Burns with the idea of this song, and a line or two—the rest is all his own. It speaks with the free, homely tongue of the eldern muse of Scotland. Some of the ruder verses linger still on the memory :—

"The bairns cam in wi' an unco rair,
The deuks dang owre my daddie, O!
O deil ma' care, let him lie there,
For he's but a daidlin' bodie, O."

It need not be told to those acquainted with the earlier lyrics of Scotland, that they abound in expressions which would set a thousand fans in a flutter now. Ramsay has been accused of rashly and presumptuously suppressing some beautiful old lyrics, and with maiming others; and no doubt his sympathy was not great for the old minstrel compositions. The horror of some antiquaries at his atrocities would be lessened, were they to hear the strains sung for the loss of which they make all their wailing. "The bonniest lass in a' the warl'" is one of the fair and lovely antiques of which the bad taste of Ramsay is said to have deprived the world. Here is the first verse :—

"The bonniest lass in a' the warl'
Cam to me unsent for;
She brak her shins on my bed stock,
But she gat the thing she cam for."

The succeeding verses, could they be printed, would place the character of this lily of the olden time beyond all doubt. The tune of "The deuks dang o'er my Daddie" is very old: Playford published it in 1657, and called it "The Buff Coat."

SHE'S FAIR AND FAUSE.

Tune—"*She's fair and fause.*"

I.

She's fair and fause that causes my smart,
I lo'ed her meikle and lang;
She's broken her vow, she's broken my heart,
And I may e'en gae hang,
A coof cam in wi' routh o' gear,
And I hae tint my dearest dear;
But woman is but warld's gear,
Sae let the bonnie lass gang.

II.

Whae'er ye be that woman love,
To this be never blind,
Nae ferlie 'tis tho' fickle she prove,
A woman has't by kind.
O woman, lovely woman fair!
An angel form's fa'n to thy share,
'Twad been o'er meikle to gien thee mair—
I mean an angel mind.

Critics have pronounced this one of the happiest of the songs of Burns—it is one of the most sarcastic; the last verse is particularly bitter. No one has contended for the honor of being its heroine. The melody is almost as charming as the words.

THE EXCISEMAN.

Tune—"*The Deil cam' fiddling through the town.*"

I.

THE deil cam' fiddling through the town,
And danced awa wi' the Exciseman,
And ilka wife cries—"Auld Mahoun,
I wish you luck o' the prize, man!"
The deil's awa, the deil's awa,
The deil's awa wi' the Exciseman;
He's danc'd awa, he's danc'd awa,
He's danc'd awa wi' the Exciseman!

II.

We'll mak our maut, we'll brew our drink,
We'll dance, and sing, and rejoice, man;
And mony braw thanks to the meikle black deil
That danc'd awa wi' the Exciseman.

III.

There's threesome reels, there's foursome re els,
There's hornpipes and strathspeys, man;
But the ae best dance e'er cam to the land
Was—the deil's awa wi' the Exciseman.
The deil's awa, the deil's awa,
The deil's awa wi' the Exciseman:
He's danc'd awa, he's danc'd awa,
He's danc'd awa wi' the Exciseman.

It is related in that credible and curious book "Satan's Invisible World Discovered," that his infernal majesty, during one of his excursions among the witches of Caledonia, thought proper to appear—not in the likeness of a "long black man," but in that of a large black dog; and, with a lighted candle at his tail, led them such a race over Magus moor,—

"Till ilka carlin swat an' reekit."

It is, moreover, said, that, assuming his own shape, he sung his friends a new song to a strange air, in both of which there was so much of gramery, that all the young lads and lasses in the Lowlands were speedily lilting and singing it, though it was none of the doucest. Perhaps some tale of this kind influenced Burns in the composition of this singular song. Guagers were, for a long period, cordially disliked in Scotland; to cheat them was almost considered a duty. Tradition relates, that at Annan once a large quantity of smuggled tea and brandy had just been carried into an inn there, when, to the consternation of all concerned, the gauger was seen approaching. Concealment was out of the question, for the importation was large and lying on the floor. All this was observed by a shrewd idiot, well known by the name of Daft Davie Graham; he snatched up a long whip, and walking leisurely to a "midden-dub," threw in the lash of the whip, watched it, and played it with all the anxiety of an angler.—"What are ye fishing for there, Davie?" said the officer of the revenue.—"Fishing for deevils," was the answer. —"Devils!" said the other, "and what do you bait with?"— "Gaugers," replied David. The laugh of the bystanders at the sharp joke made the gauger turn his horse's head another road, and miss a prey.

THE LOVELY LASS OF INVERNESS.

Tune—"*Lass of Inverness.*"

I.

The lovely lass o' Inverness,
Nae joy nor pleasure can she see;
For e'en and morn she cries, alas!
And ay the saut tear blin's her e'e:
Drumossie moor—Drumossie day—
A waefu' day it was to me!
For there I lost my father dear—
My father dear, and brethren three.

II.

Their winding sheet the bluidy clay,
Their graves are growing green to see;
And by them lies the dearest lad
That ever blest a woman's e'e!
Now wae to thee, thou cruel lord,
A bluidy man I trow thou be;
For mony a heart thou hast made sair,
That ne'er did wrong to thine or thee.

As the Poet passed slowly over the fatal moor of Culloden, the lament of the Lass of Inverness rose, it is said, on his fancy. He composed it to an air by Oswald; but though the words are deeply affecting and the tune tender, it never became a favorite, save with those who love poetry and nature for their own sakes. Cromek remarks, that "Burns' most successful imitation of the old style, seems to be in 'The lovely Lass of Inverness.'" He took up the idea from the first half-verse, which is all that remains of the old words, and this prompted the feelings and tone of the time he wished to commemorate. He scattered these samples to be picked up by inquisitive criticism, that he might listen to its remarks, and, perhaps, secretly enjoy the admiration which they excited."

Another song, on the same subject, has found its way into our collections. Here is a verse:—

"As I came in by Inverness,
The simmer sun was sinking down;
And there I met a weel-faur'd lass,
And she was greeting through the town.
The gray-hair'd men were a' i' the streets,
And old dames crying—sad to see!
The flower o' the lads of Inverness
Lie bloodie on Culloden lea."

The graves of the slain still look green, it is said, on the brown and desolate moor. All true Highlanders, as they look upon it, feel like Deloraine when he glanced on Halidon :—

"In bitter mood he spurred fast,
And soon the hated heath was past."

A RED, RED ROSE.

Tune—"*Graham's Strathspey.*"

I.

O, MY luve's like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June:
O, my luve's like the melodie,
That's sweetly play'd in tune.

II.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in luve am I:
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
'Till a' the seas gang dry.

III.

'Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun:
I will luve thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.

IV.

And fare thee weel, my only luve!
And fare thee weel a-while!
And I will come again, my luve,
Tho' it were ten thousand mile.

An old Nithsdale song seems to have been in the Poet's thoughts when he wrote this exquisite lyric. Martha Crosbie, a carder and spinner of wool, sometimes desiring to be more than commonly acceptable to the children of my father's house, made her way to their hearts by singing, which she did with great feeling, the following ancient strain :—

"Who is this under my window?
Who is this that troubles me?
O, it is I, love, and none but I, love;
I wish to speak one word with thee.

"Go to your mother, and ask her, jewel,
If she'll consent you my bride to be;
And, if she does na' come back an' tell me,
This is the last time I'll visit thee.

"My mother's in her chamber, jewel,
And of lovers' talking will not hear;
Therefore you may go and court another,
And whisper softly in her ear."

The song proceeds to relate how mother and father were adverse to the lover's suit; and that, exasperated by their scorn and the coldness of the maiden, he ran off in despair: on relenting, she finds he is gone, and breaks out in these fine lines—

"O where's he gone that I love best,
And has left me here to sigh and moan;
O I will search the wide world over,
Till my true lover I find again.

"The seas shall dry, and the fishes fly,
And the rocks shall melt down wi' the sun;
The laboring man shall forget his labor,
The blackbird shall not sing but mourn,
If ever I prove false to my love,
Till once I see if he return."

LOUIS, WHAT RECK I BY THEE.

Tune—"*Louis, what reck I by thee.*"

I.

Louis, what reck I by thee,
Or Geordie on his ocean?
Dyvor, beggar loons to me—
I reign in Jeannie's bosom.

II.

Let her crown my love her law,
And in her breast enthrone me:
Kings and nations—swith, awa!
Reif randies, I disown ye!

No bard of these our later days has surpassed Burns in the art that few can learn, of putting much sense into small space.—"Louis, what reck I by thee," is one of his happiest efforts: it is, perhaps, too peculiar in language to be fully felt by any save Scotchmen: but to them it comes with a compact vigor of expression, not usual in words fitted to music. The Jeannie of the song is Mrs. Burns: her name has no chance of passing from the earth, if impassioned verse can preserve it.

HAD I THE WYTE.

Tune—"*Had I the wyte she bade me.*"

I.

Had I the wyte, had I the wyte,
Had I the wyte she bade me;
She watch'd me by the hie-gate side,
And up the loan she shawed me;
And when I wadna venture in,
A coward loon she ca'd me;
Had kirk and state been in the gate,
I lighted when she bade me.

II.

Sae craftilie she took be ben,
And bade me make nae clatter;
"For our ramgunshock glum gudeman
Is out and owre the water:"
Whae'er shall say, I wanted grace,
When I did kiss and dawte her,
Let him be planted in my place,
Syne say I was the fautor.

III.

Could I for shame, could I for shame,
Could I for shame refuse her?
And wadna manhood been to blame,
Had I unkindly used her?
He clawed her wi' the ripplin-kame,
And blue and bluidy bruised her;
When sic a husband was frae hame,
What wife but had excused her?

IV.

I dighted ay her een sae blue,
And bann'd the cruel randy;
And weel I wat her willing mou',
Was e'en like sugar-candy.
A gloamin-shot it was I trow,
I lighted on the Monday;
But I cam through the tysday's dew,
To wanton Willie's brandy.

The air to which Burns composed this song was called, "Come kiss wi' me and clap wi' me:" and much of the story and some of the words he found in an old lyric which bore the name of "Had I the wyte she bade me," and out of which some readers may think he has not succeeded in excluding all that is objectionable. Those acquainted with the old unceremonious strain will wonder at the Poet's success.

COMING THROUGH THE RYE.

Tune—"*Coming through the Rye.*"

I.

Coming through the rye, poor body,
Coming through the rye,
She draiglet a' her petticoatie,
Coming through the rye.

Jenny's a' wat, poor body,
Jenny's seldom dry;
She draiglet a' her petticoatie,
Coming through the rye.

II.

Gin a body meet a body—
Coming through the rye,
Gin a body kiss a body—
Need a body cry?

III.

Gin a body meet a body
Coming through the glen,
Gin a body kiss a body—
Need the world to ken?
Jenny's a' wat, poor body;
Jenny's seldom dry,
She draiglet a' her petticoatie,
Coming through the rye.

Burns took up the old strain called "Coming through the rye," thrashed some of the loose chaff from about it, and sent it to the Musical Museum. He has not been more than successful in his emendations; the heroine is still a little free. It cannot be accepted as a proof of her economy, that she made an inroad upon the rye; nor of her prudence, that she allowed her garments to trail in the dew. The same objection may be urged against the Poet's "Rigs o' barley." A respect for the fruits of the earth is common to all the peasantry of Scotland. The old "Coming through the rye" was once very popular in the northern glens; there were many verses, and, as usual, many variations:—

"Gin a body meet a body
Coming through the broom,
Gin a body kiss a body—
Need a body gloom?
Ilka body has a body,
Fient a ane hae I,
But twa 'r three lads they lo'e me weel,
And what the waur am I?"

YOUNG JAMIE, PRIDE OF A' THE PLAIN!

Tune—"*The Carlin o' the glen.*"

I.

YOUNG Jamie, pride of a' the plain,
Sae gallant and sae gay a swain;
Thro' a' our lasses he did rove,
And reigned resistless king of love:
But now wi' sighs and starting tears,
He strays amang the woods and briers,
Or in the glens and rocky caves
His sad complaining dowie raves.

II.

I wha sae late did range and rove,
And chang'd with every moon my love,
I little thought the time was near,
Repentance I should buy sae dear:
The slighted maids my torment see,
And laugh at a' the pangs I dree;
While she, my cruel, scornfu' fair,
Forbids me e'er to see her mair!

Who the Jamie of this song was no one has told us, nor whether the strain is partly old or wholly new. No doubt it must be numbered among those hasty and quickly considered things, which it was the pleasure of Burns to write and leave unclaimed, with the intention, perhaps, of giving the subject and air his more serious thoughts on some day of leisure, which never arrived. The air is plaintive, but the name has no affinity with the song.

The story is, however, an old one: a gay lover, who ranged at will among the beauties of the land, and seemed, like quicksilver, coy as well as bright, is at last ensnared by the charms of one who not only scorns him, but forbids him ever to think of her more. Jamie belike, when reflection arrives, may enact the knowing part of Duncan Gray, and gain her hand by seeming to disregard it. At all events, he seems one who will try no tragic conclusions, nor even speak of "lowpin owre a linn." He

resembles more the honest lad of Annandale, who declared he was sae vexed when Jenny Johnston of Howbottom refused his hand, that he supped mair parridge than wad have served three mowers, and kicked the muckle pot till it gade owre ringing.

OUT OVER THE FORTH.

Tune—"*Charlie Gordon's welcome hame.*"

I.

Out over the Forth I look to the north,
But what is the north and its Highlands to me?
The south nor the east gie ease to my breast,
The far foreign land, or the wild rolling sea.

II.

But I look to the west, when I gae to rest,
That happy my dreams and my slumbers may be;
For far in the west lives he I lo'e best,
The lad that is dear to my babie and me.

"The finest examples," says Jeffrey, "of this simple and unpretending tenderness, is to be found in those songs which are likely to transmit the name of Burns to all future generations. He found this delightful trait in the old Scottish ballads which he took for his model, and upon which he improved with a felicity and delicacy of imitation altogether unrivalled in the history of literature. Sometimes it is the brief and simple pathos of the genuine old ballad." In one of his letters to Cunningham, dated 11th March, 1791, Burns quotes the last four lines, and inquires how his friends likes it. The air was altered by Clarke: and the words suffered a change—a change that did not at all affect the sense.

THE LASS OF ECCLEFECHAN.

Tune—"*Jacky Latin.*"

I.

GAT ye me, O gat ye me,
O gat ye me wi' naething?
Rock and reel, and spinnin' wheel,
A mickle quarter basin.
Rye attour, my gutcher has
A hich house and a laigh ane,
A' for bye, my bonnie sel',
The toss of Ecclefechan.

II.

O haud your tongue, now Luckie Laing,
O haud your tongue and jauner;
I held the gate till you I met,
Syne I began to wander:
I tint my whistle and my sang,
I tint my peace and pleasure;
But your green graff, now, Luckie Laing,
Wad airt me to my treasure.

During the Poet's first visit to Annandale, an old song, called "The Lass of Ecclefechan," was sung to him, with which he was so amused that he noted it down, and, at a leisure moment, rendered the language more delicate, and the sentiments less warm, and sent it to the Musical Museum. The name of this pleasant little town was said to be unsuitable for rhyme. One day, as Burns and his brother guager, Lewars, were riding along Bonshaw-braes, the latter said, "Come, give us a song in which one of the lines will rhyme to Ecclefechan." The Poet mused a little, and, with a humorous story running in his head, composed, and chanted as he composed, a song hitherto confined to manuscript, called "The Trogger." The heroine of the ditty speaks:—

"As I came down by Annan side,
Intending for the border,
Amang the scroggie banks and braes,
Wha met me but a trogger."

The description which she gives of her experiences is very graphic, but too much in the free manner of the old rustic minstrels. In the last verse the Poet remembered the object of the song :—

"Then up we gat, and took the road,
And in by Ecclefechan,
Whar the brandy-stoup we gart it clink,
And strong ale ream the quech in."

No incident which throws light on the character of the great national Poet of Scotland should be left untold in a work of this nature.

THE COOPER O' CUDDIE.

Tune—"*Bab at the bowster.*"

I.

THE cooper o' Cuddie cam' here awa,
And ca'd the girrs out o'er us a'—
And our gude-wife has gotten a ca'
That anger'd the silly gude man, O.
We'll hide the cooper behind the door,
Behind the door, behind the door,
We'll hide the cooper behind the door,
And cover him under a mawn, O.

II.

He sought them out, he sought them in,
Wi', deil hae her! and, deil hae him!
But the body was sae doited and blin',
He wist na where he was gaun, O.

III.

They cooper'd at e'en, they cooper'd at morn,
'Till our gude-man has gotten the scorn;
On ilka brow she's planted a horn,
And swears that they shall stan', O.

We'll hide the cooper behind the door,
Behind the door, behind the door;
We'll hide the cooper behind the door,
And cover him under a mawn, O.

The delicacy of this song cannot be compared to its wit. Burns was in all respects, the poet of the people; he relished the rough jokes, and natural humor, and lively stories of his fellow-peasants; no man in wide Scotland had so many merry tales to tell, and so many joyous songs to sing. Nor can the merits of all his lyrics be appreciated by men born in the high places. He who shares with the Poet in all the pathos and humor, quaint allusion and roguish inference of his poetry must have been born in a peasant's shed, and worn the clouted shoe. On no other terms can his innumerable images and allusions, derived from rustic life and rustic pursuits, be relished or comprehended. Of fame in England, he perhaps never dreamed; and though his manly vigor, high-souled independence, and glorious verse have given him a hold on every true English heart, he wrote exclusively for the people of Scotland—he thought Scottish fame sufficient—nay, in devoting his talents so much to lyric composition, he seemed to court the applause of the humble rather than the high, and wrote for the "common people,"—nature's best judges, as he truly calls them.

SOMEBODY!

Tune—"*For the sake of somebody.*

I.

My heart is sair—I dare na tell—
My heart is sair for somebody;
I could wake a winter night
For the sake of somebody.
Oh-hon! for somebody!
Oh-hey! for somebody!
I could range the world around,
For the sake o' somebody.

II.

Ye powers that smile on virtuous love,
O, sweetly smile on somebody!
Frae ilka danger keep him free,
And send me safe my somebody.
Oh-hon! for somebody!
Oh-hey! for somebody!
I wad do—what wad I not?
For the sake o' somebody!

"For the sake of somebody," by Allan Ramsay, suggested "Somebody" to Burns, who borrowed two or three lines of the first stanza. From whom Ramsay took the idea of his song is not known; some of it is older than his day:—

"For the sake of somebody,
For the sake of somebody;
I could wake a winter night
For the sake of somebody.
I am gaun to seek a wife,
I am gaun to buy a plaidy;
I have coft three stane o' woo'—
Carlin, is thy daughter ready?"

How different is the tone when Ramsay takes up the subject!—he has not the ease of the minstrel, his forerunner:—

"Betty, lassie, say't thysel',
Though thy dame be ill to shoo,
First we'll buckle, then we'll tell,
Let her flyte, and syne come to:
What signifies a mither's gloom,
When luve and kisses come in play?
Shou'd we wither in our bloom,
And in simmer mak' nae hay?"

Something of the spirit of old Scottish thrift still abides in the land. It is said that in the little laborious community of Buckhaven fishers, a girl getting married before she is able to earn her husband's bread, is unknown. "Go, lassie! what wad ye do wi' a man?—ye canna win saut to yere ain haddocks!" is the common reproof of the thoughtless by the prudent and reflecting.

THE CARDIN' O'T.

Tune—"*Salt-fish and dumplings.*"

I.

I COFT a stane o' haslock woo',
To make a wat to Johnny o't;
For Johnny is my only jo,
I lo'e him best of ony yet.
The cardin' o't, the spinnin' o't,
The warpin' o't, the winnin' o't;
When ilka ell cost me a groat,
The tailor staw the lynin o't.

II.

For though his locks be lyart grey,
And tho' his brow be beld aboon;
Yet I hae seen him on a day,
The pride of a' the parishen.
The cardin' o't, the spinnin' o't,
The warpin' o't, the winnin' o't;
When ilka ell cost me a groat,
The tailor stole the lynin o't.

The little of this song to which antiquity lays claim is so trifling that the whole may be said to be the work of Burns. The tenderness of Johnnie's wife can only be fully felt by those who know that hause-lock wool is the softest and finest of the fleece, and is shorn from the throats of sheep in the summer heat, to give them air, and keep them cool.

A change has come over the intercourse between the husbandmen of the agricultural vales and the shepherds among the pastoral mountains. In former times, before well-made roads, and coaches, and caravans were common, a sheep-farmer rarely descended from his hills to the towns, while the commodities of the latter seldom found their way to his fire-side. It was the custom for two or three sagacious dames belonging to the "corn-land," to make an inroad upon the "wool-land," and barter tea, and lace, and similar light luxuries, with the shepherds'

wives, for "hause-lock woo'," and such like trimmings and prunings. The Lowland adventuress generally returned with valuable burthens; the ladies of the hills, too, parted with what they could well spare, and obtained what they had no other means of procuring.

WHEN JANUAR' WIND.

Tune—"*The Lass that made the bed to me.*"

I.

When Januar' wind was blawing cauld,
As to the north I took my way,
The mirksome night did me enfauld,
I knew na where to lodge till day.

II.

By my good luck a maid I met,
Just in the middle o' my care;
And kindly she did me invite
To walk into a chamber fair.

III.

I bow'd fu' low unto this maid,
And thanked her for her courtesie;
I bow'd fu' low unto this maid,
And bade her make a bed to me.

IV.

She made the bed baith large and wide,
Wi' twa white hands she spread it down;
She put the cup to her rosy lips,
And drank, "Young man, now sleep ye soun'."

V.

She snatched the candle in her hand,
And frae my chamber went wi' speed;
But I call'd her quickly back again
To lay some mair below my head.

VI.

A cod she laid below my head,
And served me wi' due respect;
And to salute her wi' a kiss,
I put my arms about her neck.

VII.

"Haud aff your hands, young man," she says,
"And dinna sae uncivil be:
If ye hae onie love for me,
O wrang na my virginitie!"

VIII.

Her hair was like the links o' gowd,
Her teeth were like the ivorie;
Her cheeks like lilies dipt in wine,
The lass that made the bed to me.

IX.

Her bosom was the driven snaw,
Twa drifted heaps sae fair to see;
Her limbs the polish'd marble stane,
The lass that made the bed to me.

X.

I kiss'd her owre and owre again,
And ay she wist na what to say;
I laid her between me and the wa'—
The lassie thought na lang till day.

XI.

Upon the morrow when we rose,
I thank'd her for her courtesie;
But aye she blush'd, and aye she sigh'd,
And said, "Alas! ye've ruin'd me."

XII.

I clasp'd her waist, and kiss'd her syne,
While the tear stood twinklin' in her e'e
I said "My lassie dinna cry,
For ye ay shall make the bed to me."

XIII.

She took her mither's Holland sheets,
And made them a' in sarks to me:
Blythe and merry may she be,
The lass that made the bed to me.

XIV.

The bonnie lass made the bed to me,
The braw lass made the bed to me,
I'll ne'er forget till the day I die,
The lass that made the bed to me!

When Charles the Second was in Scotland during the days of Cromwell, he gave great offence to the kirk by the looseness of his language, and the open freedom of his gallantries. Before the fatal expedition into England, he had an intrigue with a young lady of the house of Port Letham, and his success was recorded by a cavalier minstrel in words which were once popular both in Scotland and England:—

"There was a lass dwelt in the north,
A bonnie lass of high degree;
A bonnie lass, and her name was Nell,
A blyther lass you ne'er did see.

CHORUS.

"O the bed to me, the bed to me,
The lass that made the bed to me;
Blythe, and bonnie, and sweet was she,
The lass that made the bed to me."

Burns took up the old song—which was sadly corrupted—and, exercising a poet's skill upon it, manufactured the present version, and sent it to the Musical Museum. He meditated alterations in it, and made a few, but not with his usual felicity: in the amended copy he makes the heroine a humble maiden, and changes the character of the composition.

SAE FAR AWA.

Tune—"*Dalkeith Maiden Bridge.*"

I.

O, SAD and heavy should I part,
But for her sake sae far awa;

Unknowing what my way may thwart
My native land sae far awa.
Thou that of a' things Maker art,
That form'd this fair sae far awa,
Gie body strength, then I'll ne'er start
At this my way sae far awa.

II.

How true is love to pure desert,
So love to her, sae far awa:
And nocht can heal my bosom's smart,
While, oh! she is sae far awa.
Nane other love, nane other dart,
I feel but her's, sae far awa;
But fairer never touch'd a heart
Than her's, the fair sae far awa.

This is another of the many songs which Burns wrote for the Musical Museum. Who the fair one "Sae far awa" was, it is now idle to inquire. Had the Poet lived to write his promised notes on his songs, he would have saved his biographers much fruitless research, and his admirers many idle conjectures.

It must be acknowledged that the Scotch give great occasion for songs of this nature—they wander the world over. Their native land is poor and sterile and unable to maintain the half of the hardy and enterprising race to whom it gives birth. They are trained up to endurance and privation; they are well educated, for they can all read, write, and cypher; they are all intelligent, for a Scottish peasant knows more than the alehouse can tell him, and thinks himself ignorant were he not to look far beyond the business by which he gains his bread. He has no poor laws to hold out a miserable boon to his declining years; he, therefore, marches east, west, north, or south, as fortune or inclination determines, and relieves his own land while he benefits others.

I'LL AY CA' IN BY YON TOWN.

Tune—"*I'll gae nae mair to yon town.*"

I.

I'LL ay ca' in by yon town,
And by yon garden green, again;
I'll ay ca' in by yon town,
And see my bonnie Jean again.
There's nane sall ken, there's nane sall guess,
What brings me back the gate again;
But she my fairest faithfu' lass,
And stownlins we sall meet again.

II.

She'll wander by the aiken tree,
When trystin-time draws near again;
And when her lovely form I see,
O haith, she's doubly dear again;
I'll ay ca' in by yon town,
And by yon garden green, again;
I'll ay ca' in by yon town,
And see my bonnie Jean again.

An old song supplied Burns with the starting sentiments of this little delicious lyric :—

"I'll gang nae mair to yon town,
O never a' my life again;
I'll ne'er gae back to yon town,
To seek anither wife again."

Jean Armour was the heroine; the allusions to the trysting-tree and the stolen interview will be understood by all the daughters of Caledonia. There are few burn-banks, or romantic glens, or spreading woods in any lowland district, that are not hallowed in the memories of many, by visions of past endearment—of golden hours—nay, minutes of rapture worthy of having been born for. Volumes—and eloquent ones—might be written on the romantic love adventures, serious and humorous, of the Scottish peasantry; no writer has entered so fully into these mysteries as Burns. Love has no charm unless it comes in a poetic shape; the lover who desires coal and can-

dle may as well ask for his supper at once; he is regarded as a fellow of no soul if he cannot dare flooded streams and haunted roads; and should a thunder-storm meet him on his way, he will be wise not to turn or seek shelter, unless he wishes to be made a laughing-stock of half the lasses in the vale. It is recorded of a young girl on Nith-side, that, in alluding to her first interview with a lover, she tossed her tresses in scorn, saying, "Him! I tried him wi' a lanely room and a lighted candle; and he hadna the sense to steek the door, and blaw it out!"

O WAT YE WHA'S IN YON TOWN.

Tune—"*I'll ay ca' in by yon town.*"

I.

O, WAT ye wha's in yon town,
Ye see the e'enin sun upon?
The fairest dame's in yon town,
That e'enin sun is shining on.
Now haply down yon gay green shaw,
She wanders by yon spreading tree;
How blest ye flow'rs that round her blaw,
Ye catch the glances o' her e'e!

II.

How blest ye birds that round her sing,
And welcome in the blooming year!
And doubly welcome be the spring,
The season to my Lucy dear.

III.

The sun blinks blithe on yon town,
And on yon bonnie braes of Ayr;
But my delight in yon town,
And dearest bliss, is Lucy fair.

IV.

Without my love, not a' the charms
O' Paradise could yield me joy;
But gie me Lucy in my arms,
And welcome Lapland's dreary sky!

V.

My cave wad be a lover's bower,
Tho' raging winter rent the air;
And she a lovely little flower,
That I wad tent and shelter there.

VI.

O sweet is she in yon town,
Yon sinkin sun's gane down upon;
A fairer than's in yon town
His setting beam ne'er shone upon.

VII.

If angry fate is sworn my foe,
And suffering I am doom'd to bear;
I careless quit aught else below,
But spare me—spare me, Lucy dear!

VIII.

For while life's dearest blood is warm,
Ae thought frae her shall ne'er depart,
And she—as fairest is her form!
She has the truest, kindest heart!
O, wat ye wha's in yon town,
Ye see the e'enin sun upon?
The fairest dame's in yon town
That e'enin sun is shining on.

The heroine of this fine song was Lucy Johnstone—married to Mr. Oswald, of Auchencruive; an accomplished and lovely woman, who died early in life. This beautiful burst of poetic sensibility will convey no unjust image of her attractions to succeeding generations. The song is written in the character of her husband.—"Did you ever, my dear Syme," said the Poet, "meet with a man who owed more to the divine Giver of all good things than Mr. Oswald? A fine fortune; a pleasing exterior; self-evident amiable dispositions, and an ingenuous, upright mind—and that, too, informed much beyond the usual run of young fellows of his rank; and to all this, such a woman!—But of her I shall say nothing at all, in despair of saying any thing adequate. In my song I have endeavoured to do justice to what would be his feelings on seeing, in the scene I have

drawn, the habitation of his Lucy. As I am a good deal pleased with my performance, I, in my first fervor, thought of sending it to Mrs. Oswald." What the Bard hesitated to do for himself, was done by Syme; it has not been told how the lady received the rich incense offered to her beauty. She was rich and liberal, and might have regarded the song as a portrait of herself by a first-rate painter—worthy at least of acknowledgment.

O MAY, THY MORN.

Tune—"*May, thy Morn.*

I.

O May, thy morn was ne'er sae sweet
As the mirk night o' December;
For sparkling was the rosy wine,
And private was the chamber:
And dear was she I dare na name,
But I will ay remember,
And dear was she I dare na name,
But I will ay remember.

II.

And here's to them, that, like oursel,
Can push about the jorum;
And here's to them that wish us weel,
May a' that's guid watch o'er them!
And here's to them, we dare na tell,
The dearest o' the quorum,
And here's to them, we dare na tell,
The dearest o' the quorum!

The lady, whom the Poet desired rather to remember than name, is said in our lyrical legends, to be the fair Clarinda, of whose merits Burns has said and sung so much. This is, perhaps, rather conjecture than reality; for it has been ascribed to the charms of a Nithsdale dame, "who brewed gude ale for gentlemen," and loved to be admired by her customers. It is quite as possible that it sprung from imaginary gaddings of the muse; for though Burns, in the first outbursts of song in the morning of life had living models in his eye, he became a more

expert artist as he grew older, and conceived works of genius without placing a living image before him. The song was first published in Johnson's Museum: the air seems a variation of "Andro and his cutty gun."

The ladies and wine have furnished themes for innumerable songs; and so long as the former are lovely, and the latter sparkles, they will continue to be sung. Both are united in "O May, thy morn;" the Bard, as the wine-cup circulates, remembers a mirk night in December, and a fair one who rendered it cheerful. He dates joy from that night, as a free heroine in Mackenzie's tale, dates all things which befel her from the time she met with her misfortune!

LOVELY POLLY STEWART.

Tune—"*Ye're welcome, Charlie Stewart.*"

I.

O LOVELY Polly Stewart!
O charming Polly Stewart!
There's not a flower that blooms in May
That's half so fair as thou art.
The flower it blaws, it fades and fa's,
And art can ne'er renew it;
But worth and truth eternal youth
Will give to Polly Stewart.

II.

May he whose arms shall fauld thy charms
Possess a leal and true heart;
To him be given to ken the heaven
He grasps in Polly Stewart.
O lovely Polly Stewart!
O charming Polly Stewart!
There's ne'er a flower that blooms in May
That's half so sweet as thou art.

The lady who inspired this song was unconscious at the time, while she caused her table to be spread, and her wine poured out, that her name was to be preserved in undying verse. The Poet had, in his thoughts, a jacobite lyric, called "You're welcome, Charlie Stewart:"—

"Had I the power as I've the will,
I'd make thee famous by my quill,
Thy foes I'd scatter, quell, and kill,
From Billingsgate to Duart,
Thou'rt welcome, Charlie Stewart;
Thou'rt welcome, Charlie Stewart;
A shepherd's wand will grow a brand
When thou comes—Charlie Stewart!"

Songs to this air, and breathing a similar strain of sentiment, are numerous:—

"O dreary loneliness is now
Many ruined shealings smoking;
Yet the new-made widow sits and sings,
While her boy-bairns she's rocking:
On Darien think—think on Glenco,
On Murray, traitor, coward;
On Cumberland's blood-blushing hands,
And think on Charlie Stewart."

This verse seems in the spirit of the dying Highlander's reply, when the priest, desiring him to forgive his enemies, quoted the words of Scripture—"Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord."—'Aye, aye, say ye so?" said the clansman, "it is e'en owre sweet a morsel for a mortal!"

THE HIGHLAND LADDIE.

Tune—"*If thou'lt play me fair play.*"

I.

THE bonniest lad that e'er I saw,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
Wore a plaid, and was fu' braw,
Bonnie Highland laddie.
On his head a bonnet blue,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie;
His royal heart was firm and true,
Bonnie Highland laddie.

II.

Trumpets sound, and cannons roar,
Bonnie lassie, Lowland lassie;
And a' the hills wi' echoes roar,
Bonnie Lowland lassie.

Glory, honor, now invite,
Bonnie lassie, Lowland lassie,
For freedom and my king to fight,
Bonnie Lowland lassie.

III.

The sun a backward course shall take,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
Ere aught thy manly courage shake,
Bonnie Highland laddie.
Go, for yourself procure renown,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie;
And for your lawful king, his crown,
Bonnie Highland laddie.

The Poet took a long wearisome ditty called "The Highland Lad and Lowland Lassie," and compressed it into these three stanzas; allowing too little of his own happy spirit to escape into them during the operation. Another song, now almost forgotten, gives the name of the air:—

"If thou'lt play me fair play,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
Another year for thee I'll stay,
Bonnie Highland laddie;
For a' the lasses hereabouts,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
Marry nane but Geordie's louts,
Bonnie Highland laddie."

In words sometimes darker, sometimes plainer than these, the jacobites of the north intimated to Prince Charles their affection and constancy, and their determination to wait till his plans of invasion were ripe and ready.

ANNA, THY CHARMS.

Tune—"*Bonnie Mary.*"

Anna, thy charms my bosom fire,
And waste my soul with care;

But, ah! how bootless to admire,
When fated to despair!
Yet in thy presence, lovely fair,
To hope may be forgiv'n;
For sure 'twere impious to despair,
So much in sight of Heav'n.

Burns inserted this elegant little lyric in the third edition of his poems. The concluding sentiment is akin to that fine compliment in the "Shepherd's Mournful Fate," by Hamilton of Bangour:—

"For oh! that form so heavenly fair,
Those languid eyes so sweetly smiling,
That artless blush and modest air,
So fatally beguiling:
Thy every look, and every grace,
So charm whene'er I view thee,
Till death o'ertake me in the chace,
Still will my hopes pursue thee;
But when my tedious hours are pass'd,
Be this last blessing given—
Low at thy feet to breathe my last,
And die in sight of heaven."

Burns had more nature and strength than Hamilton; but some of the lyrics of the latter are unequalled for elegance.

CASSILLIS' BANKS.

Tune—*Unknown.*

I.

Now bank an' brae are claith'd in green,
An' scatter'd cowslips sweetly spring;
By Girvan's fairy-haunted stream
The birdies flit on wanton wing.
To Cassillis' banks when e'ening fa's,
There wi' my Mary let me flee,
There catch her ilka glance of love,
The bonnie blink o' Mary's e'e!

II.

The child wha boasts o' warld's walth
Is aften laird o' meikle care;
But Mary she is a' my ain—
Ah! fortune canna gie me mair.
Then let me range by Cassillis' banks,
Wi' her, the lassie dear to me,
And catch her ilka glance o' love,
The bonnie blink o' Mary's e'e!

The stream of Girvan, and the banks of Cassillis, flowed and flourished to the last in the heart and fancy of Burns: when he desired to compose a song for any tune which affected him, he recalled a favorite haunt of his youth, and a form dear to his heart: and like the lyrist of Cowley, gave dancing words to speaking strings. The charms of nature shared his heart with those of living beauty; one line is both a history and a landscape:—

"Girvan's fairy-haunted stream."

The beauties of Cassillis' banks he had sung elsewhere:—

"Upon that night, when fairies light
On Cassillis' Downans dance,
Or owre the lays, in splendid blaze,
On sprightly coursers prance.
Or for Colean the route is ta'en,
Beneath the moon's pale beams,
There up the Cove to stray and rove
Amang the rocks and streams."

Other national songs give no more than the image of female loveliness: those of Scotland add the flowers on which the foot of beauty treads, the stream which murmurs at her side, the woods which wave around her, and the birds which welcome her with their songs.

TO THE LOVED NITH.

Tune—*Unknown.*

I.

To thee, lov'd Nith, thy gladsome plains,
Where late wi' careless thought I rang'd,
Though prest wi' care and sunk in woe,
To thee I bring a heart unchang'd.

II.

I love thee, Nith, thy banks and braes,
Tho' mem'ry there my bosom tear;
For there he rov'd that brake my heart,
Yet to that heart, ah! still how dear!

The strains in which Burns celebrated the Nith are not the happiest of his effusions: his heart was with the scenes of his youth: Kyle, with its streams and pasture hills, rose on his imagination; nor did the way in which too many treated the illustrious Bard tend to endear Nithsdale. Some of the opulent and the far-descended could not imagine what the world saw in a rhyming gauger: those persons seemed never to imagine that the time was at hand when their own names would be in darkness, and the Poet's in light; when they would be mute and inglorious, and Burns a subject for critics, commentators, and biographers.

BANNOCKS O' BARLEY.

Tune—"*The Killogie.*"

I.

Bannocks o' bear meal,
Bannocks o' barley;
Here's to the Highlandman's
Bannocks o' bsrley.
Wha in a brulzie
Will first cry a parley?
Never the lads wi'
The bannocks o' barley.

II.

Bannocks o' bear meal,
Bannocks o' barley;
Here's to the lads wi'
The bannocks o' barley.
Wha in his wae-days
Were loyal to Charlie?
Wha but the lads wi'
The bannocks o' barley.

The air to which these words were written gave the name to an old song, on which were at once impressed the free language and free manners of our ancestors. Some of the lines are not out of men's memories yet: not more than two can well be quoted:—

"A lad and a lassie
Lay in the Killogie."

The jacobite feeling with which Burns inoculated the song, was common to the days of his youth: nor did it wholly subside, till the French "Army of England," with one foot on shore and the other in the sea—impatient to be precipitated on our isle—compelled us to quit idle speculations and think of our existence.

In the rebellions of 1715 and 1745, the Bard drew his pen when the warrior drew his sword. Many tunes, which hitherto carried words of mutual love or social intercourse, were obliged to do duty in another capacity; and the jacobites were summoned or admonished in strains not fated to be soon forgotten. The vision of Scotia, which appeared to Hamilton of Bangour, rejoicing for the victory of Gladsmuir, was not expected to disappear so soon:—

"As over Gladsmuir's blood-stained field,
Scotia, imperial goddess, flew;
Her lifted spear and radiant shield,
Conspicuous blazing to the view:
Her visage, lately clouded with despair,
Now re-assumed its first majestic air."

HEE BALOU.

Tune—"*The Highland Balou.*"

I.

Hee balou! my sweet wee Donald,
Picture o' the great Clanronald;
Brawlie kens our wanton chief
Wha got my young Highland thief.

II.

Leeze me on thy bonnie craigie,
An' thou live, thou'll steal a naigie:
Travel the country thro' and thro',
And bring hame a Carlisle cow.

III.

Thro' the Lawlands, o'er the border,
Weel, my babie, may thou furder:
Herry the louns o' the laigh countree,
Syne to the Highlands hame to me.

A Highland lady, it is said, sung a song in Gaelic, the air of which pleased Burns so much, that he desired to know the meaning of the words: he smiled at the oral translation, and crooning the air over for a minute's space or so, chanted "Hee Balou," wrote it down, and sent it to the Museum.

Concerning this song, Cromek says—"The time when the moss-troopers and cattle-drivers on the borders began their nightly depredations, was the first Michaelmas moon. Cattle-stealing formerly was a mere foraging expedition; and it has been remarked that many of the best families in the north can trace their descent from the daring sons of the mountains. The produce (by way of dowry to a laird's daughter) of a Michaelmas moon is proverbial; and by the aid of Lochiel's lanthorn (the moon), these exploits were the most desirable things imaginable." In the "Hee Balou" we see one of those heroes in the cradle, and we may gather what his deeds in manhood were likely to be, when the nurse soothed him in swaddling bands with such a song as this. A Highland chieftain looked upon himself as a sort of independent prince, and, like the kings of the Saxon Heptarchy, made war, whenever he thought himself

strong enough. To the lords of the Lowlands he was by speech, by habit, and by descent, a foe: his manners, his feelings—the martial songs which cheered him in his halls, and the thrilling music which kindled him up for battle—all were his own.

WAE IS MY HEART.

Tune—"*Wae is my heart.*"

I.

Wae is my heart, and the tear's in my e'e;
Lang, lang, joy's been a stranger to me:
Forsaken and friendless, my burden I bear,
And the sweet voice o' pity ne'er sounds in my ear.

II.

Love, thou hast pleasures, and deep hae I loved:
Love, thou hast sorrows, and sair hae I proved;
But this bruised heart that now bleeds in my breast,
I can feel its throbbings will soon be at rest.

III.

O, if I were happy, were happy I hae been,
Down by yon stream, and yon bonnie castle-green:
For there he is wand'ring, and musing on me,
Wha wad soon dry the tear frae Phillis's e'e.

These verses were composed, tradition relates, at the request of Clarke the musician, who felt—or imagined he felt—much pain of heart for a young lady of Nithsdale. The Poet gives the lament to the lady without any regard to truth—for Phillis had never looked kind on "Tweedledee." The air is a simple one, and the song is in keeping.

HERE'S HIS HEALTH IN WATER!

Tune—"*The Job of Journey-work.*"

Altho' my back be at the wa',
And tho' he be the fautor;
Altho' my back be at the wa',
Yet, here's his health in water!
O! wae gae by his wanton sides,
Sae brawlie he could flatter;
Till for his sake I'm slighted sair,
And dree the kintra clatter.
But tho' my back be at the wa',
And tho' he be the fautor;
But tho' my back be at the wa',
Yet, here's his health in water!

It has been asserted that Burns wrote these verses in humorous allusion to the condition in which Jean Armour found herself before marriage. The Poet was rash and outspoken, both in matters of religion and government; but he was incapable of any thing so indecorous and insulting. The song was first published in the Musical Museum, and was written when the Poet was in Dumfries: the idea was taken from an old lyric, of which the o'erword was,—

"Here's his health in water."

MY PEGGY'S FACE.

Tune—"*My Peggy's Face.*"

I.

My Peggy's face, my Peggy's form,
The frost of hermit age might warm;
My Peggy's worth, my Peggy's mind,
Might charm the first of human kind.
I love my Peggy's angel air,
Her face so truly, heav'nly fair,
Her native grace so void of art,
But I adore my Peggy's heart.

II.

The lily's hue, the rose's dye,
The kindling lustre of an eye;
Who but owns their magic sway!
Who but knows they all decay!
The tender thrill, the pitying tear,
The gen'rous purpose, nobly dear,
The gentle look, that rage disarms—
These are all immortal charms.

The Poet pictured forth the merits of Margaret Chalmers mental and bodily, in these sweet verses: the gentleness, the candor, and the accomplishments of that lady seem often to have occurred to the mind of Burns.

GLOOMY DECEMBER.

Tune—"*Wandering Willie.*"

I.

Ance mair I hail thee, thou gloomy December!
Ance mair I hail thee wi' sorrow and care;
Sad was the parting thou makes me remember,
Parting wi' Nancy, oh! ne'er to meet mair.
Fond lovers' parting is sweet painful pleasure,
Hope beaming mild on the soft parting hour;
But the dire feeling, O farewell for ever!
Is anguish unmingl'd, and agony pure.

II.

Wild as the winter now tearing the forest,
'Till the last leaf o' the summer is flown,
Such is the tempest has shaken my bosom,
Since my last hope and last comfort is gone!
Still shall I hail thee, thou gloomy December,
Still shall I hail thee wi' sorrow and care;
For sad was the parting thou makes me remember,
Parting wi' Nancy, oh! ne'er to meet mair.

Clarinda inspired these verses, and they are worthy of her merits, personal and mental. To his parting with that lady the Bard often recurred; in truth, he left Edinburgh with great reluctance; there he had pleasing society, and there only could he hope for "pension, post, or place." When he quitted it he knew he was going to the stilts of the plough, and experience told him how little he could hope from niggardly economy, and sharp bargaining. He was one of nature's gentlemen, and unfit for the details of the market, the couping of horses, and the keen and eager contest carried on between seller and buyer. An old peasant once said of him "that he was owre kind-hearted to be prosperous," and added, "he was ane of them that carry their corn to a falling market, and sell their hens on a rainy day!" To this impediment in the way to wealth, he repeatedly alludes in his letters—no man ever knew himself better—all fell out in his own history as he feared it would.

MY LADY'S GOWN, THERE'S GAIRS UPON'T.

Tune—"*Gregg's Pipes.*"

I.

My lady's gown, there's gairs upon't,
And gowden flowers sae rare upon't;
But Jenny's jimps and jirkinet,
My lord thinks muckle mair upon't.
My lord a-hunting he is gane,
But hounds or hawks wi' him are nane;
By Colin's cottage lies his game,
If Colin's Jenny be at hame.

II

My lady's white, my lady's red,
And kith and kin o' Cassillis' blude;
But her ten-pund lands o' tocher guid
Were a' the charms his lordship lo'ed.

III.

Out o'er yon muir, out o'er yon moss,
Whare gor-cocks thro' the heather pass,
There wons auld Colin's bonnie lass,
A lily in a wilderness.

IV.

Sae sweetly move her genty limbs,
Like music notes o' lovers' hymns:
The diamond dew is her een sae blue,
Where laughing love sae wanton swims.

V.

My lady's dink, my lady's drest,
The flower and fancy o' the west;
But the lassie that a man lo'es best,
O that's the lass to mak him blest.
My lady's gown, there's gairs upon't,
And gowden flowers sae rare upon't;
But Jenny's jimps and jirkinet,
My lord thinks muckle mair upon't.

The idea of this song is believed to be old, and some of the words also; most of it, however, is the workmanship of Burns. When he picked up an old fragment, or even a curious line, he could not rest till he had eked it out as much as possible in the manner and feeling of the old verse, and this must be his apology for passages overwarm, and sentiments according to the free strains of the elder minstrels. The air to which it is written was the composition of James Gregg, a musician belonging to Ayrshire, whose memory still lives in the west as an improver of the telescope, a mechanist, and a painter. He is still more pleasantly remembered by this tune, which is often called for when the dancers are on the floor—

"And all goes merry as a marriage bell."

AMANG THE TREES.

Tune—"*The King of France, he rade a race.*"

I.

Amang the trees, where humming bees
At buds and flowers were hinging, O,
Auld Caledon drew out her drone,
And to her pipe was singing, O;

'Twas pibroch, sang, strathspey, or reels,
She dirl'd them aff fu' clearly, O,
When there cam a yell o' foreign squeels,
That dang her tapsalteerie, O.

II.

Their capon craws and queer ha ha's,
They made our lugs grow eerie, O;
The hungry bike did scrape and pike,
'Till we were wae and weary, O;
But a royal ghaist wha ance was cas'd
A prisoner aughteen year awa,
He fir'd a fiddler in the north
That dang them tapsalteerie, O.

Ritson says, when he was in Italy he was much interested by the chants sung by friars or priests; they bore some resemblance to the elder Scottish melodies. This resemblance has been noticed by higher authorities in music than the laborious antiquary; and to this some of our northern authorities allude, when they surmise that Caledonia supplied Italy with many of her most exquisite melodies. This assertion seems as well-founded as the legend that David Rizzio brought the best Scottish airs from Italy—a story that offends our Welsh musicians, who declare that David's surname was Rice, not Rizzio, and that the airs with which he charmed the Queen of Scotland were genuine Welch.

It has been thought that Burns had all that in his mind when he wrote this song: it seems quite as likely that he alludes to the influx of Italian music by means of operas and oratorios; and that the fiddler of the north, who was animated by the spirit of the royal poet and musician, was honest Neil Gow, whose vigorous genius maintained the glory of our national music in spite of—

"Their capon craws, and queer ha ha's!"

THE GOWDEN LOCKS OF ANNA.

Tune—"*Banks of Banna.*"

I.

YESTREEN I had a pint o' wine,
A place where body saw na';
Yestreen lay on this breast o' mine
The gowden locks of Anna.
The hungry Jew in wilderness
Rejoicing o'er his manna,
Was naething to my hinny bliss
Upon the lips of Anna.

II.

Ye monarchs tak the east and west,
Frae Indus to Savannah!
Gie me within my straining grasp
The melting form of Anna.
There I'll despise imperial charms,
An empress or sultana,
While dying raptures in her arms
I give and take with Anna!

III.

Awa, thou flaunting god o' day!
Awa, thou pale Diana!
Ilk star gae hide thy twinkling ray,
When I'm to meet my Anna.
Come, in thy raven plumage, night!
Sun, moon, and stars withdrawn a';
And bring an angel pen to write
My transports wi' my Anna!

A Dumfries maiden, with a light foot and a merry eye, was the heroine of this clever song. Burns thought so well of it himself that he recommended it as one of his best to Thomson;

but sagacious George, aware, perhaps, of the free character of her of the gowden locks, was unwilling to give her a place among lyrics dedicated to the charms of ladies of high degree and unblemished reputation. To those who are curious in such matters, it may be told that Anna's locks were sunny rather than golden, and that she was a handmaid at an inn, and accounted beautiful by the customers when wine made them tolerant in matters of taste.

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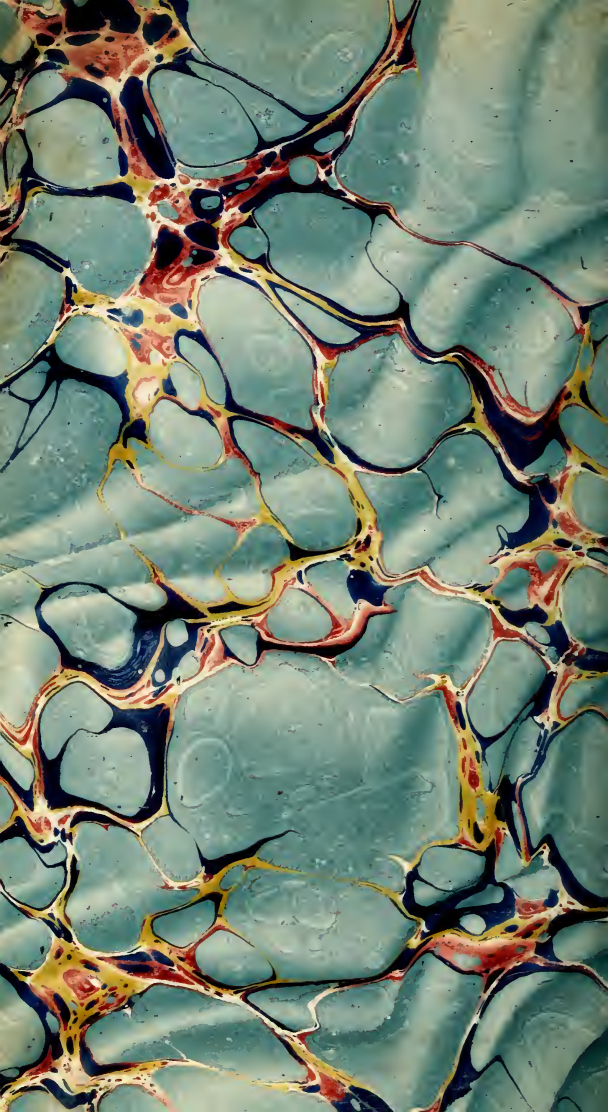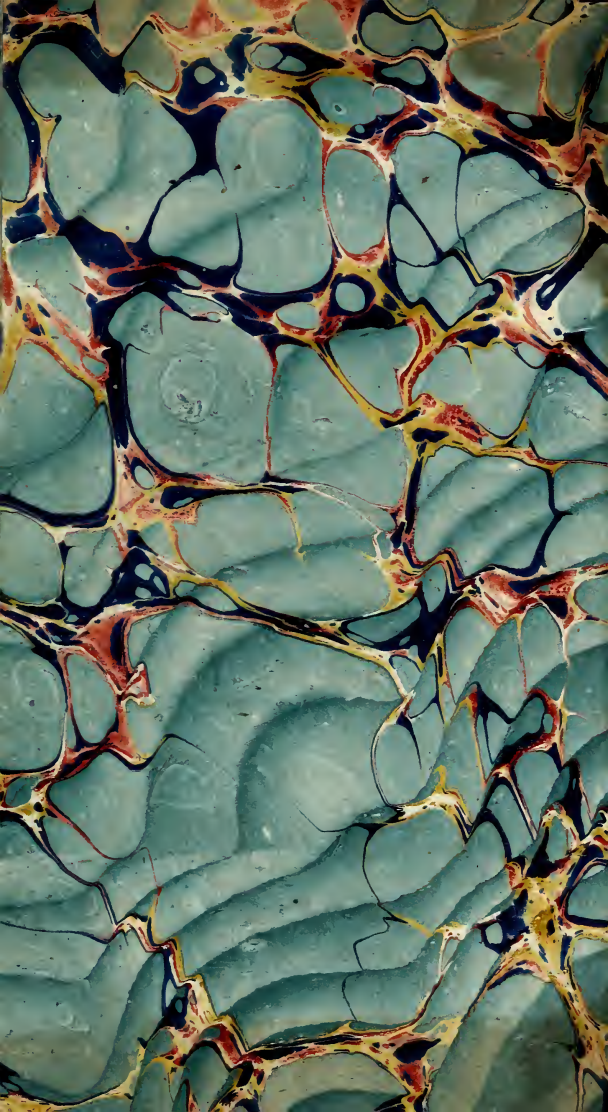
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